TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The other night it was so hot I couldn't stay indoors and went out for a walk. I wish I had energy enough to go out every evening, one sees so many disclosures of character—or lack of character. The people on the door-steps and in the windows, on the lawns or leaning over fences and gates all contribute to the enlightenment of the observer. These hot evenings one has but to loiter along and see nearly every phase of life which, were one omniscient, he would see were the doors closed and the eye could still penetrate the privacy of every family. Of course it is improper to listen to private conversation, but if one is lame and has to walk slowly, it is impossible to close one's ears to the differences of opinion, general views of life and its incidents which find utterance in the many groups one passes. The unreserve of privacy seems to characterize so many of these expressions that the finest studies of life to be found anywhere are now to be had. In the dog-days I have but little else to talk about, and it is quite possible I may inflict you with a general outline of some of the confidences I hear and see exchanged. I say "see exchanged" because seeing is worth more than hearing. Words are cheap, but few are there who can deceive the observer's eye.

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As I was saying, the night was hot and I was loitering. The windows of a large house were open and a young ladies' school was having commencement exercises of some sort. Boys' schools are interesting but one can see more through the windows of a girls' seminary than sitting on the platform at a boys' school. Girls always look interesting and pretty to me when they are dressed in white for a particularly important occasion. Then it is they present their ideas of attractiveness both mentally and physically. Do you know I felt sorry as I caught a glimpse of the crowded parlors that women as a class are not more seriously attractive to men. Ephemerally, trivially they are collectively interesting to men in some phases of life, but seriously we never think of them except as individuals. The moment womankind gather together and talk over their aspirations and possibilities the masculine portion of the community begins to laugh. It somehow seems absurd to think of women as a portion of the community, yet why should it be so? They outnumber the men and if enfranchized would outvote them. They have more time, more pure impulses, more sober thoughts than men have, all they lack is the experience. If what are called men of the world are to be typical of masculine experience, then are they not better off without the "experience?" However this may be, the fact remains unchanged that to men a collection of women is ridiculous. The male specimen of the *genus homo* thinks of a woman as an individual only and never thinks of her at all unless she is in some way specially attractive to him, or demands at his hands the conventional courtesy due her sex.

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Monogamy, conventionality, love, one and all, have taught women to think specially of one man as *the* man. In barbarous and semi-civilized countries we seldom or never hear of a woman having many husbands though the men as a rule have many wives. Poetically the idea has been well expressed that love for a woman is an incident in a man's life, while love for a man is a woman's entire existence. I suggest these things to show that a man who has not been cultured beyond the point of regarding a woman as his special property—and it is hard to pound a more gentle idea into his head—thinks of her only as she pleases him personally. We do not think of men in this way. A. may be ugly and dishonest but we regard him as a factor in business and government. B. may be clever and handsome, and we observe him and avoid him as a social danger. If A. be ugly and a woman we wonder why anybody married her and can hardly excuse her for living. If B. is a woman our lady friends may force us to avoid her in public, yet scarcely a man does not rebel and encourage her when chance affords him an opportunity. With regard to a woman, rivalry among men is chiefly as to who shall possess her, not who shall help or encourage her. I do not say that men ordinarily do possess women. One of their follies is believing they do. Give a woman equal experience and she possesses the man though he may neither admit nor be aware of the fact. If she be a good woman it is his fortune; if she is a bad one it is his ruin.

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There is an old saying that she is a happy woman who has no history. In nearly every sense this is true. The most uneventful story of a woman's life is a tale of unappreciated self-sacrifice, of suffering and neglect; when that life is filled with romance or is forced into strange channels, she is generally avoided by her own sex and suspected by men. If she has not strength enough to break down the barriers women's hands have built against her and attractiveness and character enough to establish herself in the confidence of men, she is truly and historically unfortunate. Yet woman's life has been and is a continual revolt against this estimate of her position. If not in public, certainly in private, she contends for a place alongside, if not ahead of her husband. It would be indeed a daring thing to classify the pliant domestic, self-sacrificing woman as anything but the best and most desirable companion for a man, yet we know that weak men should not have that sort of a wife and strong men are apt to weary of them. I am a firm believer in the natural goodness of woman and consequently hold that anything which makes womankind more companionable is most desirable not only for her, but for the man she selects or who selects her. As I passed the young ladies' school the other night I wondered how much had been done by the teachers or the mothers of those girls to fit them for happiness and usefulness, to make them capable of completing and beautifying a man's life, of forming a character either for themselves, a husband or a child. Their pretty faces and immature figures, their unrestrained voices, suggested half-finish. Where are they to be "finished?" Slower in motion, sadder in speech, mayhap wiser, thirty years from now, they will be finished because they will be old. —Oh word of terror to womankind—they will be OLD.

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Anything in ourselves which is repulsive makes both us and those near us unhappy. Unfortunate, indeed, are those who are naturally and unalterably hideous in either face, form or character. Life is a serious task at best and to be thus handicapped should excite sympathy. Fortunately such instances are rare. The law of compensation almost invariably adjusts the balance and gives to those who lack one beauty, other charms which may be made to cover every defect. But my subject is widening out and I am drifting away from what I started out to ask. How much effort is it worth to be attractive either to man or woman? The fathers and mothers of this and every civilized country are making efforts such as parents never before put forth to make their sons and daughters attractive. How are they being assisted in this worthy task by the teachers employed, by the young folks themselves?

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I think it is a timely question whether the young lady who graduates at one of these so-called "finishing" schools has had her attractiveness reasonably increased. Of course we cannot ask an institution that has had charge of an unattractive girl for a year or two to turn her out an attractive young lady. The education of girls has, of late years, been almost entirely entrusted to schools, governesses and "finishing" academies, and I am sorry to believe the material furnished the "finisher" is very often rude and unlovely. Girls who are permitted to grow up without proper maternal oversight are not refined, and worse still, receive false ideas of life. The daughter of wealthy parents is apt to imagine money is all that is necessary to obtain admission to the charmed circles, learns to be insolent and overbearing to her inferiors, suspicious and indifferent in her treatment of every one else. The caddish young woman, who is perhaps taught by her parents to hang on to the skirts of the *elite*, comes out a sycophant and backbiter. The poor who have been placed in a fashionable school by the greatest sacrifice of their parents, frequently find themselves unjustly rated and the victims of indifference and malice and are not improved thereby. All of them learn to paint a little bit, to speak a little very bad French, to torture the piano and do some fancy work, but chiefly to look forward to the time when they will get out of school and do nothing except look for a husband and have a good time. Some of them may be fortunate enough to marry and many of them because of innate goodness and womanly feeling and instinct will make good wives, yet of what advantage will it be to them that they can discolor canvas, misinterpret music and spoil good silk in an effort to make fancy cushions and ugly drapes? In forty-nine cases out of fifty they will never use their French and this will be largely caused by the fact that it is not good enough to use. I am every day more and more convinced that the proper time to make a girl attractive is when she is little, when her mother or a governess may encourage and teach her to say those pretty things which come so delightfully from a woman's lips. It is when she is young and delights in giving simple pleasures to those about her that she can be induced to form the habit of pleasing others. No one can over-estimate the value of attractiveness in either man or woman. The merchant who can make his store attractive to his customers builds up a great business. The publisher who has the knack of pleasing those with whom his paper comes in contact is certain of success. The doctor, even the lawyer who lives on the quarrels of others, the tailor must make a study of being attractive, for in that they see the only road to fortune. I am convinced that mothers understand the necessity of their sons and daughters being attractive, but the task is but poorly performed if not neglected. A mother will spend days in designing or making a pretty gown for her little girl when she cannot find half an hour in which to correct unpleasing habits or to teach her how to do gracefully those things which she is forced to do. It is one of the most difficult features of education, the teaching of that with which we are not perfectly familiar, and in a new country like this where so many of us have been brought up amidst rugged surroundings, many of the finer graces of life, while they are appreciated, have not become a part of our system, of our everyday life, and are considered ornamental rather than necessary. We may sneer at those whose parentage has for many generations been of the gentle sort, yet no one needs to be shown that it has its effect upon the early training of the offspring. This country is becoming old enough, and there are so many in more or less easy circumstances who hope that their children shall start in life under much more advantageous circumstances than those which they themselves enjoyed, that a daily sacrifice should be made in correcting in ourselves as well as in the little ones that carelessness and rudeness which are the natural result of having taken a part in a bitter struggle for a foothold or assured competence. Youngsters are let run on the streets or torment the servants in the kitchen while they are debarred from the society of their parents by what the latter esteem their social duties. Very poor material no doubt will be offered the "finishing school," if the children come to the formative hands of the teacher with defective early training, with the idioms of the kitchen and the deportment of a back alley.

FRIENDS.

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Railway disasters with their accompanying horrors have been so numerous hereabouts during the past few years that an accident where only one death is the result is no longer displayed in the daily press with sensational headlines. Had it not been for the *Telegram* the loss of five lives near Locust Hill on the Canadian Pacific Railway would have been forgotten ere now by all those whose homes had not been darkened by the death of a loved one. It is but a few months or a year since the Junction Cut and St. George accidents, but we have almost forgotten how many lives were lost, how many homes darkened, how many bread winners killed, though the number ran up near two score. Probably but few have made any inquiry whether poverty followed in the wake of the accident or have felt any lasting interest in the fate of the unfortunates who were not killed, but maimed, or deprived of the counsel and earnings of a husband, father, of a son or brother. So long after such disasters I can hardly hope to interest the reader by speaking of the sentimental afflictions which found their origin in those terrible accidents, but those who care anything for their kind must have watched the law suits brought against the Grand Trunk by the survivors of those killed at St. George, with the deepest sympathy—a sympathy which would be increased with each one of us were we to ask ourselves the question, what would become of our loved ones if we were suddenly cut off? After these many months it seems somewhat strange that litigation should be in progress for the recovery of damages from the railroad company which was the cause of such terrible loss of life. As I remarked a couple of weeks ago, it is always the policy of a railroad company to either settle death claims of this sort immediately by the payment of a most insufficient and insignificant sum, or to tire out the heirs of the victims by prolonged and costly litigation. For instance, those killed at Junction Cut have been waiting the issue of the suits brought by the heirs of those slain at St. George. The number is so large and the damages so great that in these instances it has been the policy of the Grand Trunk to refuse a settlement and to enter upon law suits in which no private individual can hope to be successful owing to the enormous cost.

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I watched with intense interest the assessment of the damages after the trial of the St. George cases—one of the longest and most expensive trials in the history of Canadian law. Then the judge withheld his verdict as to the responsibility of the railroad company until after vacation. The court does not open until the second week in September, and those who are deprived not only of the income of their bread winners but have been forced to entrench upon whatever estate the victim possessed, must remain in suspense until the judge finds leisure to decide. Such suspense must be most wearing. It is now over a year since the accident, and one can easily imagine that the public excitement caused at the time having passed away, with new horrors to fill the minds of the public, new questions to engage their thoughts, it is now merely a question between a few unfortunate and impoverished litigants and a wealthy and soulless corporation. As the months of suspense come and go one can readily realize that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick is preparing each of the unfortunates to accept almost anything in the way of settlement which the Grand Trunk may offer. I am convinced that in both cases the Grand Trunk Railway Company is to blame. But how many either know or care at this late day? The widows and orphans who have wept since then have the horrors of the disaster burnt in their memories, but the world still turns upon its axis, the seasons come and go and we all have our own sorrows and are prone to forget those of others. It may be another year, or two or three years, before a settlement is arrived at and then public opinion will be no protection to the sufferers. There should be a law, as I have said before, which shall force a railroad to pay so much for every life it sacrifices unless it can be proven that the life was lost by the carelessness of the victim and not by the parsimony or recklessness of the railroad. Nor should it matter whether that life belonged to a passenger or to an employee of the railway company. Men who engage with a railway company do not sell their lives, merely their time, and these corporations should be taught that they cannot sacrifice the life of the humblest employee without providing for those dependent upon that man. In the country to the south of us every life is estimated to be worth five thousand dollars and railway companies must pay for them, and the litigation if any must be in the direction of showing that the man was killed because he had been careless, while here, after the most dreadful accidents when it becomes almost impossible to find proof of any kind the heirs of those slain must spend the few dollars which they have saved or can borrow in order by uncertain and wearing litigation to endeavor to prevent themselves and their families being left penniless and without means of obtaining bread.

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I admire the enterprise of the *Telegram* in following up the Locust Hill accident as they have done. Their policy may have been prompted by the undue officiousness of Superintendent Tait, who in his zeal to prevent the company being held liable for the lives it had sacrificed, undertook the dangerous task of suppressing the newspaper reports sent from the company's telegraph office. We should not be too particular about motives if good work be done. But few men, or newspapers, expend money in enterprise for purely sentimental reasons. What has been shown in the way of obtainable evidence points distinctly to the responsibility of the railroad company for the negligence of its employees; and I hope the press of this city will take to heart the example the *Telegram* has offered them and keep alive public sympathy and better define the duties and responsibility of railroads when such dreadful things happen. If this be not done the railway corporations will become still more dictatorial and reckless. Why, I am told that in a recent accident, where a large number of lives were sacrificed, the Grand Trunk, feeling so certain of being able to starve out those who were suing them for damages, never made an inquiry or offered a dollar of compensation. I do most sincerely hope that this state of things may be changed, but it will not be changed unless public opinion be kept awake.

So Gen. Middleton has at last resigned. Before leaving Canada will he be kind enough to settle that little fur bill with Bremner & Co.?

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I would like to ask the very very good men of our City Council if it would be considered a privilege to ask the people of Toronto at the polls if they desire a Sunday street car service?

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I have received from an American literary lady the following clever letter:

DEAR MR. DON,—I want to thank you from the States for your refreshing philosophy in the talk Around Town about Eugene Cowles. Your wholesome, comfortable advice will reach many a poor lonely soul, and you may have the happy assurance that not one of these will be poisoned in the reading of it, but they will have been given a tonic, a draught which must leave instead of a bitter taste, a clean sweet one. You believe that "half the social wickedness is caused by lonesomeness." So do I, but I do not believe with you, begging your regal pardon, Mr. Don, that the only remedy for this is the effort to come closer together. That, in thousands of cases, has become an impossible, as that angels shall materialize, and when you from your lofty height say: "The only remedy is a careful study of the necessities of the case, reading which may supply information, watchfulness which may prevent mistakes, and loving self-sacrifice which begets in all those who are benefited by it a tenderness which overlooks omissions and warms the heart to that enduring heat which makes impossible either treachery or desertion," I say, you still do not touch all. For there are still the married souls who cannot blend, in which there is a counter-current of magnetism, and physical as well as mental and moral difference as far apart as the poles, and which makes it impossible for them to try to keep close together without hourly agony for both, which results in hopeless apathy and saps from life all that gives any excuse for living. To these creatures, many times a Pegasus chained to an ox, I would not advise the trying to creep up closer, but I would say to these, live far apart, in the same house. Read! interest yourselves in the pursuit of knowledge; be polite to each other; have consideration for each other's individuality; do not nag each other; do not talk personalities; be reposeful, calm, far-apart, yet kindly in spirit as you may. There are so many things in this great universe besides our poor little bits of selves. There is charity work for women, home work, children (I ought to have written the latter first), universal love for humanity, thoughts for the aged, for the needy, for lonely ones; there is music, the drama and the glorious world of books; why can not the lonesome souls you write of find life and renewed and broader pleasures in these? The intellectual pleasures pay one more on the outlay, by one hundred per cent., than does an outlay of passion and a concentration of love upon one human being. No. I beg leave to suggest that it is only the ego that makes so much misery, and that by becoming more universal in our tastes, loves and hopes we will find happiness, though the home offers it not. Your advice, however, is beautiful, because it teaches the essence of all home-joy, unselfishness, and where there is any possibility of amalgamation, your "remedy" is worth a long trial.

Have I spoken too long? I ask pardon and withdraw.

Interestedly,

LOUISE M.

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I see it announced in one of the daily papers that the license of a none too-reputable innkeeper is likely to be transferred to a large and well manned hotel which for a long time has been seeking in vain for permission to sell liquor. It is said that this well and favorably known hotel will have to pay $3,500 to obtain a privilege which has heretofore been enjoyed by a man who had nothing to recommend him save his connection with the so-called Liberal party. It is also casually mentioned that this $3,500 will pay his debts to the brewers, distillers, cigarmakers, etc. Is the license commission in this city to be utilized as a collection agency for the brewers and distillers? Are men who cannot keep out of the clutches of the law to be given so valuable a franchise while reputable persons with hotel accommodation incalculately superior, with a class of trade which cannot be compared to that of a groggery, to be prevented from supplying their boarders and transient guests with such liquid refreshment as they may desire. The license commissioners seem to be acting upon the idea that license holders have acquired a franchise which must not be taken away from them unless the person obtaining it pays a large amount of blood money. Even, as in the present instance, when disreputable conduct has made it impossible for the present license holder to retain his privilege, we are led to believe that he or his creditors must be recompensed for the withdrawal of it. On the other hand, the man who has built a large and expensive hotel, which is a credit to the city and a convenience to the traveling public, it is held, has no claim for the privilege which is not intended for his profit but as a public convenience. The licensing system was not established, nor was the reduction of the number of licenses intended for the benefit of hotelkeepers, but for the protection of the public. Why then are the License Commissioners conducting their business as if the license, when in the hands of a favorite partisan, is personal property and must not be disturbed, even for the most pressing public reasons, without the licensee being compensated? Under this system, even if a million-dollar hotel were erected in Toronto, the proprietors of it must make an estimate of four or five thousand dollars to purchase a license. This license would probably be taken from some ward heeler, who had been selling bad whiskey in a one-horse tavern and the price received would be paid to keep him from being ugly at election times while the proprietors of the new hotel would be but paying the first instalment of a sort of political black-mail, which having become firmly established is now evidently regarded by the Reform party as a legitimate business.

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Received for the Babies' Fresh Air Fund:

Mrs. J. Abrahams	$1
A Friend	2
F., Toronto	5
Total	$8

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By a overwhelming majority the people have decided that the city is to take over the franchise of the street railway. In answer to a correspondent, I may say that the agreement of the present company expires early in '91 and the vote was whether the present corporation should retain it for another term or the city, by purchasing the plant, etc., should make a new deal. The people having decided in favor of the latter, the franchise—that is, the right to use the city's streets—will be worth, in my estimation, nearly a quarter of a million dollars a year to the city. DON.

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Attention is directed to the notice of the Massassaga Park Hotel elsewhere in these columns. A delightful summer resort with good fishing on the Bay of Quinte is offered at reasonable rates.

Social and Personal.

The grand musical fete and promenade concert at Victoria Rink, on Thursday last, had much to recommend it besides its object. It was a delightfully planned entertainment, successfully carried out, and met with deserved success. The rink was beautifully decorated, and the effective grouping of delicately colored gowns with their varied fashioning, was well-calculated to delight the eye. The attractions comprised a cafe chantant, a strawberry and ice-cream table, a lemonade stand, a flower booth and a gipsy camp. They were all very successful, blooms, sweets, mystery and music being in great and continual demand.

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The cafe chantant was under the direction of Mrs. E. Fraser Blackstock, who, assisted by Mrs. H. Munro Grier, Miss Harte, Miss Bunting, Miss Wilson of Kingston, Miss Downey, Miss Parsons and Miss Amy Rutherford, served Roman punch, Russian tea, French coffee and Egyptian cigarettes. Aside from the drinkable delicacies and unique smoker's temptations, four concerts were given during the evening. Among those who took part were: Dr. Scadding, Mrs. Cameron, Captain Geddes, Mr. Walter Read, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. Rex Macdonald and Miss Cosa Gregson, a violinist and organist, lately from England, who delighted the audiences with her performances upon the violin. Outside Messrs. Bruce Harman and E. Rutherford were calling attention to the entertainment in progress.

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The flower booth was a fanciful bower, splendid in coloring and careful in design. The blossoms were in all varieties and sold well. Those in charge were: Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mrs. Cawthra, Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Sibyl Seymour, Mrs. Edward Spragge and Mrs. Stanley Clark. Lemonade was dispensed by Mrs. Edward Farrer, Miss L. Patterson, Miss Elith Rogers, Miss Queenie Hoskin, Miss Mamie Macdonald and Miss Helen Fuller, Mesdames Darling, Heatherington, Hope, Ridout and Creelman, and Misses Lockhart, Vickers, Boulton, DuMoulin, Kay, Wadsworth, Kemp, Ida Brodie, Mabel Harris and M. Ridout. The gypsy camp was well patronized, being conducted by Mesdames H. D. P. Armstrong, Yard, Bromley Davenport, and Misses Muntz, Cattley and Anna Wood. Music was well rendered at intervals by the Grenadiers until eleven o'clock, when fleet-footed dancers made their continual services a necessity.

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The date of Sir Alexander Campbell's departure for England has been fixed for July 16.

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Mrs. E. B. Osler will welcome a large number of her children's friends this afternoon at a party from three to eight.

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Mrs. J. A. Macdonald of Alexandria will be the guest of her mother, Mrs. Crawford of Mutual street, next week.

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Mrs. Pipon of Montreal is paying a visit to Mrs. Rutherford of Northfield.

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Miss Macdonald of Oaklands has returned to the city after a fortnight's visit with her sister in Ottawa.

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Mrs. J. Herbert Mason of Ermeleigh gave a dinner party on Thursday, in honor of Mr. Robertson of London, England, who is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Mandeville Merritt of St. Albans street.

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A military hop was given at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Thursday evening, the details of which will be given in the next issue.

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Mrs. Watson of Georgetown will visit her sister, Mrs. Law, during the carnival.

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Mr. Edin Heward and his bride are on their way from England.

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Mrs. G. W. Torrance and Mrs. Cameron have left Paris for a tour through the Italian lake country.

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Dr. and Mrs. Welling leave for Europe next month.

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Mrs. Robert Myles gave a delightful yachting party on Thursday. The trip included a landing at Niagara-on-the-Lake for the hop.

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Miss Mabel Cawthra leaves shortly for England to continue her art studies.

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Mr. A. Dixon Patterson of Ottawa is in town.

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Mrs. Irving Cameron of Sherbourne street gives a musicale on Monday evening.

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Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. Fitzgibbon and Mr. James Ince sailed by the Parisian from Montreal on Wednesday.

*

Miss Wilson of Kingston is in town, the guest of Mrs. H. Munro Grier.

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On Saturday of last week Mrs. J. F. McLaughlin entertained at Blantyre Park, her beautiful home on Scarboro' Heights, the nuns and pupils of St. Joseph's Academy and many of the ex pupils, who were Mrs. McLaughlin's school companions at St. Joseph. The rain of the morning had lent an additional charm of freshness to flowers and foliage, and in the bright sunlight of the afternoon the lawns and trees were pictures of vernal beauty. The party enjoyed a pleasant sail from town in the steamer J. W. Steinhoff, and were soon disporting themselves on the green, enjoying the croquet, lawn pool, tennis, swings and other diversions provided by their thoughtful hostess. An excellent luncheon was served by Harry Webb in the dining-room during the progress of which an orchestra in the conservatory discoursed appropriate music. After luncheon there was dancing on the green for a time and this was succeeded by an excellent impromptu concert in the drawing-room. The accompaniments for the vocalists were played by Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart. Auld Lang Syne, sung by almost all present, affectingly and appropriately brought to a close this reunion of schoolmates. The Reverend Mother Superior drove out to Blantyre during the afternoon and remained with her charge for a couple of hours. All present were delighted with the beautiful scenery surrounding Scarboro' Heights and the sisters and teachers expressed in glowing terms their gratitude to their generous and accomplished hostess for the pleasure she had given them. Mrs. McLaughlin graduated from St. Joseph in 1875.

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The tennis party at the Grange on Friday of last week was especially delightful. It was one of the series given by Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith.

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Mrs. Mandeville Merritt welcomed a number of friends to an At Home on Friday of last week. Among those present were: Mrs. Gamble Geddes, Mrs. Scarth, Mrs. Henry O'Brien, Mrs. Bunting, Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Miss Bunting, Mrs. Nesbitt and Mrs. Body.

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Among those present at the Tintagel At Home last week were Miss Campbell, Miss Strange, Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Miss Thorburn, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. and Miss Hoskin. The At Home was followed by a dinner given for Mr. Heaton on the eve of his marriage.

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Mrs. and Miss Otter, Mrs. Melfort Boulton and Miss May Dawson spent last Sunday at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

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Mr. Gooderham invited the officers of the Grenadiers to sail over to the camp at Niagara in his yacht, Abeona, last Saturday. A most delightful time was enjoyed, not the least pleasant part of which was the sail up the river, on which occasion several ladies from the hotel were of the party.

*

Miss Walker has returned from a visit to New York.

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Mrs. Beatty of Queen's park welcomed a large number of friends to an At Home on Friday of last week.

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Mrs. J. K. Kerr is among those who are taking the European trip.

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Mrs. Rutherford of Northfield welcomed a large number of friends to five o'clock tea on Friday of last week. Her guests were invited to meet Mr. and Mrs. McCloud of St. John's, N.B. Tea was served on the piazza, and the outlook on the handsome grounds was truly delightful. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. McCloud, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy, Miss Hoskins, Miss Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Fanny Smith, Mr. Scott of Ottawa, Miss Greene, Mrs. Beatty, Miss DuMoulin, Miss Michie and Messrs. Harte and Pipon.

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The closing exercises of Moulton College took place Thursday evening.

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Miss Helen Gregory, B.A., Mus. Bach., is the guest of Sir Adam and Lady Wilson. Miss Gregory received the additional degree of M.A. at Trinity convocation yesterday.

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On Saturday evening Mr. John Cameron, the retiring managing director of the *Globe*, will be banquetted at the Reform Club on the occasion of his leaving Toronto for his old home in London.

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The public hall of the Education Department, Normal School, was the scene of the closing exercises on Friday evening of last week. There were the usual number of glad, satisfied faces among the students and their friends, and a look of relief and benediction on those of the faculty. The concert programme was an exceedingly good one and was followed by an address to the students by Rev. Hugh Johnston, D. D., the delivery of the valedictory by Miss Luke and the presentation of certificates by Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D., Minister of Education.

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I am informed on more than good authority of the engagement between Mr. John H. Glass, son of Sheriff Glass of London, and Miss Mabel Stark of Woodstock. Nor is the happy day—when church bells ring and wedding marches peal through the fretted aisle—in the dim and misty future.

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A little bird also whispers sweet notes of the engagement and coming marriage of Mr. Hume Browne of this city and Miss Christie of St. George street.

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Among those who intend to cross the "briny" ere long are: Mr. R. W. Scott, Mr. Claude Boulton and Mr. Hume Browne, the former of whom sails next week by the White Star liner Britannic, while the latter gentlemen with a view to the encouragement of national industries will trust themselves to the tender mercies of the elements under the charge of Captain Lindall of the Vancouver. The Albany Club's loss—Europe's gain. Ahem!

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The distribution of prizes at Loretto Convent on Bond street, took place on Monday last at 4 p.m. Among those present were: His Grace Archbishop Walsh, His Lordship Bishop O'Mahoney, Vicar-General Laurent, Dean McCann, Fathers Walsh, Cruise, Kiernan, Minehan and Lynch, Messrs. Anglin, Miller, O'Keefe and Dr. Cassidy. Valuable prizes were distributed among which were a gold medal, a silver medal, a silver cross and a pencil, a thimble and a pen of gold. All present seemed deeply interested in and pleased at the splendid progress made by the students.

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The cricket match at Upper Canada College, last Saturday, was well attended. Mrs. Dickson, wife of the Principal, kindly opened her house for afternoon tea, which was served to the guests, the boys themselves proving energetic entertainers. Among those present were noticed: Miss Campbell, Miss Strange, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Rev. G. M. and Mrs. Milligan, Miss Milligan, Miss Hoskins and Miss Schreiber of Ottawa.

*

Cricket matches will be played between the representatives of Winnipeg and Toronto Monday and Tuesday next. On Monday the president, officers and members will be at home to their friends from three to six, at 250 Bloor street west. The patronesses are Miss Campbell, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Allan, Mrs. George Lindsey, Mrs. Shanly, Mrs. Raynold Gamble, Mrs. Clarkson Jones and Mrs. Bromley Davenport. Toronto will be represented by Messrs. M. Boyd, D. W. Saunders, W. R. Wilson, P. C. Goldingham, W. J. Fleury, F. S. Dickey, W. W. Jones, K. H. Cameron, H. J. Bethune, A. H. Collins and R. O. McCulloch.

*

The annual distribution of prizes awarded at St. Joseph's Academy took place on Tuesday afternoon. The attendance was large and parents, pupils and teachers were seemingly universally pleased at the excellent exhibitions of work done during the year. Archbishop Walsh presided and expressed himself as highly pleased with all the features of the afternoon's exercises. Bishop O'Mahoney and about thirty priests were also present.

*

The following officers of John B. Finch Lodge, I.O.G.T., were installed by Bro. John Morrison, D.C.T., at their lodge rooms, corner of Farley and Spadina avenues, on Monday evening: C. T., Mr. T. S. Holmes; V. T., Miss Etta Archer; S. J. T., Mr. W. Ward; Sec., Mr. D. Austen; F. S., Mr. J. V. Holmes; Treas., Mrs. A. B. Cutter; Chap., Mr. J. W. Peaks; Marshall, Miss Ward; Guard, Mr. T. McCartey; Sentinel, Mr. F. Hearns; Assist. Secretary, Mr. S. M. Cutter; Lodge Deputy, Mr. S. M. Cutter; Past Chief Templar, C. A. T. Thomas. The lodge meets on Saturday evening of each week at 8. Visiting members of other lodges always welcome.

Canada's Summer.

This handsome holiday publication is now ready and the illustrations, all from original wash drawings and paintings, are exquisitely engraved. The stories, poetry and funny paragraphs are all original and afford a three or four hours of entertaining reading. Send it to your friends. Price, post paid from the office of publication, 25c.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

Since last writing the only social event of any importance has been the marriage of Mr. Smith Curtis, barrister, of Portage la Prairie, to Miss Lily Evangeline Mills, daughter of Mr. W. Mills of the Department of the Interior. The ceremony took place in the Reformed Episcopal church and attracted a large number of friends and curiosity seekers. The chancel was beautifully decorated with flowers. Rev. T. W. Winfield officiated, and the choir of the church rendered special hymns during the service. The bride wore a dress of white silk with mail drapery, veil of brussels net and wreath of orange blossoms. The bridesmaids, Miss Lizzie Perkins and Miss Kate Tracy, were tastefully attired in pink silk, with tulle draperies and hats of white crepe. Mr. J. Monro acted as best man. The usual number of costly presents were received, including several from church societies in which Miss Mills was a leading spirit. The wedding supper was partaken of at the residence of the bride's father, after which the happy couple left for a short trip east and previous to returning to Winnipeg, their future home.

A very pleasant wedding ceremony took place on Tuesday at the residence of the Rev. Dr. Ryckman, the high contracting parties being Mr. R. J. Shaw, of the Postoffice, and Mrs. M. Tennock, daughter of the late Mr. James Rochester. The happy couple left for a trip to the Lower St. Lawrence carrying with them the best wishes of their many friends.

On Wednesday morning, Mr. Arthur Weir, the well-known litterateur of Montreal, was married to Miss Louise Skead, second daughter of the late Robert Skead. The ceremony, which was private, took place at the residence of the bride's mother on Somerset street, Rev. J. M. Snowdon, rector of St. George's Church performing the ceremony. The youngest sister of the bride acted as bridesmaid and Mr. W. A. Harkin, the popular press correspondent, as best man. Among the relatives present was Mr. William Weir, President of the Ville Marie Bank and father of the groom, Mr. F. Weir of Montreal and Mr. S. Skead of New York. After the ceremony the newly-wedded couple left on a trip to Saratoga.

The trouble in the ranks of the Foot Guards over the letter written by His Excellency Lord Stanley, concerning the appearance of the guard of honor who received the Duke of Connaught when here, has been partially smoothed over by Adjutant General Powell, who on the occasion of the inspection of the regiment on Monday last, was lavish in his encomiums of the battalion. Sir Fred Middleton has also declared that the letter in question was not so very severe after all, so that there is every probability that the corps will hang together for some little time yet.

Among the Ottawaites who sailed for Europe this week are Sir John and Lady Thompson accompanied by Mr. Douglas Stewart, private secretary, Miss Carling, Archdeacon Lauder, Rev. J. W. Pedley, Mr. Justice Taschereau, A. G. Taylor, Mr. V. Hutchison, the Misses M. and B. Roland and Mr. Thomas Jackson, all by the Dominion. The following left by the Vancouver: Mrs. West, Mrs. Patrick, Messrs. R. G. and W. Code and Father Langevin.

Major Todd, adjutant, Capt. H. H. Gray and Pte. J. E. Hutchison of the 43rd, the Ottawa members of the Canadian Bisley team, also sailed by the Parisian this week. Before leaving, Col. Bacon, commandant of last year's team, handed over to Col. Prior the Kolapore cup, won last season.

The At Home to be given on the evening of Dominion Day by the Ottawa bicycle clubs to the visiting wheelmen on the occasion of the association gathering, promises to be a brilliant success. Sir Adolphe Caron has allowed the members to use the Drill Hall, and the following ladies have kindly consented to act as patronesses: Lady Macdonald, Lady Hitchie, Mrs. A. P. Sherwood, Mrs. C. H. Mackintosh, Mrs. E. H. Bronson and Mrs. Erratt. A promenade concert will be given in connection with the affair.

Mr. Alphonse Lusignan has rented Lake Bernard, about thirty miles distant from the Capital, from the Quebec Government for a period of nine years. Last week it was stocked with 30,000 red trout and must be considered

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

A STRONG TEAM.

Mr. Edward Beeton, the well-known watch specialist, finding that his repair business was fast outgrowing his best efforts, has taken into partnership Mr. Henry Playtner, one of the most skilful whatchmakers in the city. The new firm will carry on business at Mr. Beeton's old stand in Leader Lane, and we have no doubt they will make a big success of it.—*Editorial in the "Trader."*

Important to Saturday Night Readers

DAVIS BROS.

Desire to call your attention to the elegant display of

FINE JEWELRY WATCHES AND DIAMONDS

Recommend your Carnival visitors to us to see our prices before spending a dollar in the above lines. One price and that a close one at

DAVIS BROS.

The One-Price Jewelers, 130 Yonge Street

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SOLE AGENTS FOR

Felice Paris

Hand-made, Perfect-fitting Glove, in all the new grey tints. Send for Price List.

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TORONTO ART GALLERY ADJOINS Academy of Music. Open daily until 6 p.m. Choice collection of Modern Paintings. Dressing, Smoking and Reading Rooms, supplied with Art Magazines, &c. Admission 25c. Season tickets $3. The Gallery as I Rooms may be rented for Private Balls, Receptions, At Homes, Fancy Fairs, &c. Afternoons, $20; evenings, $35.

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Via RIVER ST. LAWRENCE

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Some excellent staterooms available.

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THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD BRANDS OF CIGARS

MUNGO - - - 5c.
CABLE - - - - 5c.
EL PADRE - - 10c.
AND
MADRE E HIJO 10 & 15c.

THE BEST VALUE.
THE SAFEST SMOKE.
THE MOST RELIABLE.

The Purest of the Pure.

NO CHEMICALS.
NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING.
THE BEST VALUE.

MISS M. MORRISON

31 KING STREET WEST

Is now showing a new and choice assortment of

Russian Nets, Frillings, Laces Veilings, etc.

Special reductions will now be made in Trimmed Millinery for the balance of the season.

Dressmaking Department under first-class management.

THE FINEST DIAMOND RING

Ever offered in the Dominion for $58. Sent by registered post to any address in Canada on receipt of price and size which includes a handsome box. Address J. FRED WOLFF, Diamond Broker, 41 Colborne street, Toronto, Canada.

Wall Paper

IN MATCHLESS VARIETY.
EXQUISITE NEW DESIGNS, AND
IN THE FASHIONABLE SHADES.

Our prices in all our grades are fully 25 per cent. lower than ever before.

ELLIOTT & SON

94 and 96 Bay Street

HAREM

(Not the Sultan's)

CIGARETTES

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CIGARETTES

The Finest Turkish Cigarettes

IN THE MARKET.

TRY THEM

Boudoir Gossip.

It is altogether likely that each of us has mental photographs of the most disagreeable people we have ever met. I think myself that the meanest one is the girl in the choir who has a weak voice, and, triumphant in her vanity, sings out with all the force she can muster, while the rest are struggling with a "repeat softly."

She is mean, but of all the exasperating, hornety individuals I ever met, approached or heard of, the grumbling fault-finder is the most distressing.

I am not at all sure of the feeling cats entertain so spitefully when being stroked the wrong way, but I am almost sure I get it about them. I can feel my teasing nature gathering itself together in a way that means mischief, and points of it go off porcupine-like in the direction of the grumbler.

It is so very entertaining to be told of the man who cheats in business, the woman who seldom tells the truth, and the girl who is forever slandering. It may be good discipline to be eternally nagged, but I doubt it. The chief interest in life is not centered in these little things that bother. It is very aggravating to be reminded that there are not enough wrinkles in your bangs and too many in your brow, that your collar is one-sixteenth of an inch too much towards your left ear, and one hair is out of place behind. Bother the fault-finders, I say.

There are people who never open their unhappy eyes except to look for grumbling material. I find some consolation in thinking of the law of responsibility, and reflecting that if they have to answer for all the bad temper they have fostered, they'll get something to grumble at without the trouble of looking for it.

Things in general are too pleasant to be spoiled by ruthless fault-finders, who leave their hateful mark on every life-path they touch. We should shun them like poison, the cholera and gossip.

Let us put into our lives all the work, force, thought and heart we can, but take out of it sunshine and smiles, by virtue of the gladness in our eyes.

•

There is altogether too much worry in the world, and yet we go on fussing and fuming, wearing out our bodies and weakening our mental powers with incessant care. Only the other day I met a thin-faced child with a mournfully set mouth. As I was passing I heard her say to a companion that something was "so dear."

Poor little wordly wise, poverty-pinched bit of humanity, how sorry I felt for her. The burden had fallen on her narrow shoulders, and she was beyond her years with its weight.

•

Turning a corner sharply one evening last week I came upon a man and a woman who were parting there. He was carelessly dressed and moved along in a slip-shod manner. Her shrill, unmodulated voice was being employed in issuing the command, "Don't stay after ten."

Woman are sometimes accused of meaning and saying different things, but there was no doubt about the spirit which prompted those words. She meant them.

What a pity that a marriage is not a unison of hearts, and why in the world doesn't every one in every house carry a latch-key?

•

People who write of street car seats, and men and women in connection with those seats, write from the woman's standpoint.

I wonder if any man thinks a woman wants his seat. I would rather stand all the way down town than have one, with a mental imprecation thrown in. Women are occasionally sensitive, and when some bear of a man rises and indicates a seat with his thumb, while he turns his back on the intruder the poor little piece of femininity wants to weep.

We "don't thank them," they complain. They don't give us a chance to call down everlasting blessings. They turn away as if they were awfully ashamed of themselves, and one can't thank a coat-tail and a pair of heels.

A person can't help liking the man who said earnestly, "I'm never too tired to give my seat to a woman."

If a man is sick or tired he should be exempt from the unwritten law of gallantry. If he wants his seat he ought to keep it. If he relinquishes it to a woman, let him do it willingly, for favors oftentimes lose half their benefit through the unpleasantness with which they are tendered.

•

The shifting expressions on the faces of those I meet, are an ever-varying, ever-entertaining study to me. Only the other night I had an excellent opportunity to study expression, and this was how it happened: I picked up one of those deceptive little advertisements which can be folded to closely simulate paper currency, and I was at once over-burdened with a desire to pass the joke along.

Before entering a house on Sherbourne street I carelessly dropped the deceptive little bit of paper, and upon entering the drawing-room stationed myself at the window to watch the fun.

A young man passed carelessly by with "eyes front." A second followed, but he was interested in a pretty girl who sat at a window over the way, and it was not until a rather elderly man walked by that I was rewarded for patient waiting. His foot caught the folded slip and tossed it along before him. He stopped to pick it up, and the surprise was not, in intensity, within seven degrees of the disgust with which he let it float to the cool, green grass a moment later.

•

Finger nails are more carefully trimmed, filed and polished than ever before. We read with intense appreciation of the dainty manicure implements, which Fortune's favorites use to beautify their nails, but they are not necessaries—they are luxuries. A plain little file, a pair of scissors—nail scissors, if possible—and a bit of chamois and olive oil will keep the finger tips quite dainty. Of course, a polisher and the powder is better, but people are so apt to lay the blame on Poverty's shoulders that it is sometimes wise to strip unnecessary adornment from the dainty things of life that we may see the simplicity of them.

•

How we women treasure little things which are so worthless and so childish. The little keepsake with its cherished associations is as dear to us as the days gone by. I have just been reading of a woman who packed a rabbit's foot with her gowns, locked an onyx Egyptian's eye in her jewel box, wore a lucky sixpence, and carried a Chinese coin in her purse. I can not help thinking that, however silly a superabundance of sentiment is, superstition is infinitely sillier.

We may press a flower and feel aggrieved—just a little—if it happens to fall from a book under the eyes of a Woman Righter or a man; yet we go on treasuring it just the same. That is natural, but superstition is born of ignorance, and should we not try to abolish it?

•

It is an often denied, yet generally accepted, fact that all people like praise. It is rather a delicate question to deal with, because one may call praise the food of self-confidence, and that quality, in due proportion, is much needed where people are obliged to think and act for themselves. It is quite an interesting study to try and discover the vulnerable points in the armor of reserve and pride which different people wear in various styles. An adept at flattering must be an observing student of human nature. Perhaps the best division of the world one can make is as to sex. Do men like praise as well as women, and do they enjoy praise for the same qualities of person, mind and heart? The question is an open one. I shall be glad to learn my readers' opinions, and will publish them next week, together with some letters which are already promised.

CLIP CAPEW.

The Real Philosophy of Phrenology.

"This protuberance of the back of the head," said the phrenologist professor, as he turned his young subject towards the audience, "is the bump of philoprogenitiveness. It proves in the present case this boy has an extraordinary love for his parents. Is it not true, my son?"

"Well, I like my mother, but I don't know about my daddy."

"Why, how is that?"

"Well that bump you're talking about is where he hit me yesterday with a barrel stave."

An Eye to Effect.

"What a lucky girl you are, Liddy, to be able to choose between two such handsome and stylish young gentlemen. Have you made up your mind which is to be your husband?"

"To tell the truth, I'm in a bit of a fix. If I decide to wear my cream-colored dress at the wedding I shall take Alphonse, as he is dark complexioned, you know; but if I decide to go in my blue dress, I rather think fair Joseph will make the better match of the two."

•

Teacher—How was it that the lions did not eat Daniel when he was put in the den?

Dennis O'Brien—It wuz Froiday, ol'm thinkin'.—*Harper's Bazor.*

Racing.

What to wear when going to the race course is a question which will hardly bother the great army of race goers who go there merely for the horses or for betting alone.

But racing has become so much a fashionable amusement that it behooves the wise man who looks upon the race meetings not merely as speculative gatherings but social rendezvous to bestow upon his appearance that thought and consideration which would be required by a morning reception, or even the more elaborate surroundings of an evening assembly, and hence a few suggestions may not be out of place. Should the gentleman escort ladies, however, the rough and ready is absolutely prohibited and he must don either the morning otherwise known as the two or three button cutaway or better yet the frock or Prince Albert coat. The shooting coat with flaps and pockets may be worn by elderly gentlemen of pronounced position but it is not to be recommended to younger men. With either of these coats a fancy vest should be worn and here the element of color and design may be introduced to almost any extent. Such are the styles at present being made up of the very finest imported fabrics and of the very latest designs by the Fashionable West End Tailor, HENRY A. TAYLOR, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

The Only Pullman Sleeper for New York is via Erie Ry., leaving Toronto 4.55 p.m.

Comfort is everything while traveling and in order to obtain this little luxury, you should purchase your tickets via the picturesque Erie. You can also leave Toronto at 3.40 p.m., by the magnificent steamer, Empress of India, solid train from Port Dalhousie.

All lovers of good books should read The Little Chatelaine, by the Earl of Dorset; Love's Tyrant, by Annie Thomas; Society Scandal, by Rita; Without Love or License, by Capt. Hawley Smart; A Rogue's Life, by Wilkie Collins; An Ocean Tragedy, by W. Clark Russell. These interesting stories can be had from your bookseller for 30 cents each.

THE "PARISIAN PLAITING" Or IMPROVED ACCORDION PLAITING. We are prepared to plait skirts to the new "Parisian Plaiting" any length up to 48 inches. Price, 40c. per plain yard. Children's Skirts and Capes, 25c.
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The pottery made at GUADALJARA is more widely known than any other of Mexican manufacture. It is made of a peculiar kind of clay not found in any other part of the country, and water kept in it cools by the evaporation from the surface of that which passes through the sides of the vessel—an item of importance where ice cannot be had. From this circumstance the natives refer to it as la loza fria de Guadalajara—"the cold pottery of Guadalajara." The people who make it are true descendants of the Aztecs, and may really be called a race of potters. This pottery is soft baked, without glaze, but highly polished. The colors are gray, red and black, elaborately decorated in silver, gold and bright colors. I have just opened an assortment of this ware in Bottles, Cups, Plates, Rugs, &c.
Another package of BELLEEK to hand.

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AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES
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IN it will be found some of the choicest lines ever shown in Canada. No matter how fine the goods you want we have them. We make a specialty of original designs, and you will find goods with us not found elsewhere this side of New York. In Watches, Diamonds, Fine Jewelery, Sterling Silverware and Art Goods we cannot be surpassed.

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TEABERRY
PRICE 25C.
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THE FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM
63 King St. West
(1st Floor—opp. Mail Office)
Is now prepared to show a complete assortment of Spring importations in Flowers, Feathers, Laces, Pattern Hats, Bonnets, etc.
MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr.

CURLINE
DORENWEND'S
new preparation for Curling, Crimping and Frizzing the hair retains its effects for days, and is proof against wet or wind—a fine thing—and will prove itself invaluable to every lady.
Guaranteed Free of All Harmful Properties
Price 50 Cents
All druggists will shortly have it for sale; meanwhile only to be had from
A. DORENWEND
THE MANUFACTURER
Paris Hair Works,
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IT IS CERTAINLY A GREAT advantage to
LADIES
during the hot season to wear a becoming little Frontpiece. It saves trouble, time, and adds decidedly to the appearance. This cut represents an elegant little frontpiece (a la mode de Princesse de Galles). Made of best quality natural curly hair. Price $5. Will be sent on receipt of amount to any part of the Dominion or the United States. Ordinary Bangs of all styles, at $2.50, $3.50 and $4.50.
Hair Dyes and Dyed in every color and shade.
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Easily, quickly and safely removed with MODENE solution. Price $1.50 and $2.50; sent by post 5c. extra. Agency—
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BURTON ALE
AND
DUBLIN STOUT
Look—$1.20 per dozen delivered. Finest in the market.
F. P. BRAZIL & CO., Wine Merchants
Telephone 678.
165 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

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Monreith House, West Walk
HANLAN'S POINT
This fine Island Residence has been entirely refitted and refurnished for the season, and is under ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT. Terms reasonable. First class bill of fare, and every attention paid to the comfort of guests. Beautiful views of the Lake, Bay and City from all points. Boating facilities of the best. Single and double rooms for gentlemen. Special rates for families. For terms address—
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Monreith House,
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Fred Armstrong Plumber and Gasfitter
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A large stock of gas fixtures on hand.

1890 : SPRING : 1890
JAMES HARRIS & CO.
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Beg to announce that they are now showing a full line of
FINE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HATS
in all the latest styles for spring trade.
SOLE AGENTS FOR
Edward Miller's Celebrated New York Felt and Silk Hats
IMPORTERS OF
Ladies' Silk Riding Hats and Velvet Hunting Caps
MOTHS
Ladies, preserve your Furs during the Summer months from Moths, dampness and fire, by sending them to us for storage. They are thoroughly cleansed from the Winter's accumulation of dust before putting them away, and are glazed before sending home. Receipts are given and charges are reasonable.
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YATISI YATISI
YATISI THREE HOOKS CORSET MADE
CORSET
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By COUNT LYON F. TOLSTOI
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PARASOLS—SPECIAL
BLOUSE WAISTS
Over 200 to choose from, at $2.95 and $3.75.
LESS THAN ACTUAL COST PRICE
Stylish Millinery
DIRECT IMPORTERS
212 YONGE STREET

SEWING SILK—ALL COLORS—A BIG bargain in 25 skeins. Knowing the great favor our customers would consider it if we let them have the advantage of a big trade, we bought a large lot awfully cheap. We selected the finest and most delicate silk tints the market affords. Every home in the land has a use for embroidery silk. The package silk is far inferior to skeins, and costs much more. It will put you in a way to get money easily by your own work. We will send you a double 25 skein of this SILK, containing all colors, for only 25c. silver, and prepaid. Who ever heard of such a bargain!
A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

LADIES WHO WISH TO SEE
Artistic Hats and Bonnets
From the leading designers in Paris, London and New York should visit our Parlors.
MISS BURNETT, 117 Yonge St.

GET READY FOR CAMPING
By laying in a stock of our choice camping goods, such as
Prepared Meats
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CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE
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For the PREVENTION and DESTRUCTION of MOTHS in FUR and WOOLEN GOODS. Cheaper than ordinary Camphor and much more effective.
DALMATIAN INSECT POWDER
PURE AND FRESHLY GROUND.
For the destruction of Insects of all kinds. For sale at
McARTHUR'S DRUG STORE
230 Yonge St., opp. Shuter St.
(R. A. Wood's Old Stand)
Telephone 479. All orders promptly attended to.

VISITORS TO THE CARNIVAL
SHOULD NOT FAIL TO CALL ON
H. S. MORISON & CO.
The Leading Mantle and Dress House
218 Yonge Street
Who are holding during Carnival week a Grand Reduction Sale in
Dress Goods, Silks, Mantles, Wraps, Fancy Goods, Gloves Hosiery, Etc,
NOTE—45 PIECES FINE HENRIETTAS at 45c. or 3 yards for $3.25.
40 PIECES SUPERFINE HENRIETTAS at 75c. regular price $1.00.
200 COMBINATION SUITS $2.50, $3.00, $3 50, $4.00 and $5.00—just half price.
SPECIAL—25 HANDSOME BROCHE STRIPE COMBINATION SUITINGS at $6.00, were sold for $14.00 (10 yards double width to each dress.)
Extra Special drives in Black and Colored Silk Merys, Faille, Francaise and Satin de Lyons.
Summer Wraps, Capes and Fischus from $1.25 up. About 20 Handsome Pattern Mantels to be sold at 50c on the dollar.
Immense assortment of Ladies' Fancy Goods, Satchels, Fans, Belts, Handkerchiefs, etc., at Special prices during Carnival week.
Every purchaser during Carnival week presented with a Carnival Souvenir on satin.

BLIND FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER,

Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.

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CHAPTER VII.

"THE INQUEST."

Eastport had rarely, if ever, been so shocked and excited as by the murder of the charming and admired Mrs. Herbert Callander. Though she had not mixed much with the local society, she was well known, and everyone who could find standing room crowded to hear the evidence given at the inquest.

The facts of the case, as succinctly recorded by the inspector, were first read over, and the doctor's evidence taken, then Mrs. M'Hugh was called. The deepest interest was evinced as she advanced to the place vacated by the doctor. Many present recognized her, for her severely respectable figure in second black silk gown was a familiar object on pier and sands as she watched over her pretty, well-dressed charges, accompanied by her humble satellite, the nursemaid.

Not the most thrilling play ever mounted by Irving or acted by Bernhardt can stir the pulses like a trial of this description, where the question of guilt or innocence, the materials for arriving at a conclusion, the hesitations, fears, hopes, are actual realities. The mystery in the present case was an additional fascination, for gossip was disposed to reject the theory of robbery as too simple a solution.

Mrs. M'Hugh preserved a decent composure. She would as soon have brushed her hair in public as shed tears, and flourished a pocket-handkerchief, in the face of a jury.

She recounted very distinctly her having carried a cup of tea to her mistress as usual at a very o'clock, and receiving a little reward to see the blind unfastened. It was Mrs. Callander's habit to leave one window open, and also the center part of the outer shutter, the shutters were at once blinds and shutter; they folded in two at either side, and had an iron bar which fastened within after they were closed. Mrs. Callander lay on her right side, and seemed just the same as usual.

As her mistress did not stir, witness set down the tea, and stood over her to observe that there was more than the stillness of sleep in her attitude. She touched her mistress and found she was cold and dead.

"Did you go at once to Colonel Callander?" asked the coroner.

"No, sir! I moved the clothes a little, intending to feel her heart, but there blood on the pillow. Then I was afraid to touch her. I went round to the other side of the bed and perceived that her head was bent forward, and at the top of the neck, just below the hair, there was a wound. Colonel Callander was sitting at his writing-table when I went to him. He didn't seem to understand me rightly when I told him; but he went away sharp to the missis' room. It was then I saw the ladder lying across the area, resting on the top of the garden bank at one side and the window-ledge on the other."

One of the jury—"Was Colonel Callander's room next his wife's?"

"No, sir; it was to the front of the house, and there was a passage between the two rooms leading to a door that opened on the stable-yard. There is a gate leading from it into the garden. Mrs. Callander's room was on the left of the house, and one window looked out over the bay."

"Was the gate between the yard and garden kept locked?"

"I don't know sir. I daresay it was not, as we had no horses or carriage; anyway it was wide open that morning. He forgot to shut it, I suppose."

"He! Who?"

"The murderer. He must have got the ladder from the shed in the yard, where it was always kept."

"I am told some sailors came to offer curiosities for sale to your lady that morning?"

"They did, sir. I was with her while she spoke to them."

"Where were you when they came?"

"In the hall."

"What passed?"

"There were two of them, sir. One spoke a little English, the other, a tall, black-browed, wicked-looking man, had a bit of stone to sell. My mistress bought it. She did not like to be left alone with them, so she went herself for her purse. She left the door open. The window is right opposite, and a little table by it where her jewel case stood. She took the purse and came back, leaving the door wide open. I saw the black-looking fellow stare after her, as if he'd draw the purse out of her hand and the rings off her fingers with his eyes."

"And you saw no more of these men?"

"No, sir; but Collins, the footman, saw them, did."

Collins, being called, said he remembered the day in question. He was in the pantry, which looked out on the yard, and observed two men enter it from the garden—queer-looking chaps. One with a red cap spoke broken English. He (Collins) came out and asked what they wanted. The shorter of the two was very polite, and explained that they came through the garden by mistake, and wanted to be shown the way out; thought it very strange when he heard that they had been selling things to his mistress in the hall, as the entrance to the lawn in front was opposite the door.

Mrs. M'Hugh, recalled, said the last person who had seen Mrs. Callander alive was the upper housemaid, Mary Stokes. She usually attended to her mistress at night, as she (Mrs. M'Hugh) did not leave the nursery after nine o'clock.

Mary Stokes, who was tearful and confused, stated that on the fatal night she had, at her mistress' request, lit a night-light. Mrs. Callander did not always have a night-light, only when there was no moonlight, and she inside the bed. The bed stood near the window, which was always kept closed. Then Mrs. Callander bade her good-night. "And the dear, sweet lady never spoke again," exclaimed the girl, with a burst of tears.

The coroner asked who occupied the room over Mrs. Callander's.

"It is the day nursery."

"The room next to that nearest to Mrs. Callander's?"

"That's Miss Wynn's, the poor dear lady's sister."

Both Standish and Callander had done their best to spare Dorothy the pain of being publicly questioned, but in vain.

The coroner said he was bound to question all persons who could throw the least light upon the terrible tragedy, and possibly Miss Wynn had heard or noticed something which might give a clue, however faint, to guide the jury. Trifles often led to strange discoveries.

It was a fearful trial to Dorothy. She heard the suppressed murmur, the expectant rustle which ran through the closely packed room as she advanced, clinging to her guardian's arm, and feeling scarcely able to support herself. Miss Oakeley accompanied her, but was not allowed to stand near.

Dorothy was deadly pale, the scared, grief-stricken expression of her large, soft gray eyes brought tears to those that looked at them. Her voice was very low, and at times seemed on the point of breaking; but she controlled her emotion and answered clearly. In reply to a leading question from the coroner, she said that on the night of the murder she had retired to rest as usual, and, feeling tired, soon fell asleep. After what seemed to her a long time she awoke with a sort of confused idea that a sharp noise, as if of some metal falling, had roused her. She had been dreaming that her little niece was knocking the garden-roller with a stone, for which she had had to correct her a few days previously, and thinking that—that it was all a dream, she resisted her first startled impulse to call nurse. "If I had done so we might have saved her," she added, in a broken voice, with quivering lips.

"You think the noise was real?"

"I do. I believe it was the bar which secured the outer blinds of—of my sister's room."

"Have you any idea at what hour this occurred?"

"I have not. I had no light, and after the first moment I felt so sure that it was only a dream which had startled me, that I soon went to sleep again, little thinking—" she stopped abruptly, and pressed her hands tightly together.

"It is unusual for a burglar to commit violence in trying to secure booty, but I presume there could be no possible motive but theft to account for the crime!—no spiteful, discharged servant urged by morbid feelings of revenge to—"

"Oh—no—no!" interrupted Dorothy, somewhat losing her self-control; "everyone loved her, she was so kind—so good! and we had all the same servants who have been with us since she came home from India last year."

"Then you believe the crime was foreign sailors or some other robber committed the crime?"

"What else can I think?"

As last she was overwrought, and Standish, who understood the anguish and effort in her every tone, led her quickly away to the carriage which was waiting.

Colonel Callander was next questioned. He had little to tell, but told that little with a kind of deadly, hopeless calm, which gave the hearers a profound impression of the depths out of which he spoke.

The cook was then interrogated, and even the "boy" (footman) underwent a volley of boots and knives was examined respecting the ladder.

"It was not very long," he said, "not long enough to reach from the flag-stones which surrounded the house at the bottom of the area, to the windows of the drawing and dining-rooms. He had tried them when we cleaning. He should have said it was not long enough to reach across from the bank to the window, but it was not light from the top though, the end of the ladder was forced into the grass and mould, a little below, and sloped up to the lady's window."

"It must be difficult to approach the window in that way?"

"Well yes, rather—but not to a sailor; they can well nigh climb on nothing."

The doctor's deposition was clear and decided. He was one of the best known practitioners in the place. He had found, he said, a deep incision at the juncture of the spine and skull, penetrating the substance termed medulla.

Death must have been inflicted while the victim slept, for the slightest resistance or movement on her part would have frustrated the attempt to stab her in that particular spot. The cavity corresponding to the top of the spine is well defended by bone above and below, it was probably more accident than knowledge that guided the assassin to the fatal spot.

The instrument used must have been keen and narrow in the blade, for the wound was small and clean cut. Very little blood was drawn. By the coroner. Should we not probably done some four or five hours before its discovery—that is, about two or half-past two in the morning. Death must have been instantaneous; there was no sign of a struggle. The room was undisturbed, the bedclothes smooth and unruffled.

The whole of the evidence conveyed an idea of the peace, kindliness and harmony reigning in the fair home so cruelly broken up.

Finally the coroner, having nothing further to elicit, addressed a few words to the jury, and they found the only verdict possible was: "Murder by some person or persons unknown."

It was a subject of some comment that Egerton had not appeared at the inquest. Of course the bereaved husband had an excuse and closer friend to stand by him in his wife's guardian, and it was rumored that Egerton, a very excitable man, was too seriously afflicted by the blow that had fallen on his friends to be able to bear the pain of listening to the details drawn forth in the examination of witnesses.

Mrs. Eastport and Fordsea were dreadfully disappointed and indignant at having to put up with a mere commonplace story of robbery and violence, instead of—well, they did not know what. But tremendous revelations had been expected, and when this "lame and impotent conclusion" was arrived at everyone felt more or less herself shamefully cheated.

Many and various were the solutions suggested, and profound were the theories respecting Callander tragedy, which supplied materials for many an interesting conversation among visitors at Fordsea.

Standish was fortunately able to remain for a few days with the sorrowful sister and husband, but the time when he must leave was near at hand, and he could not make up his mind to desert his young ward without finding someone to protect and support her during his absence. It was unfortunate that Egerton had taken the question of their possible marriage, as it might make Dorothy reluctant to accept his assistance or derive comfort from his society. It was strange that Egerton had absented himself from the inquest. However, it would be well to see him, and ascertain his readiness to aid his afflicted friends.

Egerton was pacing his sitting-room when Standish was shown in. His dark face was lividly pale, his large black eyes looked sunken, his whole aspect that of a man oppressed by horror as well as grief.

He seemed surprised, and not quite well pleased, when Standish came in.

"As I did not see you yesterday, I have come to consult you about our unhappy friends."

"Yes, yes! In fact, I am so completely unmanned I could not face half the inquiries of the inquest," interrupted Egerton. "Besides I could throw no light on the matter! I only know the facts from hearsay, like yourself," interrupted Egerton, not heeding the hand Standish held out. "In fact, the horror of the whole affair has almost shaken my reason. To think that angel—but I must not speak of it. Tell me, what can I do?"

"You can help me in various ways. First, Callander is so completely prostrate that I cannot consult with him as to what steps ought to be taken to trace these Spanlards, for there is strong probability that they are the murderers."

"It is quite as likely to have been English as Spanish villains. There are scoundrels of all sorts in such a town as Eastport."

"Granted, but these are the only men of whom we have the slightest suspicion. Of course the absence of an extradition treaty with Spain would be a hindrance even should we succeed in finding the men. Still, I know our foreign office people will do their best, and I know from experience that the Spanish and Portuguese authorities are by no means willing to screen a murderer. Now, Mrs. Callander—the mother, I mean," for Egerton started, "wants to offer a thousand pounds reward for any information which may lead to the discovery of the murderer."

"Make it two," said Egerton, hoarsely, throwing himself into an arm-chair, and leaning his head on his hand in an attitude of utter despondency. "I would gladly give many thousands if we could punish—Oh, God! what a fearful ending of so sweet and holy a life."

Standish looked at him a good deal moved, and also surprised. His incoherency, his extraordinary forgetfulness of Dorothy, seemed as if he were off his balance.

"Yes," resumed Standish, after a moment's pause. "It is too dreadful to bear thinking about. I am fearful of the effect the tragedy will have on Dorothy. It will be long before she can shake off the impression."

This allusion to the girl he had professed such an ardent wish to marry did not seem to reach Egerton's sense, he took no notice.

"I propose, in spite of the placard offering the reward to our consuls in every port in Europe, the Levant, and the Cape, with a description of the men wanted. Of course, if the fellows can be taken anywhere, not in Spain (in Hamburg for instance), we can bring them here, and try them."

"What wasted time and energy it all will be," exclaimed Egerton. "We'll never find out the truth, and if we did, would it restore her? Would it atone for our irreparable loss?"

"Of course not! Still, it is our bounden duty to leave nothing undone to bring the miscreants to justice. I could not act for Callander almost without consulting him, and this brings me to another point. I am seriously uneasy about Callander. You know he has not been in too sound a mental condition since his return, though immensely better lately, and this frightful business may have a very fatal effect. He sits for hours brooding in utter silence, he hardly eats. He will not see the children, and hardly notices Dorothy. His cousin, Miss Callander, is his only person he can or anything with him. His mother, who is in great distress, is most anxious that he should be taken away. Will you be so kind and self-sacrificing as to go with him? he must not go alone."

"Why do you fix on me?" cried Egerton, starting up, and beginning to pace the room again. "Why not go yourself with him?"

"Because he has for some time shown anything but a preference for my society; now, he always liked you, and enjoyed being with you. Then you are not connected with his poor dear wife, or his first meeting with her as I am; so in every way you are the fittest companion for him, especially as he was so ready to back you up with Dorothy."

"Dorothy—Dorothy!" repeated Egerton, absently. "You set me a dreadful task," he resumed, after a short pause. "Let me think. Oh! I suppose I must, I suppose. It is awfully hard to bear! When does Callander think of starting?"

"Well, try and get him off as soon as you can, and the funeral—you know it is fixed for to-morrow, I suppose?" Egerton bent his head, and pausing in his troubled walk stood before Standish with mouth quivering, in which were evidently filled with some very different image.

"Arranging for the funeral is the only thing that has roused Callander. He ordered that the grave should be prepared in a little old burial ground which, it seems, they passed the day they drove over to Blackmore, your cousin, her! I wish to Heaven they had carried out their plan of a trip to the Highlands, or anywhere. She would have been with us now had she gone."

"How do you know that?" cried Egerton, almost fiercely. "If it were her destiny, how could she escape? What puppets we are in the grasp of Fate."

"I think you want to get away yourself, Egerton," said Standish, a good deal surprised at his tone.

"Can you expect anything else? Was ever tragic ending to a fair young life! I haven't your Saxon phlegm."

"I wish I had a little more," exclaimed Standish, in a voice full of emotion. "If you suppose it has not cost me an effort to keep my head clear, my mind composed, among such scenes as I have gone through for the last few days! But these poor souls have no one to guide or assist them, save myself and—you—if I may count on your friendship. By Heaven! I am almost unnerved when I look at Callander, bowed down by speechless sorrow; at Dorothy, chilled by the touch of such a horror in her sunny youth. She will outgrow it, however. My deepest sympathy is for Callander. We must do all we can for him."

Egerton sat for a moment without speaking, then he rose and moved restlessly to and fro.

"You are right," he said at last, in a more collected tone than he had yet used. "I ought to be ashamed of my unstrung nerves. It is woman-ish to be overpowered as I am. I did not think I was such a poltroon. But the awfulness of—" He stopped short and shuddered. "Yes, I'll do what I can for Callander. Only get him out of this as soon as you can. It is punishment too much for the worst criminal (God! I can think of nothing but crime!) to stay here on the scene—" he stopped again. "Let me see of our former happy life. Settle what you like. I am at your disposal."

"Thank you. I felt sure you would do your best for us. Then we must get Dorothy away. It is pitiable to see her sad, white face."

Egerton was too much absorbed in his thoughts to heed what was said.

This indifference greatly surprised Standish. "Have you seen her since—" he was beginning, when Egerton interrupted him.

"No; she absolutely refused to see me—refused most abruptly, and I shall not ask again. It may suppose that with the shadow of such a grief over us I should have been in a mood to make love to her?"

"If you loved her you would bear with her more patiently."

"I shall never intrude on her again. I only want to get away from this wretched place."

"Well, I must leave you now," said Standish, rising. "We shall meet to-morrow, I suppose?"

"We must; we must," returned Egerton. "I will be present." He accompanied his guest as he spoke, and his brow contracted with an expression of agony.

"I have forgotten to tell you," said Standish, looking at him with some compassion, "that as soon as I got the telegram summoning me to the sad scene, I went to find a very clever detective who has done some remarkable things. I was just in time to catch him before he undertook any other job. He is making as close an examination of the premises as he can. I am anxious to hear his report and will let you know what he says."

"A detective! What is the use of letting one of these villains ransack the belongings of a delicate woman!" cried Egerton. "He will not bring her back to us, nor find out anything that we could have hidden from her hard but her but a brutal ruffian, whose greed was excited by the sight of her jewels. Why a detective will want to turn everything inside out!"

"There is no reason why he should. He will only look through the premises, and glean what can be learned out of doors. I agree with you that there is small chance of his tracking the murderer——"

"Don't speak of him," said Egerton, half closing his eyes.

"Come and dine with me. You are not fit company for yourself."

"Nor for anyone else," he returned. "Thank you, no. I shall be calmer to-morrow."

Standish walked slowly away to the printer who was to strike off the first supply of hand bills offering the reward of which he had spoken. He was strongly impressed by the strange condition of mind in which he had found Egerton.

Well versed in the world's ways and having more than once discovered what dark depths can lie hidden under the fair seeming of honest and honorable lives, he was a good deal disturbed by these ideas which Egerton's grief and agitation suggested.

The man was suffering horribly. But how was it that no thought for the girl whom a week ago he had eagerly sought seemed to occur to him? Had Mabel not been almost child-like in her guileless innocence he might have suspected some ugly secret—but, no, that was out of the question. He turned indignantly from the base thought. Egerton was sensitive and impressionable, his blood was mixed with a fiery, eager strain, too strong for the Englishman in him to control or resist. Still he was glad that the handsome, attractive master of Netherleigh had failed so signally to fascinate Dorothy—poor, dear broken hearted little Dorothy. Dorothy deserved a different kind of mate from this grand golden eagle. The gold for her should be rather in the heart than in the pocket. Then he thought turned to some of the many matters which claimed his attention, and quickening his pace he soon reached his destination.

"——"

It was already dusk when Standish returned to the villa. The burden of all that needed attention was upon him, and he was eager to complete every arrangement, as the days for which his chief had considerately spared him were slipping away, and he ardently desired to see Dorothy under her own roof removed from the scene of their cruel loss before he himself left England.

Daylight, therefore, scarcely sufficed for all he had to do. As he walked back from Eastport he thought over the terrible event which had robbed Callander of the dearly loved wife. How happy they had been together! What a simple, sinless life, full of kind thoughts for others, they had led! Then he looked back to a passage in his own earlier days, when a beloved woman had been nearly all to him that Mabel was to Callander, save that she ended by marrying another, and that it had cost him hard labor to tear herself from love and life as ruthlessly! Could any vengeance have satisfied him? Yet poor Callander seemed too unmanned by grief to be capable of seeking justice. Weakened by illness, this blow had completely crushed him. Then the scenes of his own bygone love-story came back to him freshly enough. Could he be the same being who loved so passionately and suffered so acutely fifteen or sixteen years ago? Was it possible he had so completely outlived all the feelings of that remote period, which was not so very remote after all? Ah, it was a glorious time! but it had ended in a hard bitter enough. However, that intense early fever had secured him a fair share of immunity ever since. He was now, though still middle aged as regarded years, he felt absurdly young—perhaps dangerously young.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said a voice at his elbow. The speaker was a slight and rather delicate-looking man of very uncertain age, pale and freckled, with sandy hair; his quiet, almost sleepy, steel gray eyes were shaded by reddish lashes, and brows of the same color overhung them heavily.

He wore a very high, narrow hat, still glossy from its silver-paper covering, whilst his clothes, also new, and of superfine cloth, had a clumsy, solid, provincial look as to cut and fit. He was a very little above the mean, rather shapeless mouth had a soft smiling expression, suggestive of innocence and credulity.

"Can I speak with you, sir?" He said "spake," but as Irish matters, Irish members, Irish diamonds, and Irish properties generally are all a peculiarity of the Irish nation, so the slight Hibernian peculiarities of accent shall be left to the imagination of the reader.

"Yes, by all means, Dillon. Come on with me to the house, I'll be there in a minute to speak to you. What have you been doing?"

"Not much, sir. I have been loitering about the old churchyard, waiting for a decent public to be had at a fair rent, and I have picked up a trifle or two not worth talking about now —not, anyhow, till I can link them on to something more. The funeral's to be to-morrow?"

"It is."

"After that, I can examine the room—every inch of it?"

"You can."

"Then, Mr. Standish, sir, will you give strict orders that no one shall come near the room, inside or out, till I have it to myself a whole day?"

"Certainly, Dillon."

I did make so bold as to talk to Mrs. M'Hugh, and she promised that ne'er a maid among them should lay a duster, even on the outside of the door."

"You could not have chosen a better ally."

"She is a responsible sort of woman," said Dillon reflectively, "and might be a bright; but then, you see, she ladies will talk, instead of letting people talk to them."

The two men walked on in silence. Then the detective said:

"The colonel sent for me to-day, after you had gone out. He asked me what steps I intended to take to trace the villains. I couldn't tell him. I must make the steps before I take them. Then he ordered me to spare no expense, and seemed too tired to speak any more. Ah! he's a broken man, though I've seen widowers with the tears out in the grave, and despair in their hearts, rally and come round in a wonderful way. Well, I've seen these, though; I never knew a worse. It isn't like these burglarious fellows to murder; they know it just serves them right if they get hung; and with a timid, real lady like this one, why, they might have gagged her, tied her to the bedpost, muffled her, and have left her lying like that, and made off with the booty; but to stab her in her sleep (if she did sleep through the unfastening and opening of them blinds)! There's something in that sort of crime sickening. I wish I could track the bloodthirsty dogs!—begging the dogs' pardon, I ought to say villains, but I'm afraid, if I can't be easy, they having been away on the high seas before anyone found it out. Pray, sir, who is the gentleman Mrs. M'Hugh tells me he knew the man whom she suspects—who talks their lingo?"

"Oh, Mr. Egerton. An intimate friend of poor Mrs. Callander and her husband. He is frightfully cut up."

"Well, that's not to be wondered at. He might have some valuable information from. I'd like to have a word with him and a look at him."

"Well, so you can. He will be at the funeral to-morrow."

"Thank you, sir. I am going to have a cup of tea with Mrs. M'Hugh in the housekeeper's room, I'll come to you to speak with me before I turn in for the night."

"All right," returned Standish, and he ascended the steps of the entrance, while Dillon went round to the side door mentioned. In the hall Dorothy awaited Standish. She was dressed in the deepest black, which made her wan face look even whiter than it really was.

"I saw you from the nursery window," she said leaning heavily on his arm. "Henrietta went out to Mrs. Callander's, and I have been so awfully lonely. I get so terrified sometimes. It is weak and foolish. I must resist this dreadful feeling."

"Yes, you must, my poor, dear little girl," said Standish, tenderly. "You are trembling. You seem to be always trembling."

"No, not always, but very often."

"Come into the drawing-room, and sit by the fire with me, Dorothy. Tell me, how have you got through the day?" He drew a low chair to the fire for her, and kneeling upon the rug, put on some logs of wood.

"I scarcely know. I have been several times to look at her! It comforts me to see her look so calm and beautiful. Paul, she could not have been alive or frightened, or she would not look like that."

"No, certainly not," he returned, still kneeling beside her chair.

"Death without fear or pain is not dreadful. I should not mind it! And after—God is so good!" Half unconsciously she stretched out her hand for Paul's, and clasped it with both her own. "Herbert spoke to me to-day," she resumed. "He was walking to and fro in the dining-room, oh! for hours, and when he passed me, he stopped suddenly, and said, 'Poor child, poor child! You have been robbed of your best friend! But I live, I will do my best for you, and you—you'll be spared to the last hour for her sake.'" She paused, and the sweet, sad mouth quivered. "I shall be better and stronger to-morrow. Oh, I dread to-morrow!"

"So do others. I have been talking to Egerton to-day, and he——"

"Is he coming too?" cried Dorothy, starting up, and grasping the mantel shelf, the tension of her slender fingers showing how closely she gripped it. "Oh, can you not prevent him? I want to be with my darling Mabel to the very last! Dear, dear Paul, do not let him come!"

"It is impossible to prevent it, Dorothy. But I do not think you need fear his troubling you in the way."

"He—he will trouble me no more! But I do not want to see him."

"I will endeavor to keep him out of your sight, my dear. But by and by, when time has soothed your grief, you must tell me the secret of your aversion to this poor mourner."

For all answer, Dorothy, relaxing her grasp of the mantel-shelf, sank back in her chair, covering her face with her hands, a shudder passing through her as though she had touched some noxious thing.

"You have sorrow enough, my dear child, without letting fancies afflict you. Pray, Pray, possessing himself again of her hand. "Try, and think of the poor little ones to whom you can be so much."

Dorothy did not speak for a few minutes. Then she asked in an altered voice:

"Who was that man walking by you?"

"It was Dillon, the detective. If anyone can find a trail and follow it like a sleuthhound, he is the man."

"And what does he think?"

"That it is a difficult case."

"Ah, yes, how difficult, he will never—never find out the truth."

"Have you any reason, any purpose in what you say," Standish was beginning when Miss Oakeley came in, and the conversation turned on the children and their grandmother.

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The first act of this sad drama was closed next day by the funeral of the fair young victim.

It was long since Eastport had such a sensation. Wreaths, crosses, pyramids of flowers hid the coffin, everyone who had an equipage and the slightest acquaintance with Colonel or Mrs. Callander sent their carriage to swell the long procession. The bells tolled, and the streets thronged while the cortege passed were crowded with on-lookers.

It was a soft gray day, as if nature mourned tenderly for the brief young life, so ruthlessly cut off for mere base greed, in the midst of its bright morning.

The resting-place selected by Callander was the burial-ground attached to an old chapel on the hillside between Fordsea and Rookstone; an ancient gray wall, breast-high and lichen grown, surrounded it; great masses of gorse breathed a perfume of their honey-sweet blossoms in spring from the grassy slope above, while beneath spread out the restless waters of the bay, with the towers and spires of Eastport beside them. The fresh winds from sea and land swept over it, and the blessed silence of the quiet country seemed to keep all sounds hushed, lest they should trouble the last sleep of those weary ones who found rest beneath its grassy mounds. The spectators (and many had walked or driven the dusty five miles from Fordsea) were greatly moved by the scene, and deeply impressed by the dignified self-control of Colonel Callander, by the deep despair of his set face. Also by the pallid grief of the friend who stood beside him, whose unusual step as he approached the grave showed how hard was the struggle not to break down.

Standish devoted himself to support Dorothy, but she bore up better than he expected.

It was all over at last, and as Dorothy drove back, her hand in Henrietta Oakeley's, she felt indeed alone—cruelly, bitterly alone—burdened with a secret conviction which for potent reasons she must not speak, with a bitter sense of wrong for which she must seek no sympathy.

(To be continued.)

The Disappointments of Life.

"How our ambitions are nipped by the frosts of experience," sighed the poet.

"Yes," replied the editor; "I began life as a master journalist, and here I am to-day nothing more than a plain newspaper man."—*Boston Courier.*

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Mrs. Clare's Courage.

"If you could give her any employment, Mrs. Clare, it would be a real act of Christian charity," said good old Mr. Owens.

Mrs. Clare looked doubtful. She had come down into the country, with her heart full of peace and good-will toward men—and women, into the bargain. She had not much money to give—she had come to Middle Barsdes to economize. That was the secret of her taking the lonely cottage on the edge of the hemlock copse, where the wind sighed as funeraily at an evening, and the red reflections of the spring sunsets seemed to turn the low-lying pools to blood. She was the wife of a sea-captain, whose biennial voyages to China and Japan seemed like lifetimes; and she had a small income, and four little children to bring up. But work—that was, perhaps, which in her power to bestow; and yet she hesitated, as Mr. Owens spoke.

"But she is such a very peculiar-looking person," said Mrs. Clare. "Do you notice she never lifts her eyes to one's face? And such strange eyes, too—full of greenish lights, like a cat's. And, then, her hair is so colorless and dry, exactly like the faded grass along the edge of the marsh; and there is such a peculiar, disfiguring scar upon her cheek.

Mr. Owens laughed a fat, oily, comfortable laugh.

"But, my dear madam," said he, "how very illogical that is. After all, we are none of us responsible for our looks. And they tell me she is an excellent seamstress. And, more than this she has had a disappointment."

"A disappointment!" said Mrs. Clare.

"You wouldn't think it, would you!" said Mr. Owens. "Yes; she was engaged to a young carpenter of the neighborhood. But work was slack and the carpenter didn't see his way clear to matrimony. So he has gone to the next seaport town to work at shipbuilding, and Mary Moore is left to wear the willow!"

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Clare; and she resolved to conquer her prejudices at once. Mary Moore was summoned to Ivy Lodge and set to work, and profuse were her expressions of gratitude.

"I hope you like the cottage, ma'am," said Mary, one day, as she sat at her work in the bay window.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Clare, earnestly.

"You don't find it lonely, eh, ma'am?"

Mrs. Clare shivered slightly.

"A little," she acknowledged. "Toward evening, sometimes."

"Ah!" said Mary Moore, biting off her thread. "I thought so. I knew all about the house. I lived here, ma'am, ten years, as maid to Mrs. Hodges, as owns the place. She couldn't stand it, ma'am, so she's gone to Florida."

"Couldn't stand what?" asked Mrs. Clare, with some curiosity.

"The sights, ma'am," said Mary, lowering her voice mysteriously. "And the sounds."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Clare.

"Ah, ma'am, that's what a many has said before you," said Mary. "Seven families has lived here since my old missis went to Florida, and not one of 'em has stayed over the three months. All because of——"

"Of what?" said Mrs. Clare, as the woman paused.

"Of the ghost, ma'am, if you will have it," answered Mary Moore.

Mrs. Clare burst out laughing. "I never heard anything so ridiculous in all my life," said she. "Do, pray, take a little more pains with those buttonholes, Mary, and let the ghost alone; and I'll wager that it will not trouble us."

Mary sewed away in silence, with the greenish eyes fixed intently on her work, and the thin lips tightly compressed. She had scattered the seed: it was only to wait, now, for it to germinate.

Little Kate came running breathlessly in, that very evening.

"Mamma! Mamma!" cried the child; "a white lady waving her arms out of the back window! Is it the poor lady who was murdered by the Indians before the house was built? Cook says it was! And cook is going to-morrow, and so is Emma Jane!"

Mrs. Clare stepped out into the fading twilight, and herself reconnoitered the ground.

"My dear," said she, "you are mistaken. There is nothing there but the white mist rising out of the river, and the hemlock boughs waving in the wind."

"Yes, I know," said little Kate, who was clinging to the skirt of her mother's dress; "but there was a white lady there—all white; her hair and her hands and the vail over her head; leaning out of the back window over the dairy."

Mrs. Clare lighted a lamp and went directly to the room in question, an unused apartment, which served chiefly for the storage of old trunks, boxes and chests. It was as she had expected—all quiet and empty.

"There, Katie," said she; "now you see how foolish you were to be so frightened."

"But I did see a white lady," persisted little Kate.

The two servants left the next day in a panic of foolish superstition.

"Never mind, ma'am," said Mary, "I'll stay. It ain't pleasant, I know, to feel as there's supernatural creeturs a-gildin' all around, and peeping at you through the cracks in the door, but I'm used to it. And my duty! the first thing I thinks of, ma'am."

"You are a good girl, Mary," said Mrs. Clare, "and I dare say, I shall get other servants before long."

"I hope so, ma'am," said Mary, dubiously. "But I can't say. Most of them as goes out to service around here has a mortal dread of Ivy Lodge!"

The stable boy, a bright little fellow, whom Mrs. Clare had brought with her from the city, was the next person to whom the white lady appeared. He, too, left at once, without even waiting for the balance of wages due to him.

"What shall I do?" said Mrs. Clare, piteously.

"There's Fern Manor, ma'am, across the river, to let!" suggested Mary Moore, with her faded eyelashes cast down. "It's a very nice modern house, ma'am, and——"

"It's out of the question," said Mrs. Clare; "entirely out of the question. The rent of Fern Manor is twice what we pay here."

"But one can have peace and quietness there," said Mary, obsequiously.

"And I'll have it here," said Mrs. Clare, resolutely, "or I'll know the reason why. I'll be conquered by no senseless phantoms, nor yet by the silly stories of vulgar gossips."

"Just as you please ma'am," said Mary, a little crisply; and she went back to the kitchen to see that the biscuits did not brown too much.

The night closed in wild and windy, with sweeps of rain rattling against the casements and the trees groaning in the blast. Mrs. Clare sat up late, reading and writing to her husband, and the clock struck twelve before she rose to go to her own room.

A violent draught of wind blew out her light as she entered the hall, and, in the sickly gleam of the hanging lantern above, she saw a white spectral figure at the end of the passage—something which seemed to wave its arms and retreat slowly as she advanced.

For a second her blood seemed to stand still in her veins; her head swam. Her first impulse was to fly in terror and cry out for help; her second, to make a brave stand.

Springing forward, she clutched at the white shadow. Once, twice it evaded her, but the third time she succeeded in grasping it tightly—something of flesh and blood like herself. Tearing the white floating drapery away, she revealed the shrinking figure and conscience-stricken face of—Mary Moore!

"So," she said, coolly, "you were the ghost, after all! I had begun to suspect it before this. Now tell me how long this has been going on, or I will have you locked up in State's prison for the rest of your life!"

And, thus exhorted, Mary Moore made a full confession of her peccadilloes.

It transpired that old Mrs. Hodges, whose maid she was for ten years, had partly promised Ivy Lodge—or the use of it, rather—to her, when she should be married to Isaac Smiley, the young ship-carpenter, and she had anticipated the letting of lodgings; perhaps, even, a house full of summer boarders to eke out their livelihood. But when the real estate agent came to look at it, he declared that it was a great deal too good to be denied after this fashion. And he persuaded Mrs. Hodges to have it repaired and painted and let, ready furnished, for her own personal benefit. Of course this was a cruel disappointment to Mary Moore and her faint-hearted swain, the carpenter.

"She has played me false, after all these years," said Mary to herself, when her mistress was safe among the Florida orange groves, "and I'll make it my business to see that she never makes a cent of profit out of all her fine new arrangements. She shall be glad to let me have it yet."

So, upon one pretext and another, she had contrived to attach herself to the household of every tenant of Ivy Lodge, and, one by one, had succeeded in frightening them away, until Mrs. Clare's spirit and presence of mind had so unexpectedly conquered her treacherous plans.

Mary Moore left Middle Marsdes quietly, and at once. And the ghost of Ivy Lodge never appeared again.

False Philanthropy.

It is one of the strange inconsistencies of human nature that men prefer to do good through the medium of benevolence rather than through that of justice. It is not uncommon to find the seller exerting every energy to get more than a fair price for his goods, and the buyer putting forth equal efforts to obtain them for less than their true value, and yet both subsequently uniting to found some charitable institution, to uphold a church, to promote a reform, to relieve distress. There are men who will grind the faces of the poor in the morning in their business and in the afternoon subscribe a good round sum to provide them with food and shelter. There are women, both wealthy and of moderate means, who will drive a sharp and hard bargain and will give only the smallest possible sum to those whom they employ to work for them, yet who will willingly give far more than they thus save when a tale of distress arouses their sympathies and excites their pity. Schemes of philanthropy cannot atone for acts of injustice.

The Professional Mourner.

We have all known the men and women who had a mania for attending funerals, and who would walk a mile to where there was a corpse. I think this is a kind of a mania, and that these are weak in their minds, for surely no one who was sound in the upper story would think for a moment of intruding where there was sorrow or death. Apropos of this habit of some, I hear that recently there was a funeral being conducted and one of these morbid women chanced to be passing. Prompt to accept the good things the gods sent her, she immediately entered the house and began shedding tears with the mourners. In the midst of her sobs, and with her nose that beautiful, shiny red which is so becoming to the crying woman, she leaned over to her nearest neighbor and in a combined sniffle and whisper, asked: "Man or woman?"—*Toledo Journal.*

Miseries of Exclusiveness.

Miss Downton—Where are you going this summer?

Miss Upton—To Frogtown, New Jersey.

"Mercy! That's a horrid place; nothing but swamps and musquitoes."

"I know it; but all the pretty resorts are filled up nowadays by the common herd, you know."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

He Found the Schoolmaster.

We were sitting on the veranda of a hotel at Niagara Falls, when I noticed the man on my right looking sharply at the man on my left, and presently he got up in an excited way and walked about. After a bit he halted before the other man and asked:

"Isn't your name Graham?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Didn't you use to teach school at Elmira?"

"Yes, sir."

"In 1853?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember a boy named Godkin?"

"Very distinctly, sir."

"Do you remember that he put a package of firecrackers under his desk and touched them off?"

"As if it happened only yesterday."

"And you basted him for it?"

"I did. I licked him until he could hardly stand, and I've always been glad of it."

"You have, eh!" said the other, breathing fast and hard. "Do you know that that boy swore a terrible oath?"

"I presume he did, as he was a thorough young villain."

"He swore an oath that he would grow up and hunt for you and pound you within an inch of your life."

"But I haven't heard from him yet."

"You hear from him now! He stands before you! I am that boy!"

"Well?"

"Prepare to be licked! My time has come at last!"

He made a dive for the old pedagogue, but the latter evaded him, made a half-turn and hit him on the jaw, and Godkin went over a chair in a heap. Then the whilom schoolmaster piled on to him and licked him until he cried "Enough," and it didn't take him over three minutes to do it. Then he retired to get on another collar and replace some buttons, and I helped Godkin up and observed:

"You didn't wait quite long enough, I guess."

"Say! That's where I made a miscue!" he replied. "I see now that I ought to have held off until he had got to be about 150 years old. The old devil is all of 70 now, but he licked me right off the reel, and I'll never have the hand to stand up to him again. Here's thirty years waiting for vengeance knocked into a cocked hat in three minutes!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

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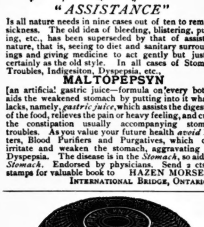

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"He dares to propose to me by letter! I thought I loved him, but now I know he's a fool. N-O, no. Nothing more. Why, a proposal in person is half the fun of getting married!"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

The Fire Escape and the Vine.

"Very foolish to cling to me. Suppose an accident were to happen, where would you be? Torn, trampled, crushed under hurrying feet. Look at those sunflowers? They stand on their own stems, they do. Catch them sticking their saucy yellow heads between my bars—not much. I like independence, I do."

Thus spake the Fire Escape.

"I have heard you are," murmured the Vine, flinging a tendril lovingly about the upper railing.

"I was born so," replied the Fire Escape, grimly.

"And how cold," continued the Vine.

"My nature," growled the Fire Escape.

"But I love you," whispered the Vine, "because you are so strong and so tall and such a help to me! When I was a little thing and a stranger in this street I looked up and saw you, great and dark, reaching almost to the sky. Oh! you looked so terrible, and, if you will pardon me, so ugly that I was frightened at first; but then it was pleasant and restful to lean against your mighty frame. I quite gave myself up to it and grew and grew, and budded and bloomed, till, as you know, the passers-by stop in amazement, saying: 'How beautiful that Fire Escape looks!'"

"Still more is a suitable union," persisted the Fire Escape. "I have a great mission to perform; I am here to save human life. You should have cast your lot in with some nice country cottage—not a coarse, old tenement like me."

"Love goeth whither it is sent," sighed the Vine meekly, and clung closer.

That night a woman with a babe at her breast dropped a lighted lamp.

Flames darted here, there, everywhere; hungrily, gloatingly.

People madly flung their poor possessions from the windows. Engines rattled through the streets. Brave men climbed the sturdy Fire Escape, and carried children and women down its iron sides. Splendid streams of water played upon the blazing building.

Morning dawned, pale and blue. The Fire Escape stood tall and dark, but the poor, pretty little Vine lay dead at its feet, a victim of misplaced affection.—*Pearl Eytinge in Dramatic Mirror.*

She Knew.

Mrs. Winslow Winthrop Blueblood—Show me something in gloves, please; something suitable for evening wear.

Miss Maine Chawgum (saleslady at glove counter)—Oh, something for evening wear, did you say, lady? How would you like these?

Mrs. Blueblood—They seem hardly suitable for evening wear, and——

Miss Chawgum—Beg pardon, ma'am, but I have a pair just like them and I wear mine to parties and balls and receptions of all kinds and I can assure you that they are just the caper for evening wear.

Great Inducements.

Mrs. Geegoe (to new servant)—The last servant had a habit of going into the parlor with her young man and sitting there the whole evening. Have you a young man?

New Servant—No, mum; but I might get one with such inducements offered.

Taking the Safe Side.

Mrs. Nerfus—I'm sure I heard a noise downstairs. There must be burglars in the house!

Mr. Nerfus—Nonsense! Why should burglars wish to make a noise!—*Puck.*

Husband—Dr. Foote, the chiropodist, will dine with us to-day.

Wife—All right; I'll order corned beef.

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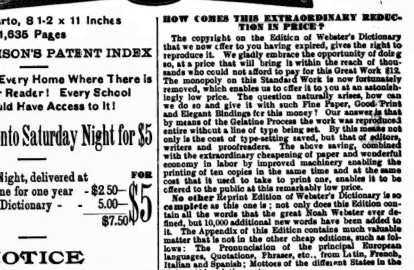

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Music.

The last ten days have seen quite a revival of musical performances, some of which were of considerable dimensions. On the 19th there were two events which were both important. At the Metropolitan Church Mr. S. P. Warren of Grace Church, New York, was the principal feature at a concert given under the auspices of the Canadian College of organists. Mr. Warren had come to the city to preside at the first annual examination of candidates for the distinctions offered by the College. This was taken advantage of by the committee to secure his assistance in the performance of a programme of organ and choral music before the College, candidates and their friends. The attendance was not as large as the programme deserved, but was still sufficiently so to pay the expenses undergone in the matter.

*

Some two hundred and fifty voices took part in the chorus representing the choirs of the Metropolitan, Jarvis Street Baptist, Ascension and Central Methodist churches, with outside assistance. The choruses sung were well-known numbers, as was proper at this season of the year when continued rehearsal for new works would call for more enthusiasm and self-denial than the weather allows. A pleasing feature of the evening in this connection was the fact that the choruses were accompanied by the organists of the different choirs assisting as well as by Mr. F. H. Torrington. The first chorus—Gounod's familiar March Romaine—was accompanied by Mr. A. S. Vogt, and received an extremely good rendering. The chorus sang crisply and with smart attacks, which, with good intonation and a more than usually effective balance of parts made the choral work of the evening good throughout. Mr. Doward's turn came next, producing a very fair rendering of The Heavens are Telling, though a rather bold accompaniment endangered the chorus attack occasionally. Mr. Torrington had the next choral number. The Inflammatus, from Rossini's Stabat Mater, which was particularly well done, the solo being sung by Miss Kate Ryan. The Gloria from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, accompanied by Mr. Vogt, and the Hallelujah chorus from the Messiah, were the other numbers sung by the chorus. Miss Alice Waltz gave a feeling rendering of Faure's Sancta Maria, which won much approbation, and a very good rendering of Carschmann's quartette, Protect us Through the Coming Night, was given by Misses Mortimer and Flint, and Messrs. Stouffer and Baguley.

*

Mr. Warren's numbers were the Bach Toccata in F, the overture and Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream, and Thiele's Concertstuck in C minor, a selection sufficiently varied to display his versatility. The Bach number was delightfully played. Mr. Warren is a master of organ technique, and all his work flows with a most agreeable smoothness and ease. In the Mendelssohn overture he played his own arrangement, which is an excellent reproduction of orchestral effects, though he does not always strictly follow original instrumentation. In the Thiele number Mr. Warren showed what he could do with organ music of the purest school, and he succeeded in pleasing professionals and dilettante.

*

The excellence of Mr. W. H. Sherwood of Boston as a pianist and as a teacher is pretty well known in Toronto by this time in spite of some idiosyncrasies which detract slightly from the effect of his work. The occasion of his visit to Toronto as examiner in piano for the Conservatory of Music was used by Mr. Fisher to arrange a very acceptable programme in which Mr. Sherwood bore the chief part, assisted by some of Signor D'Auria's most promising pupils. Association Hall was well filled, and Mr. Sherwood played a programme which served to display his virtuosity. His rendering of the Bach Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue was scholarly and correct and quite a model. He found congenial matter in the Schumann Maestoso Semper Energico as also in two clever little pieces of his own composition Exhilaration and Ethelinda, the former being aptly named. As an exponent of Beethoven, Mr. Sherwood shows a strong coloring of his own individuality, one not by any means inconsistent with the general conception of the master, yet sufficiently divergent to be interesting to the student. His reading of the Sonata Appassionata was careful and conscientious, with just enough of Mr. Sherwood in it to make it piquant. The Paganini-Liszt Campanella was well played though some of us would have liked to find greater speed in what is essentially a piece of virtuosity. His sympathy with Liszt was shown in his excellent renderings of the Etude in D flat, and of the Tannhauser March. The vocal number were very good. Miss Annie B. Rose gave a very pleasing rendition of an air from Carmen. The Reine de Saba Aria sung by Miss Maude Stevenson gave an opportunity to show the lady's fine, rich voice, Mr. Robinson's Piff! Paff! from the Huguenots was a little mild, but very promising. Blumenthal's Venetian Boat song was excellently sung by Miss Eva Roblin and Miss Carrie Chaplin.

*

The two great music schools in Toronto are celebrating the close of the scholastic year by a series of concerts which are strongly indicative of the measure of good these establishments are doing in our midst. Unfortunately their two large concerts came on the one evening—on Tuesday last—and it was quite a tax on the poor wight who had to be at both on that warm, fine night. The audiences felt the heat too, but were interested in the success and progress of their young friends to an extent that filled both the Pavilion and Association Hall. The College of Music held forth at the former place and had a programme that embraced the names of Misses Wey, Benson, Aldrich, Boultbee, Clarke, Sara Ryan, Sullivan and Barr as piano performers; Mesdames Cox and Weir, Misses Ella Paterson, May Donelly, Ecclestone, Reynolds, May Clarke and Messrs. Robinson and Lugadin as vocalists, with Mrs. Church as violinist and Miss Houston as elocutionists. The latter young lady showing considerable artistic talent. The programme was well carried out, the piano concerto movements being accompanied by an orchestra. I could not, of course, stay for all the concert and may have missed the best performances, but I was much struck with Mrs. Weir's voice. It is a fine contralto of a rarely rich and sympathetic quality. We should hear of her in the future. The piano work was excellent.

*

At Association Hall the Conservatory pupils put forth their best efforts. The fact that so many of the audience left early should not be charged against the performers, but rather to the stifling heat in the room. The programme was one of great variety, and its performance was creditable to both teachers and pupils. The performers were Misses Lizzie J. Schooley and Alice M. Taylor as organists; Mrs. J. L. Nicholls, Misses Gertrude Davis, Edith H. Beatty, Mary Johnston, Louie Macdowell, Via McMillan, Elsie Darling and Louie Reeve as pianists; Misses Maud Fairbairn and Lena Hayes as violinists; Misses Jennie E. Graham and Eva May as elocutionists, and Misses Annie Hawkins, Anna McWhinney and Mr. J. L. O'Malley as vocalists. The piano concert selections were accompanied by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp and the conservatory string quintette, composed of Messrs. Obernier, Lauria, D'Auria, Dinelli and Barber. Generally speaking the renditions were excellent and the applause was most enthusiastic for each number.

*

The examinations of the Canadian College of Organists were held last week, with the result that seven candidates have won their A. C. O. with a remarkably high percentage of marks. This may be explained by the fact that some of them have been working successfully on the Trinity College exams., and also by the fact that some have been working on the Fellowship degree. As it is they all secured over ninety per cent. of the maximum. The successful candidates are, in the order of excellence, Mr. T. A. Blakeley, Miss Florence Clarke, Mr. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. McNally, Mr. Ward, Mr. Thomas of Hamilton, and Mr. R. Hall.

*

That was a sad and sudden taking off on Saturday when Mr. Edwin T. Coates lost his life. He was very popular with all classes with whom he came in contact. With a fine baritone voice, he was fast becoming a favorite on concert programmes, and he had that quiet self-confidence and a conscientious acquisition of technical resources which made him a leader of men, and led the choir at the Richmond Methodist Church as well as the Glee Club of the Toronto Bicycle Club have good witness to his ability as a conductor. His musical ability was inherited. Years ago his father was my comrade in the oratorio choruses in the old days under Mr. John Carter, and it was always a pleasure to sing beside him, he was so sure and solid. The many friends, young and old, of Edwin Coates will sincerely mourn his untimely demise.

*

Miss Horning, who has been singing at the Jarvis street Baptist church for some time, will shortly leave the city for Brantford, where she has accepted an engagement at the Park street Baptist church.

*

Liberati's Band of New York will play here on July 16 and 17—a welcome break to the summer rest.

*

The Toronto Choral Society last week elected the following officers at its annual meeting: W. B. McMurrich, hon. president; S. B. Brush, Dr. S. S. Ryerson, hon. vice-presidents; E. A. Scadding, president; Charles Boecklin, jr., 1st vice-president; R. Mainwaring, 2nd vice-president; Alex. Cromar, hon. treasurer; Thomas Symington, hon. secretary; A. G. Hodgetts, Alex. Ross, M. E. Long, F. R. Clougher, John Gemmell, committee. METRONOME.

The Drama.

The following ludicrous skit has been published as showing the methods of farce-comedy manufacture:

"Suppose the manager and the author closeted together, arranging the cast of their production. It has been christened The Village Disinfectory, because that title has the least possible connection with the play. The manager turns over the leaves of the manuscript and prattles on to the bewildered author something after this style:

"'Now, then, first of all the girls! We must have plenty of girls! There are only three in this cast. Bosh! Each of these three must have four cousins or five schoolmates, or six mothers-in-law, or—well, anyhow, what are the three? Araminta Sylphide, a dashing young circus rider. All right! I'll engage Miss Rotundity for that.'

"'But she's so awfully stout,' suggests the author.

"'I know it,' answers the manager. 'That's where the fun comes in.'

"The author scratches his head and tries in vain to see the joke.

"'Now, then,' continues the manager, 'these other two girls. Great heavens! they are two sedate old maids. Never mind. I'll make them frisky soubrettes and engage a song-and-dance couple for them.'

"The author almost faints, but endeavors to prevent his senses from running after his wits.

"'Now for the men.' And the manager glances at the MS. again. 'Mr. Mumm. What is he? A young gentleman who comes on very often and says very little. He makes love, eh? Good! That will do for my principal comedian. He can cut out all your straight lines and gag in some funny ones of his own. He'll make them roar at the love scene. I'll engage the best man in the business for that part.'

"The author begins to look twenty years older.

"'Now, what's this one? A dude? Oh, no. Dudes are played out. The legit. has worked them to death. We'll make him a tough sport, and I'll get Billy Jack. He's great at toughs, and he won't bother about your lines, as long as he can introduce a good song.'

"The author feels tempted to scream in a very high key.

"'And this one? A detective, eh? And no dialect, either? Oh, he must have a dialect. I'll get a big character specialty artist for that. He shall be an Irishman in the first act, a Dutchman in the second, a Chinaman in the third, and throw in three or four more nationalities here and there, just according to how much time he has. Now we're all right! The other parts I'll alter according to what people I can get. Then we'll put in a bathing chorus, and a policeman's march, and a ballet, and a Japanese troupe, and——'

"The author grabs his hat and gropes his way out, with his mind full of suicidal intent. That is the last seen of the author until the final rehearsals; then he creeps in like a timid player trying to dodge a baseball, sits in the orchestra, waits in vain to hear one of his own lines, and at last rings for an ambulance. His next appearance is on the first night of production, arranged in a dress suit and an exultant mien. He listens to the first act—all gags; the second act—all gags; the third act—he is carried out, hopelessly insane.

"And yet, after all, it is just the same as politics. The author submits the original bill, and the comedians offer amendments until the purpose of the bill is changed from temperance to intoxication."

*

Said a theatrical manager in New York the other day: "I have been in this business for twenty years and I can honestly say that any young woman who has a comfortable home is a fool to leave it to go out with a traveling company. Salaries are getting smaller, women are crowding into this business greatly in excess of the demand, and the number of combinations that can be relied on to play out their seasons and pay salaries in the face of poor receipts is extremely small. If the management does well the actor gets the salary he was engaged for; if business is bad salaries are reduced or temporarily suspended, or the season is closed, and the members of the company find it difficult or perhaps impossible to get other places. Let me tell you right here that the girl who can get $15 a week in an office is a great deal better off than the one who is supposed to get $40 a week as an actress. For even if she receives her salary for thirty-five weeks, by the time she has paid for her clothes and her summer vacation she will have nothing left."

*

Handsome Maurice Barrymore is going starring on his own hook next season, and will have for his first play one from the pen of Augustus Thomas, author of A Man of the World, and adapter of Editha's Burglar.

*

The Boston *Beacon* says: "Mrs. Mary Anderson-Navarro is honeymooning it by this time in Venice, which is just now at its loveliest. She has put a barrier between herself and the stage by selling her wardrobe, and her determination to live a private life will doubtless be well kept. A sad epithalmium from Mr. William Winter is now in order."

Jakobowski, the comic opera musical composer, is only thirty-one years old.

*

An applicant for seats to see the burlesque of Faust Up to Date in Edinburgh the other day asked the box-office clerk seriously if Mr. Irving was in the cast.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Fanny Davenport is the suggestive phrasing of the Sunday *Herald's* London theatrical correspondent.

*

Joseph Haworth will appear next season in W. F. Sage's play of Destiny. The story of this play is that of Dickens' Tale of Two Cities.

*

Nym Crynkle, it is said, has just sold his novel, The Toltec Cup, to a New York publishing house for $10,000.

*

Mr. P. F. Baker, the actor, lately received the following *billet doux* from an Iowa manager: "My house will Bee close Next week. No Show Ben Sinse the Hunt coy co. which Dun well. $6.00 a Knight. Answer yours in Every sence of the word."

*

Madame Ponisi will next season fill the place in the Jefferson-Florence company which was this season occupied by Mrs. Drew. Madame Ponisi was the famous Mrs. Malaprop of the Wallack stock company.

*

Hughey Dougherty had a severe attack of stage fright when he played for the first time in white face at Long Branch a week ago. It is said that on that occasion he gave an entirely new and original joke to the audience—a phenomenal performance, which is unknown in the annals of negro minstrelsy.

With Paddle and Peterboro'.

For Saturday Night.

Galt in her holiday attire is the most charming of places. Last week she opened those big Scotch Canadian arms of hers and took to her hospitable heart all the pleasure-seekers, the idlers, the strangers and pilgrims who flocked from near and far to participate in the summer carnival that has proved a revelation to outsiders.

Some of these small western towns are considered so provincial by their more metropolitan sisters that they too seldom have sufficient mention even in the city press; but just give these seemingly dull places an opportunity to show what they can do in the way of entertaining guests, of decorating their streets, of filling their thoroughfares with thousands upon thousands of sight-seers, of sports and parades and music and general gaiety, and perhaps, like pretty little grey stone Galt, they will surprise and please the most critical visitor. We had spent two delightful days, and two jolly late-to-bed nights, we had been hospitably received and liberally entertained, some of our party had carried off the handsomest cups in the canoe regatta, leaving Galt and Toronto cupless and prizeless in many of the races, and now we must return to sleepy old Brantford, for the carnival was over and Lent had come, and one cannot have cakes and ale forever.

It was a great mind that bethought itself of the advisability of running the river home, instead of being transmitted thereto by the unromantic medium of a hot, crowded excursion train. So, accordingly, at 11.30 Saturday morning, we ran our heaviest canoe out of the natty little club house, portaged the dam with the assistance of some stalwart Galt arms, and in another moment were tossing on the rapids that scamper between the rocky edges the town has crept so closely to.

The owner of a sweet, dark, girlish face threw us a farewell kiss from the shore, and that magnificent athlete Galt may well be so proud of—whom none can pass with a single paddle, brought with him his scarcely less athletic brother, and were the last to wave their hats and call out to us: "Here's luck."

But Galt, with its warm hearts, its pretty maidens and bright men, its handsome arches and gay bunting, is floating far behind us, the old Grand River scurries eastward, whirling us along between the daintiest green banks and softest shores in Ontario. An hour brings some scenery that promises bolder outlines, and in ten minutes more we sight a little old-time village; we are suffering from thirst, for through some negligence we had forgotten to bring anything to drink, or anything to drink from, so we pull up at the hillside hamlet and our stern paddle goes to explore for—lemons. O! Glenmorris, thou quaintly-name one, with thy musical name and empty inn!

Our would-be Stanley returns, like Hiawatha, "empty-handed, heavy-hearted." Glenmorris is too righteous to contain even a lemon or a bottle of ginger ale. But as soon as we are afloat once more, we forget our grievances and lose ourselves in the exquisite touches of color and outline that only Ontario, when wedded to June, can produce. We almost inhale the beauty, it is so full and opulent. The sense of sight is insufficient to absorb the humanizing loveliness of these wild, uninhabited shores. But we rush onward so restlessly through the many twists and twirls of the stream, that while we engineer our little craft between the omnipresent boulders, our pet bit of scenery has floated far behind us.

And now a sweet, far sound reaches our ears, and the blood leaps excitedly into our cheeks—does the world of music contain anything so whispering of harmony and harbor of falling waters? Does the finest orchestral combination, or the most perfect human voice command a tone, or a scale of tones as entrancing and fascinating as the cadence of rapids swirling before you down stream?

We toss off our Tam-o'-Shanters, grasp our paddles more powerfully and shoot to the brink of a dam that stretches horizontally ahead, for a second our brave little canoe trembles on the brow of the crashing hill of water, then down it plunges—tossed like a feather in a tornado. The great waves at the foot of the dam recurl over the turtle deck, and a shower of big, glassy drops splash into our faces and deluge our flannels.

Our sturdy Peterboro' shivers like an aspen, but there is a strong muscle at the stern paddle, and with bow straight ahead, it dashes gaily into a mile of comparatively calm water. Still go forward we hear the pealing voice of the Five-Mile Rapid, frolicking and roystering over its rocky bed. Just here the river melts into a crescent, between such high, wild, densely wooded banks that one is reminded of some of those rugged, sequestered lakes in Muskoka.

One last, hurried glimpse at this possible Eden, and we dart like an arrow into the boiling eleven-linked rapid; no sooner are we out of the first than we are into the second, and at the end of the chain we are quite ready for luncheon and our much longed-for drink. We land and make a bolt for some water that we see trickling from the bank overhead—on closer inspection we discover it is a petrifactive spring, shells and mosses and branches lie about in every degree of petrifaction. We hesitate. Will this delicious looking water transform our interior economy into stone? The evil would be scarcely greater than this terrible thirst in our throats, so we drink from a cup made of our palms, and come what may, for the present at least we are grateful for this icy, limpid draught, as pure in its unconventional serving as the childhood it recalls.

We loll and rest for an hour and a half, then re-embark, reaching the town of Paris at 4 p.m. Fifteen miles more of curling waves, of alternate rugged and velvet scenery, of a free wind on which great lazy cranes rise with slowly flapping wings at our nearing, of the occasional whispers of land-locked springs falling over shelving rocks and watery green ferns, of sweet summer airs where the aroma of dark cedars and belated spring flowers interweaves, and then we see tall steeples that we recognize, and hear familiar-toned bells ringing six o'clock, in two minutes more we are in the Brantford Canoe Club house, having made a run of thirty-five to forty miles with five hours' facile paddling.

We are very brown and horribly untidy, but our Bohemian afternoon has surpassed anything that the gaiety of the most brilliant Canadian city could give us.

Aye—even yet the echo of those rollicking waters sings me to slumber at night, and I dream the winds are splashing the waves across the gunwale, drenching my uncovered head and collarless throat with coolest spray from the old Grand River, which a gifted young Canadian describes as "glistening in its doublings and windings like a silver serpent."

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Modern Terms.

"They say Miss Brown has got the rocks."
"It is true."
"Are you going to propose?"
"I haven't got the sand."—*Boston Courier.*

The Golden Wedding.

For Saturday Night.

"Come to our Golden Wedding,
And join in our joyous cheer,
In the pride and pleasure of spreading
A feast to the Golden Year;
Our sons, and our sons' bright children
Will gather about us now—
We have place for thee too among them,
For son, though not son, art thou."

So ran the cherry message
Asking, alas! in vain,
For only the heart can journey
When the shackles of toil restrain,
But the heart shall surely be present,
A silent guest and unseen,
Claiming place in the glad re-union
Where its owner would fain have been.

Three generations are gathered,
Proving their goodly race,
Round the brave old couple smiling
Down from their pride of place,
With snowy heads raised stoutly
Scorning all craven fears
Of Time, as he stands and gently
Scores off their fifty years.

Fifty years loving and toiling,
As a man and his wife should toil,
To leave a record behind them
With never a taint to soil;
Bravely through fair and foul weather,
Taking their pleasure and pain,
Right nobly pulling together
Till the Golden Goal they gain.

Fifty years of a marriage—
Right well they call them gold!
Fifty years of a loving
With a love that could ne'er grow cold,
For half a century dwelling
Together through laughter and tears—
Is marriage a failure? Worth telling,
One failed not in fifty years!

Fifty milestones are standing
Fair on the pathway of life,
Fifty tokens commanding
Homage to man and to wife;
Each one brighter and fairer,
Till we come to the golden proof
That Love dwelt for fifty summers
Under one peaceful roof.

Here is a sight for you, cynic,
Here is a foil for your sneer,
You who have scoffed at the notion
That Love could out-live a year.
Here fifty seasons of proving
Have come, and have passed and gone,
Yet here is a love enduring
And willing to still go on.

May Time lead them gently downward
Together toward the Gate;
May the path be ever the smoothest
Where yet they may walk or wait;
May God in his mercy keep them
Till their earthly course is run,
And lovingly meet and greet them—
"Servants of mine—well done."

ED. W. SANDYS.

A Country School.

Pretty and pale and tired
She sits in her stiff backed chair,
While the hazily summer sun
Shines in on her soft brown hair.
And the little brook without,
That she hears through the open door,
Mocks with its murmur cool
Hard bench and dusty floor.

It seems such an endless round—
Grammar and A, B, C:
The blackboard and the sums;
The stupid geography;
When from teacher to little Jim
Not one of them cares a straw,
Whether "John" is in say "case,"
Or Kansas in Omaha.

For Jimmy's bare brown feet
Are aching to wade in the stream,
Where the trout to his inviting bait
Shall leap with a quick bright gleam;
And his teacher's blue eyes stray
To the flowers on the desk hard by,
Till her thoughts have followed her eyes
With a half-unconscious sigh—

Her heart outruns the clock,
As she smells their faint sweet scent;
But when have time and heart
Their measure in unison blent?
For time will haste or lag,
Like your shadow on the grass,
That lingers far behind,
Or flies when you fain would pass.

Have patience, restless Jim,
The stream and fish will wait;
And patience, tired blue eyes—
Down the winding road by the gate,
Under the willow shade,
Stands some one with fresher flowers;
So turn to your books again,
And keep love for the after hours.

—*Boston Beacon.*

The Song of the Sea.

Their world was a world of enchantment;
A wonder of luminous light
Came out with a flaring of carmine,
From all the black spaces of night;
The music of morn was as blithesome
And cheery as anyone could be;
But all through the dawn and the day break
I mourned for the song of the sea.

They showed me the marvellous flowers
And fruits of their sun-beaten lands;
They said, "Here are vine-tangled valleys;
Forget ye the barren white sands;
For a weariness unto the spirit
The dash of the breakers must be;
So dwell ye beside our blue waters;
Forget the sad song of the sea."

And I wrapped me about in the sunlight,
On the margin of a dimpling stream,
And there in a tangle of lilies,
I wove me a wonderful dream;
And a song from my dreamland went floating
Far up where the angels must be,
But deep in its under vibrations
I heard the sweet song of the sea.

With the dew in his locks all a-glitter,
The Prince of the Daytime lay dead;
For the silver-white lane of the twilight
Smote off the gold crown from his head;
And the Princess of Night came to see him,
Her lights all about him to hang;
And a nightingale screeched in the thicket
His song to the slumberer sang.

And the stream from the tangle of lilies
Came winding its way through the sedge;
And a silvery nocturne it rippled
Among the tall flags on its edge;
But its babble I fain would have given
For the sleep-voicing waters' lull,
And the nightingale's song would have bartered
For a desolate cry of a gull.

Their world was a world of enchantment;
And they laughed with the laughter of scorn,
When I turned me away from its beauty
In the light of the luminous morn;
But I heard a grand voice in the distance
Insistently calling to me,
And I rose with a jubilant spirit
And followed the song of the sea.

HARRIET WHITNEY in *Belford's Magazine.*

Noted People.

The Ameer of Afghanistan is introducing the telegraph into his dominions.

Anna Reeve Aldrich is enraptured with city life, and does most of her work in the quiet hours of the night.

Lady Verney, the elder sister of Florence Nightingale, whom she assisted in her philanthropic work, is dead.

Stoddard, the poet, has grown weary of being misrepresented and indignantly denies that he is "old, feeble, blind or decrepit."

Heinrich Ibsen has a devoted assistant in his patient little wife, who writes sometimes all day copying manuscripts for him.

Frank R. Stockton, William Drysdale, Julian Hawthorne all live within a ten-mile circle in the New Jersey suburbs of New York.

Dr. Nansen, who is preparing for a journey to the North Pole by land, is uncertain whether the pole is solid or liquid, but he intends to pre-empt more or less of it.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's literary work has been interrupted this spring by severe illness, from which, however, she is now fast recovering at South Berwick, Maine.

One of the best looking of the women suffragists is Mrs. Lillie Devereaux Blake. She is tall and has a delicately poised head and soft gray eyes. Her hair is turning gray.

Pierre Lorillard is in the prime of life, with a strong and robust figure and a ruddy complexion. The annual expenses of his stables have sometimes reached the sum of $250,000.

The King of the Belgians was having his portrait painted and became bored at the length of the sitting. "Draw a large man with a big nose and you have me," he said impatiently to the artist.

Miss Mary E. Banning has presented to the New York State Museum of Natural History a magnificent volume of illustrations in water colors, accompanied by manuscript descriptions, of about 175 species of the fungi of Maryland.

Mrs. Amelia Barr wrote her first story while imprisoned in her room with an injured limb. Her accident prevented her pursuing her work on the dailies, but the brave woman persevered in another direction, meeting with deserved success.

Oscar Wilde refused an invitation to the dinner of the Thirteen Club in London, on the ground that the object of the club to abolish the superstition was reprehensible and "dreadful." "Leave us some unreality," he cries; "don't make us too offensively sane."

Rev. Joseph D. Wickan of Manchester, Vermont, is the oldest living graduate of Yale University. He received his degree in 1815, three-quarters of a century ago, and is now ninety-three. The oldest living graduate of Harvard is George Bancroft, the historian, who is the only survivor of the class of 1813.

The poet Whittier has at his home a happy family, composed of a great black cat, a magnificent Newfoundland and an accomplished mocking-bird. When visitors tell him that mocking-birds are short-lived and that he will not be able to keep his pet much longer, he smiles dryly and replies: "No, indeed, I fear not. He has been in our family more than twenty-five years now."

The Dowager Lady de Ros, who was born in 1795, still survives, at the advanced age of ninety-five, in excellent health, and as keenly interested in life as ever. Lady de Ros—then Lady Georgina Lennox—was present at the celebrated ball which was given by her father, the fourth Duke of Richmond, at Brussels, the night before the battle of Waterloo. Few other ladies now living can boast of having danced with Wellington that night.

Rosa Bonheur and Buffalo Bill have fraternized during the visit of the latter to Europe. Their love of animals is the sentiment in common, which has created their friendship. Rosa still wears a masculine style of dress, and keeps her hair cut short. It is still as thick as ever, but begins to show silver among its ruddy brown. She is not tall, but carries her head so well that she looks of higher stature than she really is.

Mr. Rider Haggard's house in Suffolk is painted a brilliant mustard color. The printer unfortunately inquired of a facetious clerk the address to which Mr. Haggard's proof sheets were to be sent. The youth told him Mustard Pot Hall, Bungay. Suspecting no evil, thither were they addressed. The author, who received them safely, called at the printer's afterwards, and possibly convinced the clerk that too ready a pretty wit is not an enviable possession.

The Prince of Wales has a very large wardrobe. It includes some three hundred pairs of trousers, and a proportionate number of other garments, in all sufficient to stock an outfitting establishment. The Prince is not "dressed" by any tailor in particular, but gives orders to several. He likes black coats and varnished boots. He has several valets, only one of whom is employed about the Prince's toilet. The others have charge of various branches of the wardrobe.

The young Emperor of China, Kvang Hsu, lives in fear of assassination. He suspects poison in every cup and imagines every hand armed with a dagger. That the first suspicion is justified is shown by an incident that happened last spring. A cup of white-rose tea, intended for him, was first tasted, according to custom, by a favorite courtier; the latter became ill at once and soon died in dreadful agony. The emperor, nevertheless, continues to imagine himself suzerain of the whole earth, besides brother of the sun and moon.

The Queen of the Belgians is a clever nurse and quite as good as a doctor in emergencies. When one of her servants was stricken with apoplexy the other day, she applied the correct remedies so promptly and efficaciously as to secure his recovery in a very short time. This kind of active help is becoming quite fashionable just now, partly owing to the ambulance classes that have been going on in England and on the Continent during the last few years. The Duchess of Albany obtained a certificate from one of these and quite recently the Duchess of Portland matriculated in a similar school.

Donna Emelia Pardo Bazan, who wrote the article on Spanish women in the *Fortnightly* a short time ago, is the best abused woman in Spain, and the cleverest and most courageous woman who has gone into print in a long while. In that semi-Moorish nation, where, until a decade ago, a woman veiled almost as closely as an Oriental, it is not hard to imagine the hubbub this beautiful creature has raised with her pen. Fortunately she is related to one of the oldest and noblest families in Galicia and has the advantage of rank and birth. She is said to be pretty, piquant, extremely nervous in temperament and as charming and witty in conversation as Bernhardt.

Whip-Poor-Will.

Soft and bright the dew was falling on the wild rose and the daisies,
And the glory slowly faded from the cloud-land of the West.
And the mountains, o'er their vale-babes, spread their cradle-gift of hazes.
While the night-wind crooned the lullaby that soothed them to their rest.

When a boy, with face of culprit, and a man, severe of feature,
Came together down the flower-bordered pathway by the hill,
And the bird in yonder elm-tree, like a mad, revengeful creature,
Cried in tones so full of malice, Whip-poor-will. Whip-poor-will.

For that day the boy had loitered, on the path across the meadow,
With his little red-cheeked, dark-eyed sweetheart, Katie, by his side,
When, within the crabthorn thicket, hidden deep in purple shadow,
A bird's nest full of baby birds the little youngsters spied;
"Please, Billy, let me see 'em!" cried little bright-eyed Kittie;
Billy got them, and she classed them with that happy mother thrill,
As a child will clasp a duckling—just a bit too tight—what pity!
She had squeezed to death the helpless little nestling Whip-poor-will!

O'er her victim, broken-hearted, Katie'd weep and sadly ponder,
Billy clasped her in his arms and tried to soothe away her tears;
They forgot that they were truants from the country school-house yonder,
And his little sweetheart's sorrow banished manly Willy's fears.

When the sun was slowly sinking, and the stars came out on picket,
Billy helped the little maiden o'er the log across the rill,
And they started, as a voice from the horror-haunted thicket
Seemed to wail and shriek in anger, Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!

So that night poor Kittie waited, as the two came down together,
For the father looked so angry and the boy had naught to say,
And she knew the teacher'd told him, 'twixt remarks about the weather,
That poor Billy had been absent from the school for half-a-day.

As she waits beside the turnstile, how the little red lips quiver,
And the tears of love and sorrow now the big sad eyes fill,
As she hears the voices calling from the wood beside the river,
To that father unrelenting, "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

With a sob she stood before them—"'Twasn't Billy, it was me, sir!
For I loved a little bird to death. There where the nest was hid."
And he tried to stop my cryin', for I felt so bad, you see, sir!"
And a voice among the daisies seemed to chirp out, "Katie did!"

But the Father puritanic said: "The boy acts so depravedly;
He's a lazy little truant from his books and lessons still.
I must punish him," he answered, so Will took his whipping bravely.
And the bird screamed out in triumph, "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

Years rolled on. They're man and matron in the little cottage yonder,
And a cooing baby nestles in the mother's arms to rest,
And the bearded lips smile kindly and the manly eyes grow fonder,
And the strong arms draw the babe and mother closer to his breast;
And his kiss is full of loving, and the big, strong voice is wooing
As he listens to the echo from the elm beside the mill.
For he sees again the sad eyes and the gentle red lips suing,
As he hears the night-bird calling, "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

CLARENCE BENNETT in the *Dramatic Mirror*.

The Masculine Girl.

THE woman of today is unique. Such a type was never known before. Now that she has decided to ride horseback man-fashion, she has aroused so much alarm that a society has been formed in England for the purpose of checking her headlong career toward masculinity. The world can stand the modern girl when she wears masculine shirts, collars, cuffs, cravats, gloves, boots, jackets, sisters, hats, rings, umbrellas, waistcoats, and even a single glass, but when she proposes to straddle a horse there is a sudden jerk backward.

The American girl has the fad. For some inscrutable reason she has a rabid desire to lay hold of her beauty and compress it into the semblance of a brick. The purpose of her life is the abolition of the curve. The soft, graceful, and symmetrical lines of the symbol of absolute beauty—the untrammelled figure of a beautiful woman—are squeezed and forced into the rigid and wooden form of men's attire. With the masculine clothes has come a grenadier-like carriage and a manner that is everything but feminine.

In England the desire of women to ride man-fashion is not a half-hearted one at all. They claim that they are handicapped by the side-saddle in cross-country riding. They are lighter in weight and often more daring and skilful than men, but owing to the difficulty of riding a fractious or ugly horse with a pommel-saddle, they are nearly always behind in the dangerous runs across country which the fox-hunters take.

Women forget the advantage of the opposite sex in greater length of limb. Yet it is an advantage. I have seen plucky women in the hunting counties of England, and more notably in Ireland, who rode fiery and powerful sixteen-hand hunters over the stiffest country with perfect ease. They were often small women, and they could not have clung on their horses' backs ten minutes without a pummel to grip in the jumps.

It struck me that when women in London began to wear the single glass they could not go much farther without openly assuming the conventional trousers of mankind, but straddling a horse is a distinct advance. Even more notable than their attire is the manner of some of these "advanced" women. London women have cultivated a direct, calm, and almost insolent stare, and they face a crowd of men without the least trace of timidity or embarrassment. I have seen a woman walk into a theater in London an hour late, raise her lorgnette carelessly, and stare at the people until they rose one after the other and made room for her to pass. Then she would stroll to her seat, drop her wraps from her bare shoulders, glance around the house with a bored expression, and sink slowly into her seat. It is impossible to give an idea of the absolute composure of a London society woman in public. It will be understood, of course, that I am referring only to ladies of unquestioned reputation and position.

In New York the effort of women to attain a masculine manner is growing rapidly. It is a phase of our craze for aping the English. Not long ago I stood in a small shop in Fifth Avenue selecting some gloves indifferently, while the clerk lounged against the counter and languidly examined his nails. Occasionally he yawned. The drowsy hush of the place was accentuated by the purring of a lazy cat. The lethargy of spring pervaded it all.

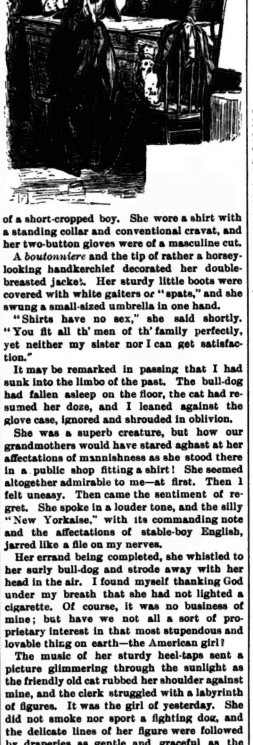
Suddenly the door was flung open and in stalked a girl of to-day, her beautiful head held high in the air and her face suffused with the ruddy glow of perfect health. A bull-dog tagged at her heels. The entrance of [the girl] was like a blast of chilly air on a sultry August day. The curtains fluttered.

"I say," she said imperiously to the suddenly aroused clerk, "you really must have another go at my shirts."

"Yes, miss; what's wrong?"

"What's wrong? Oh! I say, what's not wrong? Bosom rumply, sleeves too short, and no end of things. Upon my word, it's wretched."

She was a magnificent looking creature, and the prevalent craze for masculine attire had permeated the very depths of her soul. Her hair was braided and laid so close to her head that the outline was as snug and clear as that



of a short-cropped boy. She wore a shirt with a standing collar and conventional cravat, and her two-button gloves were of a masculine cut.

A *boutonniere* and the tip of rather a horsey-looking handkerchief decorated her double-breasted jacket. Her sturdy little boots were covered with white gaiters or "spats," and she swung a small-sized umbrella in one hand.

"Shirts have no sex," she said shortly. "You fit all th' men of th' family perfectly, yet neither my sister nor I can get satisfaction."

It may be remarked in passing that I had sunk into the limbo of the past. The bull-dog had fallen asleep on the floor, the cat had resumed her doze, and I leaned against the glove case, ignored and shrouded in oblivion.

She was a superb creature, but how our grandmothers would have stared aghast at her affectations of mannishness as she stood there in a public shop fitting a shirt! She seemed altogether admirable to me—at first. Then I felt uneasy. Then came the sentiment of regret. She spoke in a louder tone, and the silly "New Yorkaise," with its commanding note and the affectations of stable-boy English, jarred like a file on my nerves.

Her errand being completed, she whistled to her surly bull-dog and strode away with her head in the air. I found myself thanking God under my breath that she had not lighted a cigarette. Of course, it was no business of mine; but have we not all a sort of proprietary interest in that most stupendous and lovable thing on earth—the American girl?

The music of her sturdy heel-taps sent a picture glimmering through the sunlight as the friendly old cat rubbed her shoulder against mine, and the clerk struggled with a labyrinth of figures. It was the girl of yesterday. She did not smoke nor sport a fighting dog, and the delicate lines of her figure were followed by draperies as gentle and graceful as the fabric of a roaming fern. Her eyes were soft and caressing, and her nature sweet. Man turned to her for sympathy and love, and not for points on the fit of a shirt. She loved poetry and beauty, and left the jowly bull-dog in the stable with the horses. The girl I had seen was superb, but I felt a keen regret at the change.

I have seen the women of South America, of the northern Canadas, Russia, Germany, Italy, France, England, and elsewhere, yet I could not recall a worthy rival in natural charms of the starched, stiff, and affected girl I had seen that day. Why should she have tried so hard to offset the effect of her beauty?—*Blakely Hall* in the *Illustrated American*.

Unwillingly Accoutred.

Visitor—How did your cat get hurt?
Mr. Dunkspiel—Dot cat ain'd hurt. Katrine vos yoost put his uniforms on to play mit der leedle babe fer a vhile.—*Judge*.

Art and Artists.

I was pleased to learn from some of the members of the Ontario Society of Artists that their exhibition had proven something of a financial success. It has not been an unknown thing, I believe, for some of these exhibitions to fail to yield returns sufficient to meet their expenses. This year's exhibition has, however, done much better than formerly and the artists seem to feel very well satisfied with the interest taken by the public in their work. "The people are not only more appreciative," said a prominent artist, "but they are also more critical and show a disposition to study and understand our aims and objects, which is most pleasing to us as well as a very encouraging sign." An art center does not spring up like a toadstool in a single night, but the art progress in this city is evident to any one who takes interest enough in it to watch it. As the city comes out of its present transition stage and increases in wealth, so will also increase the development here of all the branches of art.

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Among the young men whose work is beginning to attract attention in this city is Mr. Carl Ahrens. Though this gentleman has a foreign sounding name he is, nevertheless, a Canadian. He was born at Winfield, Peel county. He spent most of his youth in Berlin, Ont., and Hamilton. After completing his education at the latter place he spent several years in the Canadian North-West, where he experienced for a time the adventurous life of a cowboy in those districts. On his return he studied dental surgery, took his degree and practiced for some time. The anatomical knowledge acquired in those studies is very valuable to him since taking to art. Though it is but a few years since Mr. Ahrens began to work seriously at painting his advancement has been excellent. In his selection of subjects his work reminds one somewhat of Millet, the painter of The Angelus, who delighted in putting in his figures strongly against an aerial background. Mr. Ahrens' picture, The Day is Done, at the O. S. A. exhibition attracted much attention and he has just completed two subjects somewhat similar to this one, but superior in point of technique. One, entitled Nearing Home, represents an aged woman resting by the wayside, while in the background, half hidden behind the rising ground, can be seen her farm-house home. The sun has set and the landscape is shadowy though the sky is still suffused with light. The sad and bent figure in the foreground reminds one that she is nearing home in more senses than one. The other picture is entitled Toil and Storm. A young woman is collecting driftwood on the shore while in the distance over the water can be seen the gathering storm. These works are treated with a skill which is worthy of the best consideration and indicate an ambition on the part of the young artist which will ensure him a greater success later on. A few years training in the art schools abroad would set Mr. Ahrens in the front rank among our artists.

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Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid are spending the summer at Lambton Mills. Mr. Reid, I am told, is using the town hall of that once thriving hamlet for a studio. *Tempora mutantur*, etc.

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The death of Mr. H. Perre last week removed a prominent figure from the sparse field of Canadian art. In many points of landscape art Mr. Perre was hard to excel.

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The members of the Art Students' League are energetically pursuing their summer work. On the past few Saturday afternoons they have visited different picturesque points adjacent to the city and have collected some excellent sketches. To day they purpose invading the Humber.

VAN.

Even as a razor, so does it sharpen a man to be strapped.

The Indian is Going.

The American Indian of to-day is thus discussed by Elaine Goodale, who is a teacher at one of the Indian Reservations:

The ideal Indian is tall, finely formed, athletic and graceful. He walks with the free step befitting a son of the forest, lives royally on choice game and wild fruits, quaffs the sparkling spring, and fills his lungs with deep draughts of pure air. His strength seems sometimes almost superhuman, and his endurance is amazing. We turn from this picture to look with incredulous pity upon the actual Indian of to-day, with his narrow chest and stooping shoulders, puny arms and delicate hands, sitting over a red hot stove in an unventilated cabin, swallowing unlimited strong coffee. He can not cut half a cord of wood on a cold day without exhaustion, and if he plows a dozen furrows in the spring the chances are that the red stream gushes from his lips and warns of almost certain death. When the embassador of the Eastern school comes to the agency for children, how few are able to pass the physician's examination! How many of the most promising youth die at school or upon their return home! People learn with surprise of the great sickness and mortality among Indians on reservations to-day. "Why is it?" they ask; "why is not the average Indian healthy? We supposed him to be, above all things, a vigorous animal." The Indians themselves answer the question with a stern and sad arraignment of our civilization, at least in so far as it has affected their lives. "Before the white man came," exclaims the old man, wrapped in his blanket like a shield, and mummy gesticulating with his skinny hands; "before the white man came, we were strong—we were alive! We lived in tents, we rode on horseback, we moved constantly from place to place. We ate good meat of buffalo and juicy venison, we drank pure water. Our young men never coughed, the blood never sprang from their lips; our girls had not the great swellings on their necks and these pale faces. The white man brought us these things. He brought us the flesh of diseased cattle, bad bacon, the coffee that takes away our strength. We sit in the white man's houses and eat these things and die like dogs! There are no old men and old women nowadays; the very children are dying!" The dreadful thing about this charge is its truth. The physicians who have lived among the Indians and studied their physique and the conditions under which they live, will tell you substantially the same story—there were no traces of scrofula and consumption, the fearful scourges to-day, among the Indians of the olden time. The transition period of civilization—the change from airy teepees to close cabins, from warm clothing of skins to shoddy blankets and sleazy calico, from wholesome food to diseased meat and ill-made bread, the excessive use of coffee and other evils incident to this period, among some tribes strong drink and the immoralities of licentious white men—these have ruined the pristine vigor of the aboriginal man!—*The Argonaut*.

To be Popular in Society.

To converse well it is necessary that you should have the art of discovering what will interest the person with whom you are talking, and that you will know how to drop the subject when it becomes tiresome, and never to let a special fad of your own be the one subject that you bring up. Learn to be all things to all people—to avoid personalities or very decided opinions on any subject. You don't want to give a tirade against dishonesty to a man whose father died in state prison for forging notes. You don't want to object to the divorce laws when the man you are talking to may have married a divorced woman. You don't want to talk about bleached hair to a woman whose hair is pronouncedly yellow, nor to discuss how injurious is rouge and powder to the woman who is made up in a most decided manner. In your heart you may object to all these things, but you are not giving expression just now to what you think; you are simply making yourself pleasant to some one whom you have met to-day, and may never meet again. Talk about Egyptian mummies or French politics, how orchids grow, the last new play or the last new song; but use good English, speak as if you were interested, and then you will gain what you want—a reputation of being a charming woman socially.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

French Ideas of Rewarding Merit.

MAX O'Rell writes as follows in the Washington *Star*: "I should like to answer a question which I am constantly being asked. How is it that the French, who are such admirers of pluck, adventure, the advancement of science, etc., not only do not lionize Stanley, but even give him the cold shoulder?' Far be it from me to reply that the French do not recognize the great feats of this great explorer; but they are a sentimental people, and when they see a man of this kind make, financially, a good thing out of his exploits they consider that he has his reward, and they cannot be made to see where the bands of music and hat waving come in. If Cincinnatus had been a Frenchmen he would be a saint in the eyes of his fellows; but a Wolseley in enjoyment of gold and title would never be considered to need niche or pedestal in addition. If Pasteur had charged a guinea every time he inoculated a patient, nobody would have objected; nay, it would have been thought quite right and natural, but he would not have been regarded as entitled to hero worship. It is because M. Pasteur is known never to have taken a cent for himself from his patients that he is idolized by his countrymen. They admire in him a benefactor of the human race, and it flatters their pride to claim him as a product of the French soil. Call this sentimentality if you will. I am neither commending nor condemning it, but stating the plain fact."

Emphasizing Her Views.

"Who painted that picture?" asked a visitor to the Art Exhibition.

"Miss Turner, of Boston."

"All the cows seem to have blankets thrown over them."

"Yes, Miss Turner always was opposed to the nude in art."

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

"YOU HAVE GIVEN YOUR PROMISE AND MUST STAND BY IT."

When Mrs. Mencke informed Violet of the arrival of the Earl of Sutherland, something of her old spirit manifested itself for the first time since her illness.

"Did you send for him, Belle?" she demanded, an ominous flash leaping into her heavy eyes.

The woman colored. She did not like to confess that she had done so, but such was the fact, nevertheless.

"Why, Violet, you forget how anxious Lord Cameron would naturally be regarding the state of your health," she answered, evasively; "besides, he has waited a long time for the answer to a certain proposal, and doubtless he is impatient for that."

"He shall have it," the young girl returned with sudden animation, a vivid flush suffusing her cheeks; "send for him to come directly here, and I will give it at once."

Mrs. Mencke regarded her doubtfully.

"And it will be——" she began.

"No!" replied Violet, emphatically, as she paused.

"Oh, Violet, I beg of you to be reasonable," pleaded the woman, almost in tears. "Just think what your life might be! One of the highest positions in England is offered you by a young man of irreproachable character; he loves you devotedly, and there is nothing he would not do for you if you consent to become his wife. Besides a large income which he will settle upon you, you will have an elegant home in Essex County, a town house in London, and a villa on the Isle of Wight. There is no earthly reason now, whatever there may have been two months ago, why you should not listen to his suit."

Violet shivered with sudden pain as her sister thus referred to the death of her lover, and the fact that no pitiful pleading now stood in the way of her being accepting Lord Cameron's proposal of marriage.

"No," she wailed, "I suppose there is no reason, save that I do not love him—that my heart is dead, and I have no interest in life, no desire to live."

"You may imagine now that you can never love him, but time heals all wounds," her sister returned; "and since you can now feel that you will wrong no one else by marrying him, you might at least devote yourself to him and secure his happiness by accepting him."

"Do you imagine that he would be willing to marry a loveless woman—one who had no heart to give him?" Violet questioned, with curling lips.

"He only can answer that question himself," responded Mrs. Mencke, with a sudden heartbound, as she thought she saw signs of yielding in her sister. "Oh, Violet, do not throw away such a chance. What are you going to do in the future? How do you expect to spend the rest of your life if you refuse his offer, pray, tell me?"

A thrill of intense agony ran through the young girl's frame at these probing questions.

How indeed was she to spend her life? How could she live without Wallace?

She had not thought of this before, and she was startled and appalled by the apparent blackness of the future.

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know!" she burst forth, in a voice of despair.

"As the wife of Lord Cameron you would at least have it in your power to do a great deal of good, to say nothing of the happiness you would confer upon him," suggested Mrs. Mencke, craftily.

It impressed Violet, however, and she sat in thoughtful silence for some time.

One thing had forced itself upon her during this conversation, and that was that she could not spend her life with her sister and her husband. Every day she became more and more conscious that there could never be any real congeniality and sympathy between them, and that it would be better if they should separate. But what was to become of her if she separated from them? Could she live alone—take her destiny in her own hands, and cut herself free from them? It would certainly be very lonely, very forlorn, to have no one in the world to care for her.

She knew that Vane Cameron was a man in a thousand. He was noble and amiable; whatever he did, he was actuated by pure motives, and she felt that any woman who could love him would have cause to be proud in becoming his wife.

She knew that he loved her devotedly, as her sister had said; but would he be willing to marry one who did not love him? Would it be right for her to accept all and be able to give nothing in return?

"No, she did not believe he would be satisfied to live out his future in any such way.

Still she conceived a sudden resolution. She would see him; she would tell him the truth, and she believed he would sympathize with her and at once withdraw his suit, while her sister would have to accept his decision, and cease to importune her further upon the subject.

Having arrived at this conclusion, she leaned back in her chair with a deep sigh, as if relieved of a heavy burden.

"Well?" said Mrs. Mencke, inquiringly.

She had been watching her closely, and surmised something of what was being revolved in her mind.

"I will see Lord Cameron," Violet quietly replied.

"And you will promise to marry him?" cried her companion, eagerly.

Violet sighed again. She was so weary of it all.

"No, I will not promise anything now; but I will see him—I will tell him the whole truth, and then——"

"Well?" was the almost breathless query, as Violet faltered and her lips grew white.

"Then he shall decide for me," she said, in a low tone.

Mrs. Mencke arose delighted, for she felt that her point was gained. She would encourage Vane Cameron to take Violet, in spite of everything, and try to make him feel that once she was his wife he would have little difficulty in eventually winning her love.

She bent over Violet, in the excess of her joy, to kiss her, but the young girl drew back from her.

"No, Belle," she said, quietly but sadly, "do not make any pretense of affection for me, you have not shown yourself a good sister; I believe you have intercepted my letters, and you have tried to ruin my life, and I do not return your kisses. I hope I shall not always feel thus," she added, regretfully, as she saw the guilty flush which mounted to the woman's forehead, "but, just now, I feel as if I could do love you very much, and I will not be hypocritical enough to pretend that I do."

Mrs. Mencke had nothing to say to this, for she well knew that she richly deserved it; but she passed quickly from the room, and at once sought an interview with Lord Cameron.

An hour later he was sitting beside Violet, with a grave and pitiful face, but with a look of eager hope in his fine eyes, which told that he had no thought of leaving her presence a rejected lover.

"Your illness has changed you greatly, Miss Huntington," he remarked, regarding her thin, white face sorrowfully, "but I hope that you will soon be yourself again, and—and now may I at once speak of what is nearest my heart? I believe in a frank course at all times, and of course you cannot be ignorant of my object in coming to you. I am sure you must realize, by this time, something of the depth of my love for you. Indeed my one hope, ever since our pleasant voyage across the water, has been to win you. Darling, words cannot express one half that I feel; I have lived almost thirty years without ever meeting anyone with whom I could be willing to spend my life until now, and all the long pent-up passion of my nature goes forth to you. Violet, will you be my wife? —will you come to me and let me shelter you in the arms of my love—let me try to make your future the brightest one that woman has ever known? My love!—my love! put your little hands in mine and say that you will give yourself to me."

Violet made such a gesture of pain at these words, while her face was convulsed with such anguish, that Vane Cameron caught his breath and regarded her with astonishment.

When Mrs. Mencke had told him that Violet had consented to see him, she hinted at some childish attachment, but encouraged him to hope for a favorable issue of the interview.

He realized now, however, that this "childish attachment" had left a far deeper wound in Violet's heart than he had been allowed to suspect.

"Is my confession distasteful to you, Violet?" he gravely asked, when he could command himself to speak. "I was led to believe—I hoped that it would meet with a ready response from you."

"Oh, Lord Cameron! I do not know what to say to you," Violet began, in a trembling voice. Then resolutely repressing her emotion she continued: "I have known, of course, that you regarded me in a very friendly way; but it almost frightens me to have you express yourself so strongly as you have done to-day."

"Frightens you to learn of the depth of my affection," he said, with some surprise.

"Yes—to know that it has taken such a hold upon your life and that such a responsibility has fallen upon me. I know that you are good, and true, and noble, and you have my deepest esteem; but—but oh!—"

"Violet, what does this mean? I do not understand your distress at all," Lord Cameron said, looking deeply pained.

"Did not my sister tell you that I had a confession to make to you?" the young girl asked, with burning cheeks.

"No," the young man returned, very gravely; "she told me that you would receive me—that I might hope for a favorable answer to my suit. She did hint, however, that there had once been a childish attachment, as she expressed it; but I hardly gave the matter a thought since she made so light of it."

"Belle has done wrong, then, to let you hope for so much; and now, Lord Cameron, may I tell you all there is in my heart? May I make a full confession to you? and then you shall judge me as you will."

"Certainly, you may tell me anything you will," he replied, wondering more and more at her excessive emotion. "Do not be so distressed, dear child," he added, as she covered her face with her thin hands, and he saw the tears trickling between her fingers. "I should blame myself more than I can tell you, for seeking this interview, if by so doing I cause you so much unhappiness. I will even go away and never renew this subject—though that would darken all my future life—rather than agitate you thus."

"Forgive me," Violet said, wiping her tears. "I will try not to break down like this again, and I will deal with you with perfect frank-ness; I know I do not need to ask you to respect my confidence."

"Thank you," he simply answered.

Violet then began by relating the accident of the incline plane and its frightful consequences; she told how, almost miraculously, she and Wallace were saved, and how he became in his home, and of their growing fondness for each other during her convalescence. When she told of Wallace's confession of his love for her and hers for him, she bowed her face again upon her hands and went on, in quick, passionate tones, as if it was too sacred to be talked about and she was anxious to have the recital over as soon as possible. She spoke of her sister's opposition to this affection and its consequences, with all the passion and trouble it had aroused, and Vane Cameron's face grew grave, yet very tender and pitiful as she proceeded. It was all told at last—Violet had concealed nothing of her affection for Wallace, nothing of her rebellion against her sister's wishes regarding her marriage with himself, and having thus unburdened her soul, she still sat with bowed head before him, waiting for his judgment of her.

There was a silence of several minutes after she had concluded, while both seemed to be battling with the emotions which filled their hearts; then Lord Cameron spoke, and the tender cadence of his voice thrilled the young girl as it had never done before.

"Poor child! poor wounded, loving heart!" he said. "I wonder how you have borne your sorrow. I know there is no human sympathy that can heal your wounds—only time has all power, can do that. But, Violet, I can see, even though you shrink from saying it—even though you have tried to hide as much of the wrong done you by others as you could—I can see that you are unhappy from other causes than the loss of this dear one. Your heart is starving for sympathy, love, and comfort. Now, just as frankly as you have talked to me, I am now going to talk to you. You have said that the drama of your life is played out—has ended in tragedy; that you have loved and lost —your heart has exhausted itself, and you can never love again. This may be so, Violet; we will assume that it is"—his lip quivered painfully as he said it, and his face was very pale—"still, in all probability, there are many years of life before you—years which may be filled with much of good for those about you, if not of absolute happiness for yourself. Could you make up your mind to spend them with me? Do not be startled by the proposition, dear," he said, as he saw the quiver that agitated her; "you shall think of it as long as you will, and shall not be urged to anything from which you shrink. I love you —that fact remains unalterable, in spite of all that you have told me, and though your heart may not have one responsive vibration to mine, yet I feel that I would gladly devote all my future to the work of winning you to a more cheerful frame of mind—that I should be happier in doing that than in living without you. Let me take care of you. You have said you were tired of traveling—that you long for home and rest. Come to my home —you shall have all the rest and seclusion you wish—you shall live as you will; only let me give you the protection of my love and my name and throw around you all the comforting influences that I can. Forgive me if I refer to your sad past; but only for this once. The dear one whom you have honored with your love is gone; I do not ask you to forget him, or to violate, in any way, the affection that belongs to him; but, since your life must be lived on somewhere, I ask you to let it be with me. Do not allow your sensitiveness to restrain you —do not feel that you will be 'wronging me,' as you have expressed it, by giving me only the ashes of your love; I shall be content if you will but come. Violet, will you?"

Violet was nearer loving him at that moment than she had ever been.

How grand, how noble he seemed in his utter self-abnegation—thinking only of her and of the comfort that he might manage to throw around her broken life!

Oh, she thought, if he was only her brother, how gladly she would go with him and give him all the affection that a sister might bestow upon one so worthy.

It was a great temptation as it was, for the barriers that had come between herself and her sister, and which she knew would become stronger and almost intolerable, if she disappointed her in her ambitious schemes, made her feel as if it would be impossible to remain with her, and the world seemed very desolate.

Still, to consent to become the wife of this good man, to accept all the benefits which his position would confer upon her, to be continually surrounded by his care and thoughtful love, seemed the height of selfishness to her, when she had nothing but her broken life to give in return, and she shrank from the sacred bond and the responsibility of its obligations.

"I am afraid—it does not seem right," she faltered, yet she lifted her eyes to him with a wistfulness that was pathetic in the extreme, and which moved him deeply.

"Violet, come," he repeated, earnestly, as he held out his strong right hand to her.

"I dare not," she said, "and yet—"

"You want to—you will!" he cried, eagerly, as, leaning toward her, he clasped the small hand that lay upon the arm of her chair.

It was icy cold, and glancing anxiously into her face, he saw that she had fainted away.

The excitement of the interview, the desolation of her wounded heart, and the longing for home and rest, were too much for her frail strength, and she had swooned, even while he thought she was consenting to be his wife.

He sprang to the bell and rang for assistance, then gathering her in his arms, he gently laid her upon a sofa, just as the door opened and Mrs. Mencke entered.

"I am afraid that I have overtaxed her strength," Lord Cameron said, in a tone of self-reproach, as he lifted a rueful face to her.

"Have you won?" she asked, eagerly.

"I think so; but——"

Mrs. Mencke waited for nothing more.

"She will soon recover from this," she interrupted, a triumphant ring in her tone, as she began to sprinkle Violet's face with water from a tumbler which she seized from a table. "Leave her with me now, and I will call you again when she is better."

The young girl was already beginning to revive, and fearing that his presence might agitate her again, Lord Cameron withdrew from the room, but looking strangely sad for a man who believed he had prospered in his wooing.

"You are better, Violet," Mrs. Mencke said, with unwonted tenderness, as her sister opened her eyes and looked around the room as if in search of some one.

She brought a glass of wine to her, and putting it to her lips, bade her drink.

She obeyed, and the stimulating beverage soon began to warm her blood and restore her strength.

"Has he gone?" she asked, glancing toward the door.

"Lord Cameron? Yes; he thought you had had excitement enough for one day, and as you were able to come to yourself he called it away. Do you wish me to call him back?" her sister inquired, regarding her curiously.

"N-o," but there was a perplexed look upon her fair face.

"He tells me that you are going to make him happy, Vio," pursued her sister, anxious to hasten just how matters stood, "that you will marry him. I am delighted, dear, and I know that he will do all in his power to make your life a perfect one."

"Did he tell you that? Did I promise?" Violet cried, with a startled look and putting her hand to her head in a dazed way.

"Violet Huntington! what a strange child you are! Here you have just given a man to understand that you accepted him and yet, though you are congratulated upon the fact, you affect not to know what you have done!" cried Mrs. Mencke, pretending to be entirely out of patience with her.

She meant to carry things with a high hand now. She saw that there had been a momentary yielding upon Violet's part, though there was some doubt as to just what she had intended to do, and she was determined to make it count if she could do so by any means, legitimate or otherwise.

"Don't be cross with me, Belle," Violet pleaded, with a quivering lip, "for I really cannot remember. Lord Cameron was kind, so generous, and I began to say something to him—I don't know what—when I felt queer and knew nothing more until I awoke and found you here."

Mrs. Mencke saw her advantage in all this, and did not fail to make the most of it.

"Well, you must have given him to understand that you accepted him, for he told me that he had won you, and now I hope we shall not have any more nonsense about the matter. Lord Cameron is too good a man to be trifled with. You have given your promise and must stand by it," she concluded, in an authoritative tone.

"Yes, if I have promised, I suppose—I must," gasped unhappy Violet, and then fainted away again.

(To be continued.)

"Ethel, I'm engaged to Harry De Retch—he couldn't get out of it last night."

"Dear, clever girl—I made him propose to me, too, on Tuesday evening, and between us, what a time we can have with him!"—*Life.*

Had to Have Something.

A young "lawyer," whose love of ease makes practice distasteful, and whose ample purse makes it unnecessary, excused himself from a luncheon party the other day, saying: "I must go to the office."

Said the hostess, laughingly: "We didn't know you had an office.

"Not have an office!" he replied. "Why, if I didn't, what would I have to stay away from?"

Wasn't Built on the Presence-of-Mind Plan.

The fact that a slight fire in the kitchen was extinguished before he tore out of the house did not prevent one of Lowell's excitable small boys from raising the neighborhood with every hideous sound within his power of utterance. When the hubbub was over the minister took the boy to task for losing his head and making such a racket.

"You should always retain your presence of mind," he said.

"Presence of your grandmother," returned the boy. "Wasn't the place on fire? What would you have me do? Put on my best clothes, and black my boots, and walk down to your house, and ring the bell, and wait in the parlor till your wife came, and then get her to ask you ter sorter mention near the end o' yer next Sunday's sermon to a lot o' sleepy old duffers that Jack Rustler's father's house was afire? Guess not! I ain't built that way."—*Lowell Mail.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," Saturday Night Office.]

C. W. A.—Sympathy, sensitiveness, indecision and generosity.

Elva, Port Hope.—Sensitiveness, sympathy, order, candor and vanity.

Della Fayte, Guelph.—Reserve, decision, precision, self-will and candor.

Florence.—Originality, wit, love of approbation, ambition and carelessness.

Molly.—Impetuosity, an unostentatious nature, some selfishness, a kind and generous.

C. W. A., Markham.—Practical nature, persevering, self-reliant, rather reserved and self esteeming.

Clara M. Y.—Your writing exhibits an erratic but highly original nature, decision and impulse.

Chatterbox, Milton.—You are doubtless sensitive, warm-hearted, a little vain, independent and resolute.

H. E. E., Brantford.—Kind regards to the "friend." Your writing shows perseverance, energy, tact and resolution.

J. U. B., No 3.—Your writing denotes an affable, unostentatious temperament, an inclination to be suspicious and some insincerity.

Hoosier.—Not on very glad you like the column. Your writing shows energy, sympathy, some vanity, thoughtfulness and decision.

Edythe, Kingston.—Your writing shows a careless disposition, kindness of heart, languor and an inclination to gloomy views of spirit.

W. A. Bickley.—Will try and find out the distance for you and insert it as soon as I do. Your writing shows love of approbation, perseverance, generosity and determination.

Dimples.—What a dear little letter you wrote me. It did not bore me in the least. Your writing indicates a sincere and loving nature, some generosity, self-will and eccentricity.

Rosaline.—Your writing shows self-will, resolution, animation, love of approbation No, I could not be sure of any talent, but I think with your disposition and tastes that you are musical.

An Armful of Charms, Milton.—Your writing is that of a sunny tempered girl, with considerable decision and a practical nature. I fancy that you are very orderly and yet not aggressively neat.

W. Eastnope, Guelph.—A man would not speak disparagingly of a girl he loved; and a true gentleman will not disparage any woman. Your writing shows self-will, indecision, generosity and vanity.

Annie Alnehan.—Why, of course Toronto is to have the carnival. It begins on June 30 and ends on July 5. Your writing indicates a very affectionate, determined nature, good intuition, ambition and cheerful disposition.

Brownie, Muskoka.—You are flippant, Brownie, very self-willed, considerably conceited, but you are a good, happy-hearted girl, with a world of tenderness in your heart for people, animals and flowers. Is it not so?

Maia Mathda Murray.—Your letters are so pretty, you are little, because I am of the opinion that by the law of contrariety small people choose big names. You are doubtless witty, merry, enthusiastic, unscrupulous and brave.

Barbara, Chatham.—Do you not think a woman can write a letter without a postscript? It's rather hard on your sex, Barbara. Your writing indicates animation, some carelessness, a variable nature and much tenderness of heart.

Parson.—Resolute, wilful, sincere, generous and quick-tempered. Try hot water and borax, dabbling the neck after with a little cold cream. Yes, they are very good as a rule, and we do often have nice times I can assure you. Some letters are very bright.

Mary Dawn.—No, I rather think like it, Molly. It shows a variable and eccentric disposition, with a spicy warmth of temper, and much ambition. Hot baths and plenty of exercise, Dawn, for you, but think you are unwise in the matter. You did not give me your height.

Cicero.—I'm afraid you are a fraud, Cicero. This awful copy-book writing with its numerous strokes and once-in-a-a-sional bad "breaks" smells very much of "mice." How can I see nobility and self-will, candor and sympathy in a few letters which got in by mistake.

Sunny South, Little Rock, Ark.—We wish more far-away folks had such nice letters to write. Your hopes expire as we year. Toronto's population is about 190,000. Your writing shows thoughtlessness, some vanity, an affectionate disposition, much enthusiasm and ambition.

Alva E., Brantford.—What a jolly little letter you wrote, to be sure! Your writing indicates the utmost candor, cheerfulness, with a large amount of wilfulness and a fair proportion of affection and sympathy. I'm afraid you are rather vain though, and a little selfish.

Go-Ye-Go-Go-Ma-Ye.—Dear me, what a tribe of Indians must read Saturday Night. I don't mind them, but I resent being mistaken for combinations of letters which stand for names. Your writing exhibits thoughtlessness, rare reserve, self-reliance and self-esteem.

Lynn Arden Rossey, Quebec.—Your writing shows a practical nature, considerable reserve, sympathy and tender ness with much self-will. No, a man should offer his arm when escorting a woman. It looks so much better than to offer it unless an engagement exists. Write again if you think I can in any way help you.

Dora Verdant.—Many thanks for your kindly expressed wish. The Shadow on the Wall is an anonymous poem, which you may find in number nine of the Hundred Choice Selections—series of number two, I believe. Your writing indicates a kindly and impulsive nature, much self esteem, hasty temper an't considerable ambition.

S. H. E.—What a little gossip you are—good-natured gossip you know. Your letter was very entertaining. It was cruel of me to say drafting was not your friend, but then how could I help it? Your writing is that of a headstrong girl, with boundless enthusiasm, a good measure of self-will and candor, a kind and generous nature and a great deal of carelessness.

Gillett, Niagara-on-the-Lake. Your writing is that of a decisive, generous and self-willed girl, with much candor and a hasty temper. In mounting a woman rests the right hand on the pommel and placing her left foot in her escort's interlaced hands, springs to the saddle. Simple, isn't it? and I daresay you will do it very gracefully. I wish you many pleasant rides.

Love in a Mist.—You poor little mortal! How you must have suffered. Things will be all right now, I think, and I would not do anything at present. Be your own sweet womanly self, and I feel sure he will forget your part in the matter. No, I do not think you are silly, but always tell your mother of these things, for she can advise you so much better, on account of knowing all the circumstances. Yes, write me again, and if I can help you in any way I shall be glad to do so.

A Forsoyten Girl.—This name was crossed out, but the one following it I do not like to write, for it is not one bit nice. You ask me about a serious matter, and you only send me enough to make it impossible to answer you. Now you take this earnest and good advice—tell your mother all about it, and ask her. She will know whether you should or not. Mothers were made especially to advise and help, and girls make big mistakes when they trot around to other people for that kind of help. You seem very happy in your expectations, and I trust you will find much smooth sailing.

Evangeline.—Your letter puzzles me. There is an undercurrent of mingled sarcasm and naiveness which is highly entertaining. Friendship is sacred, I think, and however much we may admire a certain amount of candor we cannot be comfortable if unpleasant and unnecessary truths are thrust before us in unpleasant confusion. Oh, no! I do not use my sleeve to hide my smiles. I heartily enjoy many of the clever letters I get. Your writing shows an enthusiastic temperament, originality, self-reliance, some vanity, ambition, a good deal of tact and some selfishness. No. 1 exhibits pride, reserve, self-will and decision. No. 2 fondness of approbation, perseverance, an ostentatious nature and generosity.

Sunny Sussex.—I was very much pleased to hear from you again, and am glad you thought the delineation a correct one. Regarding music, I think that a study of it is essential to a good education. It may be that one will not excel as a performer, but the solid comfort which can be taken from simple music should not be despised. Study music by all means if you have the opportunity. I do not agree with you as to the other matter. I fear that you are judging from a hasty glance at some one locality, and do you not think that you were a little uncharitable? I like the country far better than the city. No. 1 exhibits carelessness, indecision, variable temperament, ambition and impatience. No. 2 displays self-esteem, reserve, prudence and self-reliance.

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A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER I.

A sudden hush fell upon the group. Each looked at the others aghast. The general opinion was that Mr. Lepel's fever had returned upon him and that he was raving. But at least three persons knew or suspected that he spoke only the truth.

"It's mad—delirious!" said the general, angrily. "Take him back to his room some of you, and help me to secure the criminal!"

"You had better come here and listen to my story first," said Hubert, still clutching at the door to steady himself. "Keep the police downstairs for five minutes, general, if you please. Neither Westwood nor I shall escape in that time. Jenkins, drop that gentleman's arm!"

Jenkins relinquished his hold of Westwood's arm with great promptitude. Cynthia said a few words to him in an undertone which sent him down stairs at once. She had heard the front door open and shut, and believed that the police had come. They, at least, could be detained for a few minutes—she had no hope of anything more; but she felt that Hubert's confession should be made to his own relatives first of all. She ran to his side and gave him her arm to lean upon, conducting him back to the drawing-room; and thither the others followed her in much agitation and perturbation of mind. The general was almost foaming at the mouth with rage; Miss Vane looked utterly blank and stupefied; Flossy's face was white as snow; Sabina watched the scene with stolid and sullen curiosity; while Westwood marched into the drawing-room with the air of a proud man unjustly assailed.

They found Hubert leaning against the mantelpiece. He would not sit down; but he was not strong enough to stand without support. Cynthia was clinging to him with her face half hidden on his shoulder; his arm was clasped about her waist.

"What does this mean?" said the general.

"It means," answered Flossy's quiet voice, "that Hubert is raving, and that the doctor must be sent for immediately."

"You know better than that, Florence," said her brother. "I speak the truth, and nothing but the truth. I accuse no one else," he said, with marked emphasis; "but I wish you all now to know what were the facts. It was I who met Sydney Vane that day in the fir plantation beside the road that leads up the hill to Beechfield. We quarrelled, and we agreed to settle the matter by a duel. We were unequally matched. He had a revolver and I had this man Westwood's gun, which I found on the ground. We fired, and Sydney fell."

There was a brief silence. Then a bitter cry escaped from Miss Vane's lips.

"Oh, Hubert, Hubert," she wailed, "can this be true?"

"God knows that it is true!" answered Hubert; and his face carried conviction if his words did not.

"It is impossible!" cried the general. "To begin with, if you had committed this crime—for a duel in the way you mention was a crime and nothing else—you would never have allowed this man to suffer for it. I absolutely refuse to believe, sir, that my kinsman is such a base, cowardly villain! This is a fit of delirium—nothing else!"

"It is simple truth, said Hubert sadly. "That I did not at once exonerate Andrew Westwood is, to my thinking, the worst part of my crime. I acknowledge that I—I dared not confess; and I left him to bear the blame."

"Good heavens, sir, do you tell me that to my face?" thundered the old man, with uplifted hand. "You are a disgrace to the family! I am glad that you do not bear my name."

He would perhaps even have struck the younger man if Cynthia had not twined her arms more closely round Hubert's neck, and made herself for that moment a defence to him. But Hubert drew himself away.

"Let me go, Cynthia," he said quietly. "You must not come between us. The general is right, and I am a disgrace to my name. He must do what he thinks fit."

But the general had turned away, and was walking furiously up and down the room, too angry and too much overcome to speak. Miss Vane was sobbing bitterly. Flossy watched her brother's face. She saw that he was trying not to implicate her. Would she escape? If his silence and her own could save her, she would be safe. But she had reckoned without Andrew Westwood.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Cynthia's father, addressing himself to the general; "but this ain't fair! Mr. Lepel is getting more of the blame than he deserves. Suppose you let me speak a word for him?"

"You!" said the general, stopping short. "You, who have suffered his punishment, cannot have much to say for him! If—if this is true," he went on with a curious mixture of stiffness and of shame, "we have much to answer for with respect to you—much to make up."

"Not so much as maybe you think," said Andrew Westwood. "I was bitter enough at the time, and I have thought often and often of the words that I said at the trial—how I cursed the man that brought me to that pass and all that he held dear. Curses come home to roost, they say. At any rate, the person who is dearest to him, I believe, is my very own daughter, who I myself loved better than any one in the whole wide world; and far be it from me to wish evil to her or to any one that she loves."

Miss Vane's handkerchief fell to her lap. The general stared at the speaker open-mouthed. The man's native nobility of soul amazed them both. Andrew Westwood went on soberly.

"You have not asked Mr. Lepel how he came to fight Mr. Vane, sir. You might be sure that it wasn't for a poor reason; and there was never anything considered dishonorable in a fair fight between two armed men."

"That does not do away with the injury to yourself," said the general grimly. "Such blame as there was ought to have been borne by him and not by you."

Westwood waved his hand.

"As for injury," he said, "me and Cynthia have agreed to forget about that. If I'd been at Portland all this time, why, then no doubt I should feel it worse. But I got away after four years of it, and made my way to America, and 'struck lie' there. I've done better since then then ever I did in my life before; so I have no need to complain. But you haven't asked him why he fought Mr. Vane, sir."

"Well, why was it?" said the general sternly and grudgingly.

He did not see that his wife suddenly rose from her seat, and with clasped hands darted a look full of miserable fear and entreaty towards her brother. But all the other saw, though some of them did not understand; and Hubert responded to the appeal.

"I cannot tell you," he answered, with his eyes on the ground.

"Can! can!" said Westwood. "And Mrs. Vane could, if she chose! Blame her if you like, sir, for she's known full enough along as much as Mr. Hubert's done; and it was to save her that he would not open his lips."

They had tried in vain to stop Hubert—Hubert by angry imperative words, Flossy by a piteous cry of terror; but Westwood's rough sonorous voice rose above all other sounds. He paused for a moment, looking at the general in face of incredulous dismay, at Mrs. Vane's shrinking figure, and his tones softened a little as he spoke again.

"I don't wish to say more myself than is necessary. Miss Lepel as she was then and Mr. Sydney Vane were in the habit of meeting each other in the wood. Many of the village people knew it—it was common talk in Beechfield. Mr. Lepel found it out and was angry. He told Mr. Vane there must be no more of it; and then the quarrel followed that Mr. Lepel speaks about. I don't want to make too much of it"—casting a reluctant glance at Hubert—"but I think that Mr. Lepel was right in objecting and in trying to put a stop to it."

It was certain that he had very much softened the facts of the case; but the general could not have looked more confounded, or Flossy more overwhelmed, if a great deal more had been said. The veins swelled upon the old man's forehead, his face grew lividly purple as he strode over to his wife's side and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder.

"Florence, is this true?" he said.

She sat mute and shrinking in her chair, crushed as if beneath an invisible weight—her hands clasped, her white face averted. Miss Vane, watching her eagerly, felt with a thrill of horror that she looked like a guilty woman.

"Is this true?" the general asked again, giving her a little shake. But Flossy still sat mute.

Then Miss Vane interposed.

"Let her alone, Richard," she said. "She is overcome—she cannot answer just now. She will explain everything by-and-bye.

"Speak!" cried the general, his eyes blazing with rage. He would have shaken her again and more violently if Hubert had not interfered.

"You forget, sir, that she is a woman and that she is your wife," he said. "Whatever may have happened in the past, she has no doubt regretted what was an imprudence. I was to blame for taking up the matter too seriously. You know what your brother was; I know my sister. We must judge them by what we know."

The words were halting and ambiguous, but they produced some effect. The general fell back, still gazing at his wife; and Flossy, released from the pressure of his heavy hand, sat up and looked about her with a strange red light glowing in her eyes. Then, to everybody's horror, she burst into a fit of wild laughter terrible to hear.

"He says that he knows his sister!" she cried. "Oh, yes, he knows her well enough! That maudlin stuff will he talk next? 'An imprudence' in meeting each other in the wood! I tell you that Sydney Vane loved me—that he was ready to abandon wife and child for me!"

"Florence, have mercy! Stop—stop!" cried Hubert.

But his sister would not stop.

"He was ready to go to the world's end with me, I tell you! We had arranged to start the next day—we were going to Ceylon, never to come back again. We meant to be happy because we loved each other. That was what Hubert found out!" she cried, laughing wildly. "That was what he tried to stop! That was why he killed Sydney Vane—that man I loved—oh, Heaven, the man for whom I would have sold my very soul!"

And then the hysteric passion overcame her, and she fell back in a frenzy of laughter, sobs, and screams, painful alike to see and hear. Cynthia, Miss Vane, and Sabina went to her aid. Between them they carried her into another room, whence her terrible screams resounded at intervals through the house; and the three men were left alone. The general sank down upon a chair near the table and hid his face in his hands. He was breathing heavily, and every now and then a moan escaped him in the silence of the room.

"Oh, Heaven," he said, "what have I done that this should come upon me all at once? What have I done?"

Hubert, exhausted by the excitement that he had gone through, staggered to the sofa and threw himself down upon it. Westwood remained in his former position, grasping the back of a chair and looking from one to the other, as if he would willingly help, but knew not how to offer any assistance. In the silence that prevailed, the sound of heavy footsteps could be distinctly heard upon the stairs. The police had arrived at last.

Almost immediately Cynthia and Sabina Meldreth returned to the room. They had left Miss Vane with Florence, who seemed more manageable when her aunt was there and spoke to her than with anybody else. And, as soon as they came in, Cynthia went up to Hubert, kneel him, sat down beside him, holding her hand in his. But Sabina Meldreth looked fixedly at the general.

"Don't take on, sir!" she said, going up to the table and speaking rather softly. "She ain't worth it—she's a reg'lar bad 'un, she is!"

"Woman, how dare you!" cried the poor general, starting from his seat, and turning his discolored face, his bloodshot eyes, angrily upon the intruder. "I do not believe a word—a word you say! My wife is—is above reproach—my wife—the mother of my boy!" There was a curious little hitch in his speech, as if he could not say the words he wanted to say.

"The mother of your boy!" cried Sabina, with intense scorn. "Much mother she was to him! Look here, sir! I'll own the truth now, and perhaps it will soften things a bit to you. The boy was not Mrs. Vane's at all—he was mine."

Every one started. The general uttered an inarticulate cry of rage; then his head dropped on his hands, and he did not speak again. In vain Hubert tried to silence the speaker.

"Keep your story for another time," he said. "There is no need to make such accusations now. You cannot substantiate them, and you are only painting Gerald Vane."

"You'd better ask Miss Enid, sir," said the woman half defiantly, half desperately. She knows. It troubled her a good bit as to whether she ought to tell the general or not; but I believe she decided not. Mrs. Vane thought that if she married you you would keep her quiet. My mother confessed it all to Miss Enid on her death bed. I expect the rector knows too by this time. He was always trying to get it out of me."

"Can this be true?" said Hubert, half to himself and half to the general. But the old man, with his head bowed upon the table, did not seem to hear.

"It's true as gospel!" said Sabina. "And I don't much care who knows it now. My prospects are all gone, so far as I can make out. This gentleman here is not the murderer, it seems, and so I sha'n't get the three hundred pounds for finding him; and Mrs. Vane's payments will be stopped now, no doubt. She was giving me two hundred a year. I'll take less if you like to give me something, sir, for going away and holding my tongue. When Mrs. Vane knew about—about me, and mother was in trouble over my misfortune, I was just at the time when your little baby was born, sir. It was a boy, too, and it died when it was only twelve hours old. And Mrs. Vane spoke to mother about my baby that was just the same age; and mother and I both thought it would be a good thing if my little boy could be made the heir of Beechfield Hall. For that way Mrs. Vane's position would be better, and she would be able to pay mother and me a good round sum. And so we settled it. My poor little Dick's dead and gone, and all Mrs. Vane's schemes have come to naught. Mother always said that there would be a bad ending to the affair."

"You seem to have forgotten, young woman," said Andrew Westwood sternly, "that there is a God above us all who takes care of the innocent and punishes the guilty."

"I'd not forgotten it," said Sabina, confronting him with an unabashed air; "but I hadn't believed it till now."

At that moment an inspector in plain clothes, who had been hastily fetched from Scotland Yard, made his way into the room and inquired what he was wanted for.

"We shall both have to go with you, I think," said Hubert firmly, glancing at Westwood as he rose! "I presume that you cannot liberate Mr. Westwood at once."

"What—Westwood the convict? I should think not!" said the inspector briskly; and he made a sign to his men who stepped forward with a pair of handcuffs.

"I come quietly enough," said Westwood, with a smile. "You needn't trouble yourself about the bracelets.

"Ah, I dare say!" said the inspector. "You've been rather a slippery customer hitherto, I believe. We'll make sure of you now."

But Hubert interfered.

"No, no," he said—"Westwood is innocent! It was I—I who committed the crime for which he was condemned. Put the handcuffs on me, if on any one, but not on that innocent man!"

"Well, this is a rum start!" said the inspector to himself. "You don't look very fit to run away, sir; we won't trouble you," he said to Hubert, with a friendly smile. "Head wrong, I suppose?" he asked of Cynthia, in a stage-aside.

They had some trouble in convincing him that Hubert meant to be taken to the station with Westwood; and, even when he had heard the story, it was plain that he did not quite believe it. However, he consented to let Hubert accompany him; and then he remarked that, as it was getting late, it would be better if his companions started at once.

"And the old gentleman?" he said, looking at the general with interest. "Is he coming too?"

Hubert hesitated. Then he went up to the old man and touched him gently on the shoulder.

"Will you not look at me, sir?" he said. "Have you nothing to say to me before I go?"

No, he had nothing to say; he would never say anything again. The general was dead.

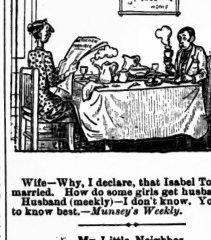
(To be Continued.)

His First Trout.

Storekeeper (at Catfish Carry)—Any luck?

Dobbleson—I should say so. Look at that. Had a terrible hard time getting him, though. There are a lot of little fish about a foot long with red and yellow spots on them, and I had to drive them away with my pole before this beauty would bite.—*Puck.*

An Unsolved Problem.



Wife—Why, I declare, that Isabel Tomboy is married. How do some girls get husbands?

Husband (quickly)—I don't know. You ought to know best.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

My Little Neighbor.

She stood at the open window,
A picture sweet and fair;
My neighbor's little daughter,
A lassie with not brown hair.
A bonnie, winsome lassie,
With a face like a blossom sweet
She stood at the open window,
Watching the busy street.

Homesick and sad and lonely,
At the close of the summer day,
I stood at my open window,
On the other side of the way.
And I saw the little maiden,
So near me, and yet so far;
In her innocent, childish beauty,
As pure as the angels are.

And a smile of radiant beauty,
As she saw me, flashed over her face,
Like a ray of golden sunshine
That lights up some darkened place.
No more was I sad and lonely,
And gone were the shadows gray,
For that smile of friendly greeting
Had banished the gloom away.

Oh, bonnie little maiden,
If wish of mine could bring
Earth's choicest, richest blessings
To thee, on fortune's wing,
How free from care or sorrow
Thy happy life would be—
My neighbor's little daughter,
The lassie who smiled at me.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

No Place for Tunnels.

A Scotchman, who had been employed nearly his life in the building of railways in the Highlands of Scotland, came to the United States in his last years and settled in a new home on the plains of the far west. Soon after his arrival a project came up in his new home for the construction of a railroad through the district, and the Scotchman was applied to as a man of experience in such matters. "Hoot, mon!" said he to the spokesman of the scheme, "ye canna build a rail'way across this kentry!" "Why not, Mr. Ferguson?" "Why not!" he repeated with an air of settling the whole matter; "why not? And dinna ye see the kentry's as flat as a flurnsh, and you have naw place whatever to run your toonels through?"—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

A Bleak Prospect.

Bill Collector (authoritatively)—I wish to see Mr. Neverpay immediately.

Shrewd Servant.—You can't see him now. He's gone to bed, so we can wash his flannels."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Living Proof.

Young Mr. Freshly (conversing with an elderly friend of the family)—When I see how we have things now, electricity, telegraph, telephone, and think how people lived sixty years ago, I can't help thinking that our grandfathers must have been fools.

Mr. Oldhoy (coolly nettled)—When I see some of their grandchildren, I can't help thinking the same.—*Boston Times.*

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Eczema

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I was, for years, troubled with Salt-Rheum, which, during the winter months, caused my hands to become very sore, crack open, and bleed. The use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

saparilla has entirely cured me of this troublesome humor.—Ellen Ashworth, Evanston, Wyoming Ter.

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Debility

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An Old Lady Surprised.

A curious incident occurred at the Royal Military Exhibition a day or two ago. In the building there is an automatic machine which supplies a photographic portrait of some "celebrity" or other to any one who "puts a penny in the slot." An elderly and matronly lady, being under the impression that this was the new contrivance for taking photographs, of which she had heard so much, duly inserted a bronze coin in the aperture, then, posing herself before the machine and assuming her most pleasing expression, calmly awaited the result. After an interval of a few seconds the result; but, alas! when the lady opened the drawer the photograph she extracted therefrom displayed, not her own form and features, but the figure of a female acrobat in full professional costume.—*London Telegraph.*

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For terms apply by letter to LORNE PARK CO., Toronto. On and after June 2 also apply at Hotel.

Swift and elegant steamer GREYHOUND is chartered for this season. Good train service.

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Manager for Company (formerly of London, Ont.).

AMERICAN FAIR
334 Yonge Street, Toronto. Telephone 2033.

We are equipped with Flags and Chinese Lanterns and sell them so you can afford to make a handsome show for the Carnival. Made from the best protected material to stand a storm or the dew. Wire Doors and Wire Window Screens at most popular prices. Our sales of Clothes and Market Baskets of the best white peeled willow are large, as they ought to be at our most popular prices, viz., 59c. for ordinary size, 79c. for large and 98c. for an extra large. Some very handsome new designs in Bread Boxes 59c. for medium size. The best make of porcelain lined Perserving Kettles, prices 39c., 59c., 74c. and 98c., worth 65c., 85c., $1 00 and $1.50. Agate Ironware we are selling at popular prices. Tea Pots 59c., worth $1.00 elsewhere and other pieces at similar discount. Do not fail to remember prices of our Books and get our general catalogue sent free on application. Store closes at 6 p.m. except Saturday and Monday evenings. Will be glad to see you.

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Dominion Paper Staining Factory.

Embossed Papers, Bronzes, Micas, Silk Effects, Ingrains

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No. 3 is a Solid Silver Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting Jeweled Lady's Watch, highly engraved (equal to those sold ordinarily for from $6 to $9), warranted for 2 years. Price $3.75.

No. 4 is a Gent's Gold-Filled Case, guaranteed for 15 years, fitted with a genuine Waltham or Elgin 7-jeweled lever movement, pendant-setting, stem-winding, and in every way the latest and best made. Warranted for 2 years. Price $12.

Snaps No. 1 and No. 2 proved a big success, and we invite you to watch for Nos. 5 and 6.

Brown's Jewelry Store, 110 Yonge Street

J. E. BROWN & CO.

100 SHOTS FOR ONE CENT
WITH THE MATCHLESS REPEATING
AIR RIFLE!
SHOOTS 65 TIMES WITHOUT RELOADING

This is a beautiful and effective weapon. For sparrows and small game it has no equal, and with proper care and usage will last a life time. It shoots an ordinary B B Shot, which can be bought anywhere for 8c. per pound—a pound contains nearly 1,000 shot. The barrel is nickel plated and the stock is of black walnut.

PRICE ONLY $3

We will send this rifle to any address, per express, on receipt of price.

THE CHAS. STARK CO., LTD., 60 Church Street, Toronto.

N. B.—Send for our 320 page Catalogue. Contains nearly 3,000 illustrations of every description of merchandise, Jewelry, Firearms, Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries, Hardware, etc. Price 25 cents. Free to intending purchasers.

M'KEOWN & CO.'S
FIVE DAYS'
Great Carnival Sale

For the Next Five Days We Will Hold a Grand Carnival Sale

SWEEPING REDUCTIONS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT

To clear off a large lot of Summer Goods, as we want more room, we will offer unprecedented bargains in Dress Goods, Silks, Sateens, Prints, Chambrays, Challies and all wash Dress Goods Table Linens, Sheetings, Towels, Towellings, Napkins, Cottons, Shirtings, Lace Curtains, White Bed Spreads, etc.

In our Mantle Warerooms we will clear out Summer Jackets, Wraps, Jerseys, Ladies' Blouse Waists, Parasols, Waterproof Cloaks, Ladies' and Misses' White Underwear, Boating Shawls, at tremendous reductions in prices.

In our Fancy Goods Department we will offer Kid Gloves, Ladies' and Misses' Cotton and Cashmere Hose, Underwear, Corsets, Ribbons, Laces, Handkerchiefs, Embroideries, Edgings, Insertions, All-overs and Skirtings, at little over half prices. We will give customers astounding bargains in every department during this great Carnival sale.

McKEOWN & CO.
182 Yonge Street

Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Two.)

in future as a private preserve. A club is in course of formation and elegant quarters will be erected on the margin of the lake.

A pleasing event took place a few days ago at the residence of Mr. S. McLaughlin of the Railways and Canals Department, 201 Maria street, when his daughter Emma Gertrude was married to Mr. H. Watters. The Rev. W. T. Herridge performed the ceremony, Miss Carswell acting as bridesmaid and Mr. E. A. Bate as best man. None but the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present. After supper the newly wedded pair left on a tour in the lower provinces.

Dr. Bourinot, C. M. G., has gone to the centennial celebration of King's University in Nova Scotia, where he will receive the honorary degree of D. C. L. The doctor has already received the same distinction from Queen's and Trinity colleges.

Mr. Charles G. Geddes of Montreal and Mr. Hugh Skinner of Hamilton have been in the city this week to arrange for a performance here in September of Strauss' celebrated orchestra from Vienna.

Lieut. P. B. Taylor of the G.G.F.G. has been appointed second officer in command of the detachment of the C School of Infantry, now in camp at Niagara Falls. Lieut. Taylor is at the C school undergoing a course.

A most successful garden social and strawberry festival was held at the residence of Mr. C. R. Wright on Thursday evening, at which a large number were present. The affair was in aid of St. James' church, Hull.

Mr. Veale of the Fisheries Exhibit this week placed some 10,000 salmon trout in the lake in Major's Hill Park. Only one loss has occurred among the fish in this pond during the winter, Jumbo, the largest sturgeon, having succumbed to the cold.

The result of the ladies' club lawn tennis matches to date gives the senior championship to Miss Zilde Cambie, and the junior to Miss Lizzie Walters. The weekly meetings of the club continue to be largely attended.

On Monday evening next the members of the Mastodon Minstrels will banquet one of their number, Mr. Harry Hill, on the occasion of his marriage to Miss McIlwain.

Rev. J. J. Bogert, B. D., M. A., has received a cablegram stating that the new organist for the fashionable church of St. Alban the Martyr would arrive about the middle of July. His name is Mr. H. Collyer.

Hon. Edgar Dewdney has purchased a splendid dapple gray mare from Mr. Robert Gilmour for carriage purposes, paying the high price of $600 for the animal.

Col. Lay has taken possession of the new quarters of the American consulate on Wellington street and is now as comfortably housed as any citizen of Ottawa.

Lady Macdonald has left for Riviere du Loup, but Sir John, who is at present in a poor state of health, remains behind.

The handsome new steam yacht, built this season by Harris of Brockville for Dr. Martin, will soon be ready for her trial trip.

Messrs. George Crookshanks and Lawrence Taylor of the Finance Department left this week for the Pacific coast.

Mr. Alexander Fleck has also gone in the same direction, and will take a short vacation.

Miss Edith Christie left this week for Brandon, Man., on a visit to her brother, Mr. Lisle Christie.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Fowler and Miss Fowler of Adelaide, South Australia, were in the city this week on a pleasure trip.

Hon. J. A. Chapleau will spend a portion of the summer recess on the New Hampshire coast.

Hon. Charles H. Tupper will leave in a few days for Pictou, N. S., to join his family.

BARRIE.

The Barrie Lawn Tennis Club gave a very nice At Home on Friday afternoon, June 20, the weather being exceedingly pleasant enabled quite a number of the fair sex to grace the grounds with their presence. A few good sets were played and were attentively watched by admirers of this popular game. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sanford, Mrs. L. Beatty, Miss A. Symonds, Miss E. Patteson, Mr. W. A. Boys, Miss Brydon, Mr. E. Kortright, the Misses H. and T. Mason, Mr. Champion, Miss Spry, Miss H. Johnson of Dunnville, Mr. H. Beard, Miss Cotter, Mr. G. Eaten, Miss E. Hornsby, Mr. H. McVittie, the Misses Baker, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. Saunders, Miss Holmes, Mr. V. Meeking, Mr. George Fraser and others.

Mr. J. Coffee of the Bank of Toronto is spending his holidays in Toronto.

Miss Johnson of Dunnville spent last week with Miss Cotter of Rock Forest.

The Misses Mason, who are spending part of the summer in Toronto, were in town for a few days last week.

Miss Kortright returned home this week, after a pleasant visit of several months with relatives in England. Her many friends will be glad to welcome her home again.

Mr. Saunders of Halifax has taken the place of Mr. E. A. Mitchell in the Bank of Commerce. The latter has been promoted to another position in a New York branch.

Miss Chapman of Hamilton has been spending a few days with Miss Dyment.

OCULAIRE.

Didn't Know the Ropes.

A party of sailors in town, enjoying the sights, came to the theater.

"Suppose we go in," said one.

"Better see how much it is first," said another.

After inquiring the price of admission, they decided to pool their money, and send a member of the party inside to see whether it was good for anything or not.

"How is it?" asked one, on his return.

"No good; not a bit. A lot of fellers fiddlin' in front of a big pictur', that's all. Come on."

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

HENRY C. FORTIER, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
At office—16 Victoria Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
At residence—57 Murray Street, evenings. TORONTO.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathurst Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

MEIKLE—At Mount Forest, on June 20, Mrs. T. D. Meikle—a daughter.

KINGSTON—At Penetanguishene, on June 17, Mrs. G. M. Kingston—a daughter.

STOTESBURY—At Barrie, on June 14, Mrs. H. H. Stotesbury—a son.

BURNS—At Toronto, on June 4, Mrs. Thomas H. Burns—a son.

ARMSTRONG—At Toronto, on June 19, Mrs James Armstrong—twin daughters.

HAMILTON—At Toronto, on June 20, Mrs. J. H. Hamilton—a daughter.

HOLMES—At Esquimalt, B. C., on June 16, Mrs. Holmes—a daughter.

Marriages.

CARR—ANDERSON—At 82 Hunter street, Hamilton, on June 17, by Rev. A. Anderson, Dr. Leeming Carr of Stoney Creek to Kate, eldest daughter of Mr. Duncan Anderson, Allegford.

SCOTT—McINTYRE—At Ottawa, township of Peterboro, on June 25, Chas. J. Scott to Mary McIntyre.

LOGIE—SAUNDERS—At Toronto, on June 20, Charles Henry Logie to Grace Saunders.

BELL—BROOKE—At Chatham, on June 11, Edwin Bell to Fannie Brooke.

AUSTIN—ALLAN—At Renfrew, Ont., on June 18, James M. Austin of Chapleau to Lily Allan.

UNWIN—KETCHESON—At Marmora, on June 21, Henry Unwin of Madoc to Ella Blanche Ketcheson of Huntingdon.

HERRON—GRANT—At Norwich, on June 17, Richard Herron of Grand Rapids, Mich., to Emma Grant of Milldale.

COWAN—CROZIER—At Toronto, on June 24, Samuel Switzer Cowan of Trafalgar to Sarah Crozier of Meadowvale.

BRITNELL—JORDAN—At Toronto, on June 24, Albert Britnell to Sarah Jordan.

HEATON—ATTRILL—At Toronto, on June 22, Ernest Heaton of West Toronto Junction to Grace Attrill.

MANNING—JAMES—At Toronto, on June 24, Fred Manning of Winchester, Ont., to Addie James.

BOLUS—CHADWICK—At Toronto, on June 18, Walter J. Bolus to Frances A. Chadwick.

DEAN—HARRIS—At Richmond Hill, on June 11, F. H. Dean to Josephine C. Harris.

ECCLESTONE—JACOBS—At Toronto, on June 18, George Ecclestone of Huntsville, Muskoka, to Alice Jacobs.

PLAYTER—STRICKLAND—At Galt, on June 11, C. F. Playter of Toronto to Adelaide Strickland of Galt.

HALLIDAY—SHAW—At Port Perry, on June 25, A. H. Halliday, M. D., of Bellwood, to Lottie Shaw.

CURTIS—MILLS—At Ottawa, on June 21, Smith Curtis, of Portage la Prairie, to Lily Evangeline Mills.

PEASE—DAVIS—At Uxbridge, on June 15, Elihu Pease, of Toronto, to E. L. Davis.

DYRE—CUMMING—At Clarksburg, on June 24, Trevusa Herbert Dyre, of Thornbury, to Carrie Cumming.

JENNINGS—BELL—On June 18, George Elmer Jennings of New York, to Cecil T. Bell, of Pembroke.

SAMWELL—BLISS—At Petawawa, on June 12, R. W. Samwell to Jane Dickson Forster Bliss.

TEW—BRADSHAW—At Kilkenny, on June 3, M. Leland Tew to Harriette C. Bradshaw.

Deaths.

ELGIE—At Toronto, on June 24, Mrs. Elizabeth Elgie, aged 59 years.

PRATT—At Port Union, Ont., on June 24, George Pratt, aged 41 years.

WILLCOX—At Summerville, on June 22, Mrs. Allan Willcox, aged 74 years.

HARRISON—At Fairbank, Ont., on June 21, Anna Maud Harrison, aged 16 years.

LANGRILL—At Toronto, on June 21, Francis Langrill, aged 90 years.

O'CONNOR—At Toronto, on June 21, Mrs. John O'Connor.

GRIFFITH—On June 22, Mrs. Judith Griffith, aged 85 years.

MACLEOD—At Aurora, on June 22, Mrs. Margaret Baker Macleod, aged 56 years.

NICOL—At Paris, Ont., on June 22, Hugh Nicol, aged 19 years.

McFARLANE—At Claremont, on June 14, David S. McFarlane, aged 82 years

FRASER—At New Glasgow, N.S., on June 17, George Fraser, aged 30 years.

CLARKSON—At Richmond Hill, Ont., on June 24, Mrs. Mary Ann Kirkton Clarkson.

JONES—At Toronto, on June 24, Ann Jones, aged 72 years.

GOODWIN—At Toronto, on June 24, youngest child of C. W. and Lucy Goodwin.

GORDON—At Toronto, on June 25, Mrs. J. Stewart Gordon.

POTVIN—Drowned at Byng Inlet, on June 23, George Edward Potvin, aged 6 years.

STOUT—At Toronto, on June 25, Mrs. Caroline Stout of Staten Island.

HAY—At Scotland Village, on June 24, Mrs. William Hay.

McCLEARY—At Toronto, on June 22, Mrs. Jane McCleary, aged 53 years.

JOSE—At Toronto, on June 22, John Jose, aged 73 years.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
74 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tele. 2266

J. G. ADAMS, Dentist
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DRESSMAKING
Perfection in Fit, Fashion and Finish. Special attention to evening wear and mantle making.
MILLINERY
Closing out well assorted stock. Stylish work at greatly reduced prices.
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Magic Scale
The Tailor System of Cutting Improved and Simplified
COMPLETE IN ONE PIECE
MISS CHUBB, Gen. Agt.
Waist Linings and Dresses Cut. CORSETS MADE TO ORDER. Satisfaction guaranteed.
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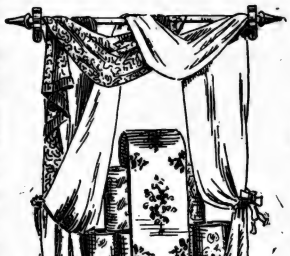
(Just south of College)



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ALL NEW GOODS NOW IN STOCK
Special Lines, Heavy Wiltons, $1.57, worth $1.75. Best 5-frame Brussels, $1, worth $1.25. Good Brussels, 90c., worth $1.10. Best 10-Wire Tapestry, 65c., worth 85. Choice patterns in Tapestry, new colorings, only 50c.
Art Squares, 2 and 3 ply Kidder Carpet.
Oilcloths, Linoleums, Smyrna Rugs, Door Mats, China Mattings, etc.
CURTAIN STOCK
Full Lines of Swiss, Antique, Irish Point, Velours and all the Newest styles. Art Muslins, Crepes, Corrigas, in all the new Art Shades.
A special line of Heavy Portiere Curtains reduced from $9 to $6; still lower, $6 to $4; Choice Curtains at $2, $2.50 and $3.50 per pair.
Window Shades to order, all styles. Art Screens, Poles, etc.
Special attention given to Art Draperies.
R. WALKER & SONS
33, 35 and 37 King Street East; 18, 20 and 22 Colborne Street

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BARGAINS
IN
LADIES' SUMMER HOSIERY
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UNDERWEAR
Baltonian Vests in Ladies' and Misses' sizes, at 12½c. each, worth 25c.
Ladies' Baltonian Vests, short sleeves, full fashioned and shaped, at 25c. and 35c.
A Novelty in Ladies' Vests, with broad colored stripe, at 65c. each.
Natural Wool Vests, H. N. S. S., at 90c., worth $1.25; extra quality at $1.10, worth $1.50.
Ladies' Balbriggan Hose, 3 pairs for 50c.; extra quality, full fashioned, double heel and toes, 3 pairs for 60c.
Ladies' and Misses Black Cotton Hose, at 12c., 25c., 35c.; extra quality and warranted stainless, 3 pairs for $1.
Ladies' Fine Cashmere Hose, light weight, for summer wear, only 25c. per pair.
Gent's Hosiery, Underwear, Collars and Cuffs, Shirts, Handkerchiefs, &c., at wholesale prices at
R. SIMPSON'S, S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen

LADIES' WATERPROOF CIRCULARS
SPECIAL SALE
Having purchased a Manufacturer's stock of these goods at 75c. on the dollar, we will for the balance of the month offer a special discount of 25 per cent. off our regular prices. These goods range in price from $2.50 to $12 and are certainly the cheapest rubber goods ever offered in the city.
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MACLEAN & MITCHELL

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OF ONTARIO, Limited
INCORPORATED FEB. 27, 1890 - CAPITAL, $1,000,000
GENERAL OFFICES:
27 and 29 Wellington Street East 34 and 36 Front Street East
TORONTO
This Company undertakes agencies of every description, and trusts, such as carrying out issues of capital for companies and others, conversion of railway and other securities. Will give careful attention to management of estates, collection of loans, rents, interest, dividends, debts, mortgages, debentures, bonds, bills, notes, coupons and other securities. Will act as agents for issuing or countersigning certificates of stock, bonds, or other obligations.
Receives and invests sinking funds and invests moneys generally for others and offers the best terms therefor.
Every dollar invested with or through this Company earns the highest returns and is absolutely safe.
All investments are guaranteed.
THE INVESTMENT BONDS of the Company are issued in amounts of $100 and upward and offer unparalleled inducements for accumulative investments of small amounts, monthly, or at larger periods for terms of years from five upwards, and the investor is not only absolutely protected against loss of a single dollar, but can rely upon the largest returns consistent with security.
Correspondence solicited and promptly replied to.
WM. STONE, *President.* G. F. POTTER, *Managing Director.*
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You should secure one of those plums.
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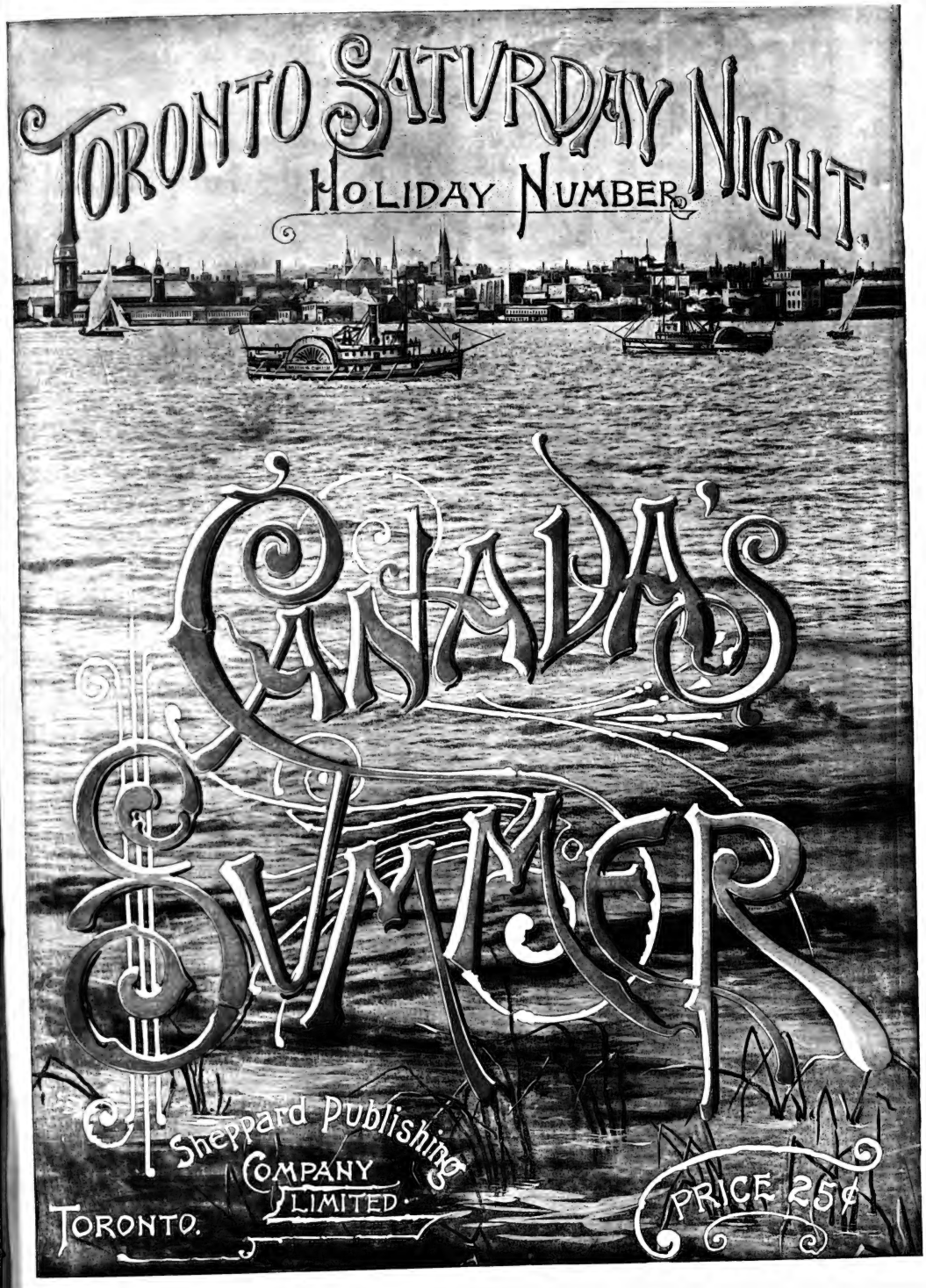
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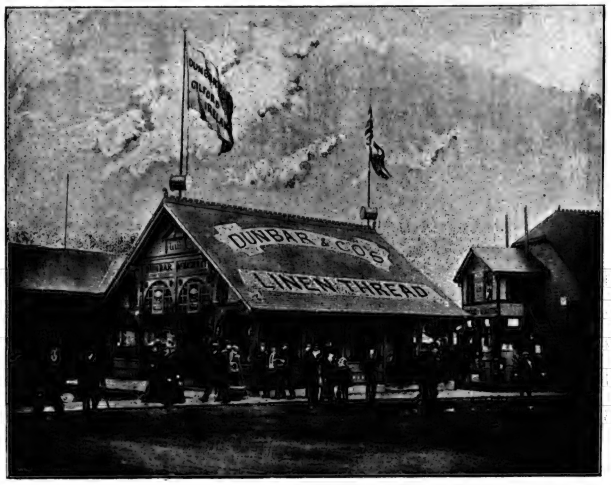

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Reserve Fund. - - -	*1,340,000*	*Total Assets,* - - -	*11,265,335*

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IT IS THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC

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Please Take Notice that we absolutely guarantee all statements and claims made in behalf of our medicine.

That it is perfectly harmless. Can be taken internally by every living creature, young or old.

That we request all those sufferers whose cases are chronic, or so-called incurable cases, to call on us for a FREE CONSULTATION, and to remember that the use of our remedy will cure them, if such a thing is possible.

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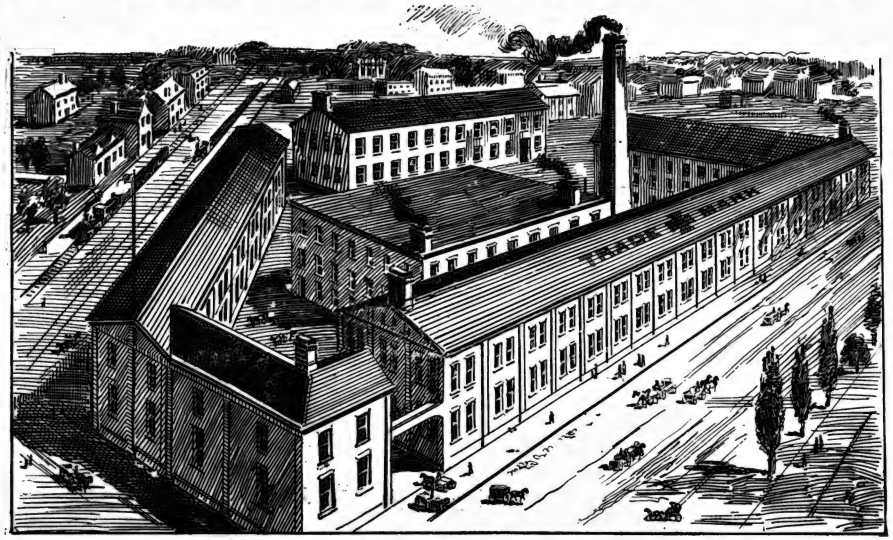

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TORONTO, JULY 1, 1890

A Sermonette on Guests.

THERE is much written of the duties of a hostess to her guests, but one sees nothing of the duty of a guest to her hostess; the latter is expected to be a smiling martyr through all sorts of social vicissitudes and trials. This little train of thought came to me, upon receiving aletter from a friend in Hamilton, whose happy guest I had been, in which was this paragraph: "I found your box of matches and paper of pins, my dear, why, oh why, did you bring them?"

Why? I will tell you.

Because I believe that the guest should assume some of the many obligations generally believed to rest only upon the shoulders of the hostess. How can you tell but that the household machinery has not been running smoothly, upon the day of your arrival, and the little details which contribute to the home-feeling and comfort of the guest been neglected or forgotten? Maybe, madam hostess was worried, and her only maid cross, and instead of the little bunch of flowers and dainty things she was going to arrange in your room for you, she "done forgot" even the necessaries.

Maybe, I say, she even forgot, in her anxiety to prepare your delicious tea and get to your train on time, to fill the match holder which hangs on the gas fixture, and perhaps the guest-room pincushion is guiltless of a puncture on its sheeny surface, and you find after all the good people have retired and you are alone with your soul that you have not a match in case anything should occur in the night, nor have you a pin with which to pin your curl papers, or the top place on your night robe, where you forgot to sew a button.

Of course all these delicate little attentions should come from the hostess as a part of her welcome, but a hostess is human and may be pardoned if she fall short in some of the thousand and one acts that are required of a home-keeper. So I say, that to be a guest in the truest meaning of the word, one who will be, not a worry, but a delight and sought as a desirable addition to a house, means to assume half of the responsibility and to do some of the thinking for your hostess.

Take your own thread and sewing outfit, your scissors, your wash cloth, and if you use a particular brand of soap carry it with you; everything, anything, so that the economy of your friend's household may not be changed any more than necessary by the presence of an additional member. Glide in, as happily and easily as you may.

Don't sleep with the hostess and drive her husband to some outlandish corner of the house. Don't give orders to the servants so that they, too, will unpleasantly feel your presence by unnecessary additional labor.

I even believe in traveling with a small alcohol lamp, so that you may, if you require a cup of boiling water at an inopportune time, provide yourself with that, without disturbing.

I believe that a guest, a lady, should from the time she enters the house of a friend, especially if she is to remain long, become a member of the family, and by that I mean an interested, loyal member, one who would as quickly resent a bit of gossip about the hostess as though it were spoken of herself; one who is interested without being intrusive; and one who is ever ready to aid in any little household duties which may seem to lighten the burdens of any of the family.

Of course, I am now writing of the average household of the country where only one servant is employed and where the *menage*, though refined, is simple; much of the management devolving upon the housekeeper herself. In this household there are numberless little things, the minutiae that must make up a harmonious whole, is as varied as complex, and if the machinery is not to obtrude itself, if we are not everlastingly to see the "wheels go wound," the head of this household must think and plan well.

So then, I say, into this household an extra member, be she ever so welcome, must always be an extra thought and another step, and while we are all glad to give a thought and take a step for a friend, as dear Emerson said: "I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frost work, but the solidest thing we know. . . . Happy is the house that shelters a friend! It might well be built, like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day." So I suggest, though we realize our privilege, yet it is still the privilege of the guest to have an intelligent interest and care not to become a source of worry.

I have known thoughtless guests to keep their hostess on the anxious seat from morning's dawn till the midnight chime and sometimes beyond that. To my knowledge there are those who will arise long after the breakfast hour, and after leisurely partaking of an extra meal, begin the day by asking the hostess:

"Well, what is on the tapis for this morning?"

After luncheon: "What are we going to do this afternoon?"

And tea concluded: "What have you planned for to-night?"

I would like to answer: "I have planned to have you go home and acquire a little common sense."

Friends have come to me to beg me to take part of their weary burden off their hands, and if I loved them do something for the entertainment of their guests who were killing them! I can only say that so pitiable a mockery and profanity of hospitality is disgusting, and that a guest who can transform a home into a Canterbury market, or a variety theater, is not worthy of the friendship bestowed; and my impatience with a hostess who will permit her hospitality to be thus profaned is equal to my disgust for the guest whose thoughtless selfishness thus presumes.

A tender, thoughtful woman can, during a visit to a friend, make herself so necessary and so beloved by the members of the household, and even by the servants, that her departure will be cause for regret, and her return a signal for rejoicing. To do this she must not cling to the robes of her hostess every moment; must not ask unnecessary questions; must remain in her own room a part of the time, and occupy herself with letter writing, reading, anything, so that her hostess will feel at liberty to attend to her affairs. If the husband and wife wish to hold counsel on affairs of the finances or the household, the woman with tact will quietly slip from the room to return just at the right time. My ideal guest will, if the children are tired and wearying mamma, group them about her, and read to them, or tell them a story—indeed I think it a good plan to include children's books in the furniture of your trunk, if you are going where there are little folks—she will make up her own bed, if there is but one maid; she will insist there be no extra entertainment provided unless it especially please her hostess to give one.

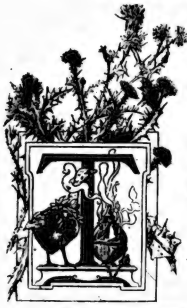
The guest who will have a mission in a home, and leave a glimmer of sunshine and an odor of perfume when she has departed, is the one who will find something nice to say of a wife to her husband, and who points out the good qualities in the husband, if the wife be inclined to see flaws. The guest whose presence is a benediction, will use her knowledge of the arts of the *cuisine* to prepare a tempting dish if a member of the family is ailing; will send her linens out to be laundried rather than overload the washtub, if there be but one pair of hands to do the washing; will take with her towels, even, if she is in the habit of using a larger number than she wishes to add to the week's stock of soiled ones.

Oh, yes; I demand much of my ideal guest. I ask that she accommodate herself to the financial circumstances of the home in which she is; that she do not permit undue expenditures because of her visit; that she set at ease her host and hostess regarding her entertainment; that she adopt the rising hour of the family, unless it be too ungodly or her health impaired; that she help arrange and plan if a large entertainment is to be given for her, and in every way she can that is agreeable to her hostess, aid her in this.

A guest who will do these things, who is determined to be pleased with every slight effort made for her comfort and amusement, who is sunny and amiable, who does not criticize husband, wife, friends nor servants, who is interested without obtruding herself, who comes and goes and is companionable such a guest we may rise up and call blessed, and make ever welcome to our homes.

LOUISE MARKSCHEFFEL.

Last Winter. This Summer.



THROUGH the dreary days of winter's weary season,
Through the ice and snow and sleet and wind and rain,
When blue devils came without a rhyme or reason,
When *La Grippe* evolved new ecstasies of pain—
To release us haggard, listless, old and weary,
Without a taste that tasted as it should,
Without a smile that wasn't wan or leery,
With a hatred for the Beautiful and Good;—
Then it was hard
To believe or conceive
That Summer could beam o'er this drear world again;—
But it has.

When the women looked like grown up babies swaddled
In their sober-colored mantles, furs and cloaks;
When the men, with smooth-worn rubbers, sternly waddled
Without a smile for jests or gibes or jokes;
When the snow ascended high one's pantle-trowser
As one's cabby drew up far from snow-cleared walk
And responded to one's conjuratory "How, sir——?"
With "Dade, sir, you can take it out in talk!"
Then it was hard
To believe or conceive
That we ever could smile 'neath the glory of June;—
But we have.

Then came storm, then rain, then sunshine—alternating,
All to garner Winter's harvest for the year,
With sweet Philomel, of course, anticipating
That the winds could never more be chill and drear.
But when the wind had ceased to sigh and shiver
When the Winter's robe had melted on Earth's breast,
When we saw the ice go down the swollen river,
When we heard the new birds sing within their nest;
Then we began
To believe and conceive
That Summer might come—in a modified form—
Some day.

Now, we smile at all our doubts and fears uneasy
Lest the Summer might forget and pass us by,
As we watch the graceful damsels light and breezy,
As we make a sweep to catch the buzzing fly.
We're too thin to sport the gamesome knickerbocker,
We're too poor to view the Ocean's boundless blue,
We're too long to sleep in 2 x 4 foot locker,
So we smile and gladly pass 'em on to you.
For we now realize,
With the joy of surprise,
That Winter has gone with its gloom and its pain,
That the Earth is aglow with glad sunlight again—
And—Summer has come!

WILLIAM McLENNAN.

Cupid Afloat.

On rippled blue-gray water,
With moon-path silv'ry bright,
A star-lit sky bent over,
They tossed one summer night.

A many-voiced murmur,
A steamer's less'ning beat,
Combined with floating singers'
Song-snatches low and sweet.

From gleaming light-house beacon
A swinging path-way came,
With endless bright procession
Of diving coils of flame.

The long night-darkened beaches
Peered forth with window-eyes
And wee breeze-carried wavelets
Complained in fitful cries.

The voices died in distance,
He moved to clasp her hand
And told the sweet old story
Of Love's enchanted land.

They spoke in low half-whispers,
All thought of time gave o'er,
And built en-towered castles
While drifting to the shore.

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

Berrypicking Time.

'TS one of many pictures that in mem'ry's gallery hangs,
Its colors all unfaded with the years;
In its dream of summer sunshine are lost the early pangs,
That oft-times saddened childhood with their tears.

There's a gleam of gold and russet running thro' its world of green,
A drowsy hum of August in its air;
To the sound of tinkling cow-bell, heard afar 'mid leafy screen,
The blue bird adds his cadence everywhere.

There are groups of bare-legg'd urchins with gleaming tins and pails,
All busy where the berries cluster red;
There's merry din of laughter and oft repeated hails
To stragglers thro' the scattered patches spread.

Their voices ring in chorus with the sun-rejoicing life
That speaks in wing of insect, voice of bird,
And give no cruel presage of the jarring world of strife
That lies so near this world of theirs, unheard.

Here a quiet little toiler, his six quart "heapin' filled,"
Is hiding pail and cup beneath the trees
From that tow-haired desperado with voice that's never stilled,
Whose straw hat now flaps brimless—killin' bees.

Till, now in open sunshine, now half hidden in the shade,
Down winding, grassy paths that homeward lead,
Their little figures vanish, just as day begins to fade,
And glow-worms glimmer faintly on the mead.

But back from memory's distance come those faces always young,
Those happy, sun-browned faces beaming fun.
I speak their names and listen for the answer of a tongue,
So near they seem and real, everyone.

S. HUNTER

THE ROPE FERRY.

LEAVING THE LAKE.

Where Roads Meet.

CHAPTER I.

THE village of Pine Flats was unaware of an impending sensation. At "The Store," which in villages is the combined club-house, reading-room and debating society of the place, the young men of the Flats were sitting in their accustomed places on biscuit boxes, vinegar barrels, nail kegs and the counter. Owing perhaps to the absence of the proprietor who, strangely enough, was taking his tea though now nearly eight o'clock, the number of sitters on the counter was unusually large. Dolph Alan the younger some time ago had arranged a number of spring needles which perforated the counter and the trousers of those who were unfortunate enough to locate themselves where the traps were set, but the loungers soon learned to avoid the dangerous places, and Alan senior had asked his son to desist as it might hurt the business. At one time Randolph Alan, sr., had adopted a much more peremptory tone in preserving his dignity and keeping the loungers from becoming too familiar, but since the other store started he had been conciliatory with his customers. No one ever spoke of Gustav Leroux's rival establishment as anything but "the other store." At first an attempt had been made to call it the "new store" but it failed—largely owing, no doubt, to the fact that Mr. Alan, not caring to advertise Leroux's goods as new, insisted upon calling it "the other store." His influence in Pine Flats for many years had been second only to that of old Pirrie Leroux, the lumberman, whose land extended almost without a break for five miles to the east. Leroux's Christian name was "Pierre," but it had been Anglicised into Pirrie, and not being thoroughly acquainted with spelling of any sort, he had adopted the English version of his name, even in his signature. Randolph Alan had been his partner some years ago and had furnished the capital upon which Pirrie Leroux grew rich while Alan out of the fragments of his fortune finally drifted into storekeeping at "The Corners." It has been said that no man ever forgives the one he has injured, and Pirrie Leroux's hatred of Randolph Alan was in proportion to the evil he had inflicted on the generous and honorable gentleman who had trusted him and been robbed by him. The Pine Flats people were not noted for either their piety or their probity. Poverty was their chief characteristic and to obtain credit at the store their only sustained endeavor. The Pine Flatters felt that the world owed them a living, and because they had to work for a bare and comfortless subsistence Providence and their more prosperous fellow men were held responsible for the withholding of the balance. When men are in this humor theft, either direct or of the promise-to-pay sort, becomes to them a legitimate means of squaring accounts with those who appear to be enjoying an undue share of this world's goods. Randolph Alan, too kind hearted to refuse until he saw starvation staring himself and his family in the face, had permitted every shiftless petitioner to run accounts which would never be paid, and when at last he refused to be victimized any further his debtors gradually joined the Leroux faction, and darkly hinted that the store-keeper was a hard man and in his diminishing business as in his failure as a lumberman he was only suffering from the results of his pride and hauteur. When, a year before the disaster which furnishes material for this story, Pirrie Leroux hinted that one of his sons was about to start a new store, those who owed Alan for the necessaries of life, furnished them during sickness and idleness, greeted the establishment of a rival concern as a long-needed relief from a tyrant monopolist.

The people of Pine Flats being too poor to delight in honesty, of course gratitude found no place in their system. People are apt to resemble the district in which they live. Mountaineers love liberty and are not afraid of labor. Men of the prairies and plains are as large in their ideas as the llanos on which they dwell. The idle and reckless are almost certain to find congenial society in the worst tenements in the most disreputable ward of a city or in those barren and forbidding sections of the country which thrifty farmers avoid. That gravelly and desolate district which began at the bottom of the precipitous hill just south of "the Corners" and extended to a similar hill a couple of miles away, had no beauty to make the ugly shanties look uglier or out of place. The comfortless log houses and slab covered barns were in entire harmony with the scrubby trees, the level fields in which meager crops of rye and potatoes ineffectually struggled to conceal the shifting sand and unnutritious gravel. It had long been a saying amongst the people who dwelt amidst those surroundings—offered perhaps as explanatory of their sloth and ungodliness—that "God Almighty didn't care for the Flats and the Flats didn't care for God Almighty." The latter clause was certainly true, and if nature had ever done much for the Flats the slow changing of the bed of the river which now marked the southern boundary of the Flats had swept it all away. The farmers to the west and north of "the Corners" had better land but were infected by the unthrift of the Flats, and were bad pay everywhere except at the tavern.

THE YOUNG MEN OF THE FLATS WERE SITTING IN THEIR ACCUSTOMED PLACES.

With such surroundings it was not strange that Randolph Alan had failed to make money, but until a few months before the new store started he had managed to maintain his only son at the school in England where generations of Alans had been taught. Wifeless and despairing of the future, he had at last sent for Randolph junior and laid before the startled young man the fact that he was day by day becoming more hopelessly insolvent. The father wept on the shoulder of his boy, that an Alan of Glen Alan should fail to pay his debts and that his heir must be a beggar, but the young fellow gaily put thoughts of sorrow away from him and resolved to take hold of the business and see what could be done. Tall, handsome, and only twenty, full of animal spirits and undamped ardor, he was a surprise to both his father and the Pine Flatters. Recognizing the ingratitude of those his father had befriended he took immediate and stringent means to make them pay up, and an occasional horse, cow or load of cordwood was diverted from the Flats to the yard at the back of the store. He knew nothing about business, but the Scotch instinct was there and by raising the price of the goods and paying less for produce he and his father at last got things on a paying basis. His spring needles in the counter reminded loungers that they must sit elsewhere and afforded him an occasional chance to suggest to a delinquent debtor that he was unforgotten. Notwithstanding his aggressive manner and superior education, which led to frequent assertions that he was too fresh, Dolph Alan was rather popular than otherwise. Those who

sneered at or insulted him had been promptly told to apologize or take a whipping, and he had never failed to get satisfaction either one way or the other. The girls of Pine Flats never tried to conceal their admiration of him, and even Sis Leroux, it was said, had fallen in love with him, though she had just come back from being educated in a city where her untutored but boastful brothers hinted that thousands of rich and fashionable suitors had sought her hand.

Janet—known to Pine Flats as Sis Leroux—had the grace and vivacity of manner and the splendid eyes of her father's French ancestors, but strangely yet strongly blended with the fascination of her face were the Scotch features inherited from her mother, a wise and good woman, who it was said had had just enough influence over Pirrie Leroux to keep him out of the penitentiary. Sis had not been happy since her return home. Nor was it strange. Her father idolized her in his rough and capricious way, publicly bragging of her accomplishments to his friends and retainers, but berating her privately because she had grown too stuck-up to love her father and brothers as she once did. He had refused an education to his half-dozen sons because it would spoil them, and they had grown up rude and grasping, or wild and drunken, in about equal proportions. He irritated and insulted her by using her as an illustration of the wisdom of his treatment of his sons, and in consequence she refused to even superintend the work of the large and tasteless house which stood bare and blistering on the hill above the Flats. To make matters worse Dolph Alan celebrated his return home and the opening of his business career by falling in love with her—a love which she reciprocated without the slightest pretense of concealment.

Pirrie Leroux was the victim of a disease which ocasionally prostrated him, and Mr. Alan had always noticed that during the attacks, which were dangerous and lasting, his old enemy showed signs of repentance. Ordinarily Leroux bought supplies for his house and lumber camps at the county town, but when sick he alleged inability to look after such purchases and bought largely and generously at the Corners, paying cash and asking no questions. He fell sick a week or so after Dolph's return and business from the Leroux family was pouring in. With the old man's recovery came suspicions of his daughter's preference and he, perhaps hoping to partially repair the wrong he had done and at the same time find a thrifty husband for Sis, continued his patronage. His men were given orders on the store instead of cash wages, and one evening when Dolph was at his house Leroux suggested that ten per cent. be added to the price of the goods given out on such orders and paid to him as commission. Dolph, without an instant's hesitation, spurned the scheme as dishonest and, during the heated controversy which arose, said it would be worse than highway robbery to take advantage of the poor and filch part of their earnings. Sis upheld him in his refusal to be a party to such a scheme and she was ordered off to bed and Dolph shown the door amidst a torrent of blasphemous abuse which robbed both of them of the last vestige of respect for the infuriated old man.

Next day the new store was spoken of and within a month was built and stocked, Gustav Leroux installed as manager, and a system of credit and underselling adopted which at once cut in two the profits of the old establishment. Alan senior supported his son in his refusal to adopt dishonest methods, even though their ruin was certain to be the result, and Sis continued to meet Dolph whenever and wherever opportunity offered.

CHAPTER II.

A year had passed and Dolph Alan sat pouring over his ledger while his father sat down to his late supper. And the loafers in the store discussed persons and things in a broad if not liberal way.

"Gustav Leroux is on another spree, ain't he?" queried a big red-headed lounger, who, sitting on a biscuit box and leaning back against the counter, had been trying to fill the ash pan of the stove with the extract of tobacco.

"No?" chorused a half-a-dozen others.

"Well, mebbe not, but he got home from town to-night fuller'n a tick, and swearin' this store'd be shet afore another sun up!" drawled Pete Lampman as he ejected an amber stream into the stove without losing his repose.

Dolph Alan looked up from his accounts and glared savagely at the speaker without remark, and an awkward silence ensued, broken at last by the clatter of a horse's hoofs and the entrance of a young man whose black and stiffly-waxed mustache, elegant riding suit and over polite address were quite a revelation to the inhabitants of Pine Flats.

"Is this Mr. Randolph Alan's store?" asked the new comer with a low bow which took in the whole audience but was specially directed to Dolph.

"Yes, sir," answered Dolph, promptly.

"And you are Mr. Pacaud, I presume?" inquired Alan senior, who had quietly entered from the rear.

"Yes, monsieur," replied the stranger with another low bow, "and here are my credentials."

Mr. Alan took the letter, adjusted his glasses, glanced over the sheet while the stranger looked curiously about him at the heterogeneous stock, carefully avoiding, however, the eyes of the loungers.

"Neighbors," began the store keeper, with white face but steady voice, "I am a bankrupt and I have assigned to Pacaud & Company, my most pressing creditors, and this gentleman—Mr. Roland Pacaud—takes possession of the store at once."

"Oh, I beg of you, monsieur, do not be so hasty," Mr. Pacaud began, his voice filled with insincere sympathy, "to-morrow will be quite soon enough, and perhaps some other way out of the trouble may be discovered."

"Thank you for your consideration, sir, but there is no other way. We have done all we can to put things in order. My son, sir!"

Mr. Pacaud extended his neatly gloved hand in recognition of the introduction and Dolph reluctantly accepted it. He already disliked Mr. Pacaud, but it is improbable that assignees are ever quite welcome to those whose premises they invade. Roland Pacaud bowed again and as he lifted his heavy eyelids he met the direct and honest gaze of Dolph Alan. For an instant they looked into each other's eyes; Roland Pacaud could not endure the contempt he saw in the face so squarely opposed to him, and dropped his gaze, while with the hand he disengaged from the clasp of young Alan he sought his watch, murmuring confusedly: "It is growing late and I have not dined. Would some one be good enough to direct me to the hotel?"

Mr. Pete Lampman responded with an alacrity he had never before shown in anybody's service, and bowing himself out with a promise to return and take possession an hour later Mr. Roland Pacaud retired at the heels of the awkward and fiery-headed Pete.

As the door slammed behind them Dolph Alan dropped back into his seat, Alan, sr., nervously pulled goods down from the shelves and replaced them. The loungers had vouchsafed no remarks. They were waiting for the storekeeper to make an explanation. The young man's gaze was fixed upon his father, and when he saw signs of a desire to say something he frowned, and catching the parental eye restrained the explanatory impulse. The silence was unbroken for several minutes, when Ephraim Wells, unable any longer to endure the strain, coughed, expectorated, blew his nose and remarked:

"Well, I'll be danged if this doesn't seem kinder darned sudden like!"

Alan, sr., continued to take down and replace pieces of dress stuff on the shelves; Alan, jr., was adding up a column of figures.

"Some of old Pirrie Leroux's work I should say!" ejaculated another occupant of a biscuit box.

Alan, sr., turned sharply round, his lips twitching but from behind the postoffice desk, gleamed a pair of steady blue eyes which silenced him. The telegraphic communication between father and son was not unnoticed, nor did the effect of the reference to Pirrie Leroux pass unremarked.

"Seems to me the time'll come when Pirrie Leroux'll get his dues from someone, somehow!" ventured Mr. Wells, who watched Alan, sr., for some recognition of his sympathy.

The slender white fingers fumbling with the tickets attached to the pieces of gingham and lustre trembled, but nothing was said.

"Mebbe, mebbe," sighed an old man with yellow whiskers, who sat upon a vinegar barrel in a dark corner, "but seems teh me as if reckrebushun was a ter'ble time comin'."

"I AM A THIEF, EH?" HISSED LEROUX.

The absence of any remarks from the Alans made the assembled Pine Flatters surrounding the stove feel uncomfortable. Nothing impresses ignorance like dignified silence. If the Alans had burst forth with railings against Leroux or Roland Pacaud, sympathy for them would have been slight, but silence upon the majority of them fell like the pall of an indescribable sorrow.

Ephraim Wells got up and bought six plugs of tobacco. Alan, sr., took his money and called out to his son, "Six plugs tobacco, twenty-five cents."

Dolph entered the amount in a freshly opened account but made no remark.

Mr. Wells passed a plug of his new purchase among the loungers, each of whom took a semi-circular section from the "black strap" without comment.

"I s'pose it's bin the other store," suggested Mr. Wells.

"Sure!" ejaculated the gentleman on the vinegar barrel.

Alan, sr., went over and whispered to his son, the eyes of the loungers following every movement.

Silence continued, yet not a lounger stirred from his place. It was evident that no movement would be made until Mr. Pacaud's return. Sensations were rare in Pine Flats and in the presence of one, with another perhaps impending, was a neighbor likely to go away and miss the particulars which for a month to come would furnish the text of all conversation?

It was half-past nine when the heavy iron latch was lifted and Roland Pacaud re-entered followed by Pirrie, Gustav and Gaspard Leroux and the none

too respectable company which had been idling in the bar-room of the village tavern and Leroux's store.

Alan, sr., was sitting with folded hands on the counter by the dress goods, which he had been examining and replacing. Alan, jr., was still studying his ledger.

Mr. Pacaud as he entered by a wave of his hand seemed to deprecate the presence of those who followed him but he received no salutation, even the loungers sat about the stove like mourners at a funeral.

After a moment of embarrassment Mr. Pacaud addressed Alan, sr.

"Well, monsieur, I have come for the key—at your suggestion of course, monsieur—for it might as well remain with you till the morning."

"Morning be ———" exclaimed Pirrie Leroux, roughly, "take the key now and be sure of your stuff!"

All trace of emotion was gone from the face of Alan, sr., as he straightened up and looked his old partner in the face.

"I am not a thief as you are, Pirrie Leroux; the goods will be safe till morning under any circumstance."

Never before had the people of Pine Flats heard Mr. Alan make an accusation against Leroux. Its sudden fierceness startled both them and the accused the slender, white-faced and white-haired man who glared defiance ae the lord of the village excited sympathy—sympathy more intense because in the absence of Leroux Alan had refused to bring any railing accusation. The loiterers from the tavern and "other store" did not understand this but they admired the old storekeeper and knew him to be an honest man.

Pirrie Leroux, short, broad-shouldered and clean shaven, for a moment was speechless with surprise, then striding over to the counter he reached out and caught the old store keeper by the shoulder. The old man did not retreat, though when he saw Leroux's hand darting towards him he shrunk as from an expected blow. Separated by the scratched and discolored counter they glared at each other, the hate of half a lifetime in the face of Pirre Leroux, the unutterable scorn every honest man feels for the betrayer of confidence, the prosperous sneak-thief of business, in the steady eyes of Mr. Alan.

"I am a tief, eh?" hissed Leroux.

"Yes, worse than a thief," answered Mr. Alan, calmly, "you are an infernal scoundrel. I made you honestly rich and you in return by your thievery made me poor."

Leroux dared not strike him. He knew the Pine Flatters, dishonest and worthless as they were, to be too manly to permit such an outrage. Livid and trembling with rage he gave vent to an uneasy laugh, and snarled out, "You are a fool," and roughly pushed Alan from him. The old man staggering back against the dress goods on the shelf answered with dignity, "Perhaps so. I at least was a fool to trust you, but I am not fool enough to be afraid of you now, thou coward!"

Mr. Pacaud endeavored to avert the rising storm by insisting upon Mr. Alan keeping the key until morning.

"I refuse, sir, to be responsible for the stock another hour though I thank you for your well-intentioned effort to show your confidence in me. If the store remains in my hands I may expect Pirrie Leroux to play the part of the burglar, as before now he has played that of the thief, and endeavor to injure my good name by removing whatever is valuable during the night.

Leroux answered with another harsh and villianous attempt at a laugh. "The old fool has gone mad, Monsieur Pacaud, his bankruptcy has made him lose what little of sense he had."

Young Alan, who had been watching Leroux lest he might strike his father, now interposed. "It is useless," he exclaimed, "to continue this recrimination. If all those who have no business here would be kind enough to go home we can easily arrange the matter with Mr. Pacaud."

The loungers rose from their seats and moved towards the door. The man with the yellow beard who had been sitting on the vinegar cask extended his hand to Mr. Alan with rude but sincere sympathy. "I am sorry to see you getting the worst of it, Mr. Alan, but we all know you'll do the square thing. Come on, fellers, let's get out!"

The loiterers from the tavern and "other store" showed less disposition to retire, but with the fine feeling for which one would scarcely have given them credit the loungers who had just vacated the biscuit boxes and nail kegs insisted on both factions retiring together. Pirrie Leroux objected.

"I am going to make an offer for the stock. I will give fifty cents on the dollar," but the man with the long yellow whiskers retorted that there would be plenty of time to-morrow and pushed the excited man before him through the door in which Dolph Alan sharply turned the key.

"Mr. Pacaud," said he, "you are doubtless fatigued by your journey. If you will see that the door leading into our house is securely barred I will put out the lights and you can lock the door from the outside. To-morrow, until this business is settled, it may be as well to keep the door locked or the store will be crowded with inquisitive loungers."

As the bolt was turned in the weather-stained and battered door the young man sighed. Handing the key to Mr. Pacaud with a quiet "Good-night," he said, "It seems like locking ourselves out of house and home. I do not care for myself but I hope you will be gentle with poor old father. His only thought in this trouble is that he may come out of it with an untarnished reputation."

CHAPTER III.

Settling the estate of Randolph Alan, general merchant, had already occupied six weeks and had not yet been completed. Mons. Roland Pacaud was in no hurry. He had just entered his father's business, he explained, with a gesture suggestive of the idea that work, as far as he was concerned, was very much of a joke, and he had only come to Pine Flats for the fun of a new experience. Alan, jr., protested that it was a very serious affair for his father and himself and one which they were exceedingly anxious to have settled. Pacaud smiled glitteringly, expressed regret that he had been so dilatory but continued to take his time. The unpleasantness of the experience was intensified by the intense dislike Alan, jr., felt for the showy and flippant Frenchman, who delighted in recounting alleged amours and sneering at women as the willing victims of lively young men "who have plenty of time and money to spend, you know."

"Indeed," Alan had answered him contemptuously, "I know nothing of the sort."

"No! Well, really!" smiled Pacaud, who thereupon related an incident of his Parisian life, "What do you think of that?"

"I think," replied Alan, sternly, "that if you are what you describe yourself to be, and this store were mine, not yours, I would kick you out of it."

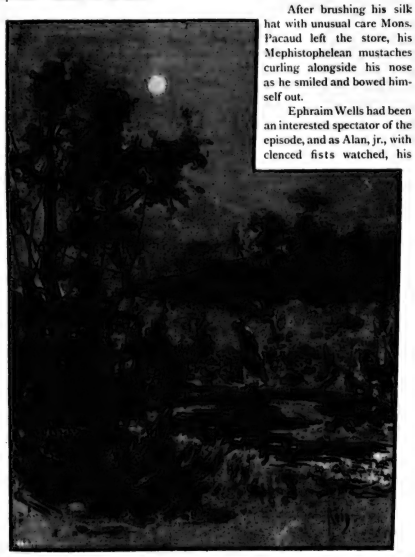
"How fortunate for me that your chivalric impulses are restrained by bankruptcy," sneered Pacaud. "If you had as much brains as muscle you might not now be a beggar."

"And if you had more conscience and less impudence you might be a gentleman," retorted Alan, hotly.

"Your opinion is unimportant," smiled Pacaud, with an insulting shrug of his shoulders. "If you stood as high commercially as you do in your own opinion I should not be here."

After brushing his silk hat with unusual care Mons. Pacaud left the store, his Mephistophelean mustaches curling alongside his nose as he smiled and bowed himself out.

Ephraim Wells had been an interested spectator of the episode, and as Alan, jr., with clenced fists watched, his



THE TRYSTING PLACE.

enemy retire, Mr. Wells coughed mildly, as if to call attention to the vinegar cask in the dark corner—a seat which from long occupancy had become the admitted right of the yellow-bearded Ephraim.

Dolph had forgotten his presence but the cough reminded him and in a hurried glance he discovered that Pete Lampman was also established on his reserved biscuit box beside the stove.

"Perty cockey sort of a feller, eh?" suggested Mr. Wells, interrogatingly.

"Hez reason teh be!" interjected Lampman, sententiously, possibly unaware that the remark had not been addressed to him.

"Fer why?" demanded Wells, sharply, anxious to show young Alan that he was not unsupported.

"Fer why?" repeated Lampman, ejecting a quid of tobacco without moving a muscle, except those connected with his capacious mouth.

"Fer every why. He's richer'n anyone round here, hansummer, an' fer's I kin learn is gunto marry Sis Leroux!"

Dolph knew where these shafts were intended to strike and was doubly angered because he felt the wounds. Roland Pacaud had been the guest of Pirrie Leroux since the day following his arrival at Pine Flats.

Though Dolph was not of a jealous disposition he oftentimes in the misery of separation from Sis and her enforced companionship of Pacaud could not avoid the passing fear that the son of the bankrupt storekeeper might be replaced

in her heart by the gallant who had every opportunity to gain her ear and was unscrupulous enough to unfairly use his advantage.

Had not Sis wet his cheeks with her tears when last they met, as she told him of her unhappiness and begged him to take her away from the tyranny and abuse of her violent father? Now that she had a comforter so near at hand and so well equipped with what passed for masculine fascinations, was it not natural for her to be attracted to him? In the misery of the thought he wrote a note asking her to meet him at the fallen tree by the creek. Chance brought him the little lad who had always been his messenger and with ill-concealed excitement he awaited an answer.

She had gone out driving with Mr. Pacaud, the lad whispered on his return, but he would give her the note on her return. The whisper was not lost on Pete Lampman, and though he failed to catch the import of it he turned the matter over in his mind until he arrived at a reasonably correct theory—a theory which was imparted to Mr. Pacaud at the earliest possible moment.

The creek ran through the rough pasture field adjoining the farm buildings of Pirrie Leroux. Its banks were steep and stony where a narrow channel had been worn by the stream before it plunged over the rocks into the Flats. By the waterfall, beneath the hill, a tree had fallen across the little stream, and elder bushes and willows clustering about the uplifted roots formed an arbor where those sitting upon the gnarled trunk would be hidden from sight. It had the advantage of being approachable from three different directions, each hidden from the other, and hitherto Dolph and Sis had often met and parted without detection.

CHAPTER IV.

The moon an hour ago had silvered the falling waters and was now shining down through the elder bushes upon poor disconsolate Dolph, who, with his face buried in his hands, sat there—alone. Between his fingers a tear was slowly trickling down as his misfortunes weighed upon his heart and loneliness wore out the brave hopes which the promised meeting had excited.

Slowly across the stream on the fallen tree stole a slight figure, strangely robed in a black shawl which to enable her to walk along the slender beech trunk was gathered away from feet and ankles which gleamed ivory white in the moonlight. Dolph had gathered the elder stems together when he entered the trysting place, that no chance passer-by might discover him, and as she separated the twigs his dejected attitude was revealed to her, even the tear gleaming on the back of his hand like a jewel flashed upon her. Carefully she released the entwined twigs, buried in his misery he heard nothing till kneeling on the trunk of the tree she threw her arms about his neck and lifting his face to hers kissed him and caressed him without restraint.

As if an angel had come to comfort him Dolph, unable to comprehend, had sprung to his feet, the kneeling figure still clinging to him.

"Sis! Is it you—at last?" he gasped, catching her in his arms.

"Yes, dear, help me up. The bark hurts my knees. Isn't it frightful—for—for—do you know, Randie, I haven't got anything on but a shawl and my night gown!" Her tone was serio-comic, but a pathetic something stirred him to the heart.

"You'll catch your death, Sweetheart," he cried, pulling off his coat and throwing it over her shoulders.

"Yes, dear, if father hears of this I will—perhaps I ought to, but I don't care. I love you, Randie, and I had to come, and it was come this way or not come at all, so you'll forgive me, won't you, dear?" she was clinging tightly to him and she spoke as one who was not afraid.

"Forgive you, darling! I was just wondering if I could forgive you if you didn't come!"

"Was that what made the tear roll down through your fingers on to the back of your hand, Randie?—you were thinking how miserable I must be," she whispered, as she lifted the brown hand to her lips and kissed it.

"Yes—no—I don't know!" he stammered. "I guess I was thinking how unhappy I was and selfishly crying over my own miseries, forgetful of yours."

"You couldn't be selfish, Randie," she whispered, nestling close to him, "you are so noble, no honorable, so brave, oh I love you so, so, so awful much it frightens me," with each adverb she gave him a hug with all her might and then began to cry.

"Why does it frighten you, dearest," he asked as he tried to kiss away the tears from her uplifted face.

"Because," she sobbed, "you and your father are so good and honorable and we are so bad!"

"But you are not bad, you are the sweetest and lovliest girl on earth, so many, many times purer and better than I am, to me you are an angel."

"Don't say that, Randie dear. I can't believe it. I am a Leroux and you know they are all bad, so bad that I wonder how it was we had so good a mother. And father! oh Randie, I shudder when I think that you must sometimes ask yourself if I am not as bad as he is?"

"Hush, Sweetheart," whispered Dolph, tenderly. "You are not to blame for his sins!"

"No, dear," she cried, slipping from his arms and clasping his face with her trembling little hands, "but he is my father, and you must sometimes think I inherit some of his bad, bad blood, and that I may be false and treacherous as he was to your father. Do you never doubt me, Randie?" she whispered, solemnly, as she drew his face closer to hers and looked into his eyes. "Never, Randie, never? Never think I may cease to love you or—or marry somebody else?'

Dolph's honest eyes looked straight into her's and she was almost reassured when with an absolute truthfulness, which was really misleading, he told her of what he had heard, and that for a moment he had feared she might like Mr. Pacaud because he was near her and might misrepresent affairs at the store, and perhaps lead her to believe there had been dishonesty or trickery in the business.

She folded her hands tightly in her lap and sat for a moment in silence. "Did you," she began "think I might forsake you because you were poor and that man was rich?"

"No, darling, I did not, though I felt I could not blame you if you did." His arm tightened about her waist but she did not respond. "Do not think I doubted you, Sweetheart, I only doubted myself," he insisted. "I do not believe in ghosts yet for an instant I thought you were a spirit when you threw those dear arms around me to-night. It is not the thought which flashes through the disturbed mind but the thought we entertain and nurse which can be called a doubt."

"What made you doubt me, Randie, if it was not on account of father?" She spoke slowly and her face was still uplifted, and the moon shone brightly into her glorious eyes and on the strong, almost classic features of her Scotch mother, while the solemnity of her thoughts banished the vivacity of her father's race from her countenance.

"I swear to you, Sweetheart, I never thought of an inherited taint, that I never even doubted you, though I was miserable when Tootie Lampman, who works at your place, told in the store how beautifully Mr. Pacaud sang duets with you, and what stories he told of the splendid home he had in Montreal, and how he went to Paris every year and—and everything, Sissie sweet, you know, that would be apt to please a girl who if she married me would have to work so hard. Then when you went out driving with him, I hated him because he was where I wanted to be and I was unhappy, but only for a moment, darling. In another instant I remembered that you loved me and that made all the difference."

Sis relented. A woman is never sorry to know that her lover believes every other man in love with her so long as such an opinion does not make him act like a simpleton But in her heart she had nursed a fear of his distrusting her on account of the notorious dishonor of which her father and brothers had been guilty. She had heard her father make a dishonorable proposal to her lover, and had seen the scorn with which he had refused to listen. She even feared that her readiness to defend her lover suggested a disloyalty to her father which might excite his contempt

PETE LAMPMAN SKULKED AWAY THROUGH THE HOT NIGHT.

"Did you think, Randie dear," she asked with a quick, disdainful smile "that I could endure that nasty, greasy Pacaud, with his everlasting smile and bold insulting eyes? I detest him but——" and she dropped her face till her cheek rested on Dolph's shoulder, "I have been enduring him for your sake. I thought he might try to be a gentleman in order to please me, but I suppose he has found it impossible. How does he act?"

"He is not a gentleman, Sissie, do not speak of him. We hate each other. Did you have any trouble getting out to-night?"

"Did I?" cried Sis, with a low, rippling laugh, and an arch look at her lover. "Do you suppose I would be here in my night dress and shawl if I had had a chance to put on anything else?"

Dolph blushingly explained that her garb had suggested a question, which delicacy had forbidden him to make more direct.

"Father is sick again, you know, and he makes me sleep in the room next to his, and he had all my clothes locked up after I undressed for fear I might go out to see you. So I hid a shawl under the veranda and slipped out of the window and ran with all my might to meet you, and was so sorry I was late when I saw you sitting here all alone!"

"Is your father very sick this time?" inquired Dolph, who was turning over in his mind the possibilities of Sis' absence being discovered.

"Yes, terribly bad last night but better to-day. Say, Randie dear, is forgery a very serious thing to do?"

"Very serious? Well, I should say so, Sissie. It means penitentiary if it is found out. Why do you ask?"

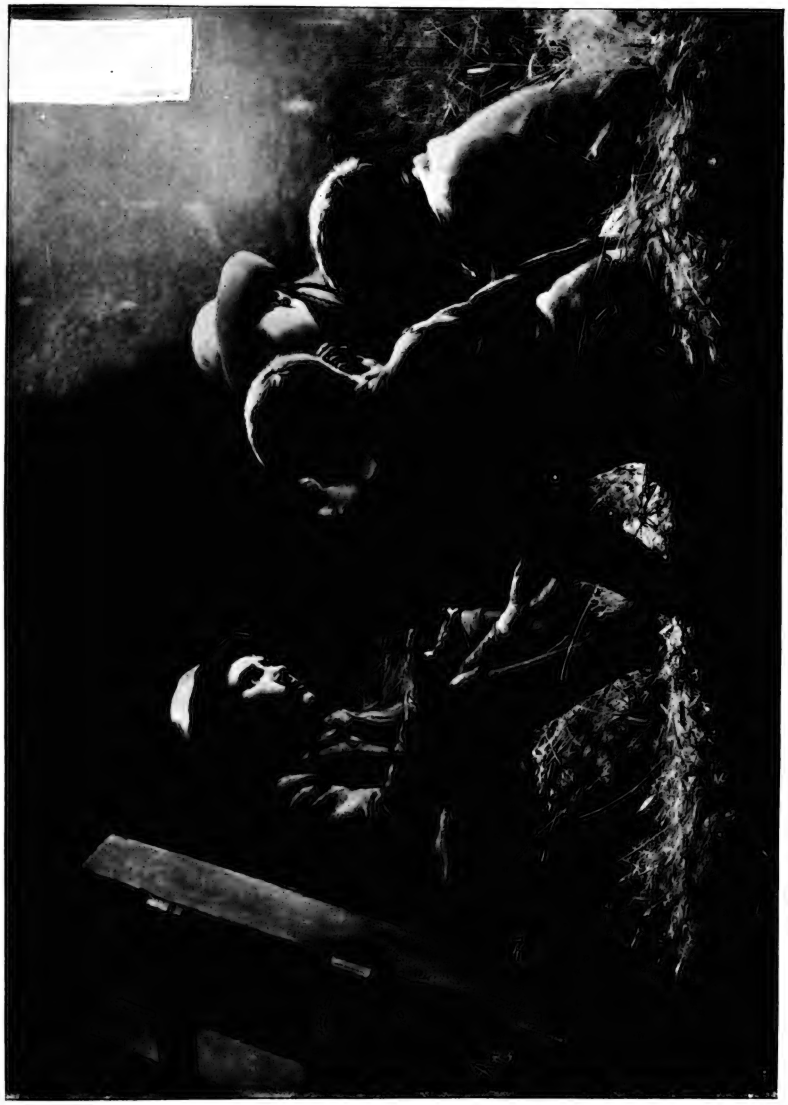
Sis, sorry that she had spoken lest her lover might think still worse of her family, hesitated for a moment and then with faltering indefiniteness answered: "It was that which made father sick, some of the boys did it, I think, and he got in a rage. Dolph is home—brother Dolph—the one who

(Continued on page 17.)

EVENING IN CAMP.

MORTGAGING THE HOMESTEAD.

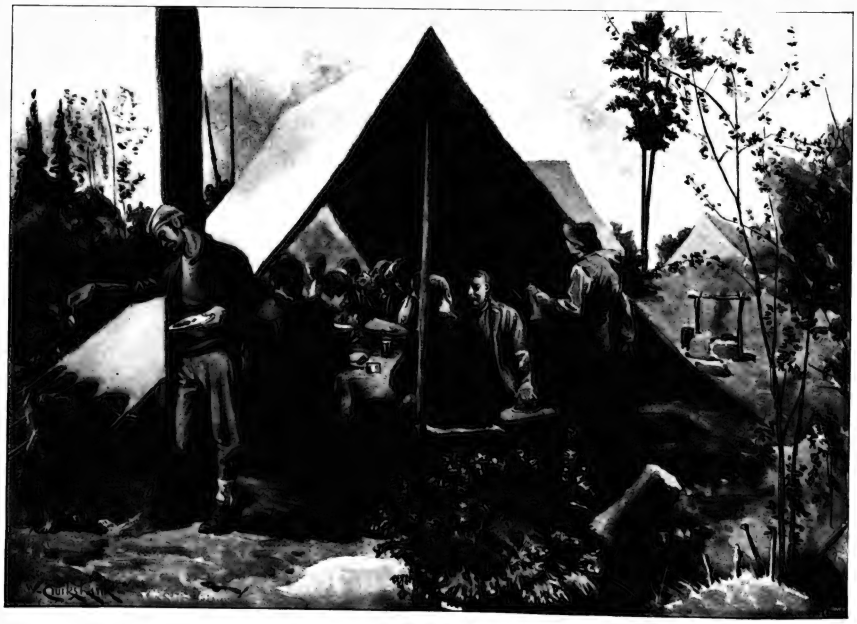
From the painting by G. A. Reid.



THE STORY.

From the painting by G. A. Reid, owned by Mr. E. B. Osler

LISTENING TO THE SILENCE.



THE DINING TENT.

Where Roads Meet.

(Continued from page 12.)

makes me dislike the name so that I can't call you by it? He is going into the store instead of Gus. He says he will have your store, too. Are you going away, Randie?"

"Not without you, my darling? My poor little bird. I shall never leave Pine Flats without you, if you will come."

"I will come, Randie, if you will take me, no matter what we may endure, it cannot be worse than I suffer now. If father finds out I have been away from my room and raises a row I will come up to the store to you. May I?"

"What joy it would give me, Sis. I almost wish he may find out?"

"It is too soon, Randie. I must go home, I might catch cold. Don't ever think I forget you. Every night since we last met I have lain awake wondering what great thing I might do to make you sure I love you. Oh! Randie love, you are sure you love me, that nothing shall ever come between us?"

She clung to him, sobbing on his breast, and then with a shower of kisses she left him, ran across the log and up the hill, he trembling for her bare feet, and hardly able to restrain himself from following.

A few moments later and he skirted the hill towards the highway. It was not five minutes afterwards that Pete Lampman slid down from a big willow across the creek and skulked away through the hot night to his shanty across the Flats.

CHAPTER V.

As the early glory of the summer sun peeped through the brown boles of the trees silhouetted on the hills above Pine Flats, Pete Lampman leaned upon the rickety fence in front of his cabin still turning over in his mind the problem of how best to utilize the knowledge he had gained the night before. He had a grudge against Dolph Alan, he hated Pirrie Leroux, indeed his nature was of the mean sort which cherishes dislikes but has no room for love. He envied Roland Pacaud but had found him a liberal employer. He would tell him the story of the tryst at the foot of Leroux's Falls, and the recital of it should bring him a five-dollar bill at least, and at the same time injure those whom he hated. The sun rose high over the Flats silvering the spray which, with the dew, had drenched the elder bushes and made more brilliant the deep purple berries which hung over the roots of the fallen tree. Pete Lampman smiled grimly as he thought of the fury of Leroux when he found out that Sis had met young Alan, and his smile grew into a grin with a realizing sense of Pacaud's humiliation that the son of the insolvent store-keeper could be his successful rival for the love of the village belle. Then, too, the episode would make both Leroux and Pacaud the implacable enemies of the Alans, and three of his hated neighbors would be injured by one blow.

Lampman had been Pacaud's groom, and when the Montreal exquisite came out to take his afternoon ride Pete told him the whole story, with several sinister innuendoes by way of embellishment—innuendoes which made the unclean Pacaud resolve that Sis was not what she ought to be. His interest in Pine Flats and its people had always been of the contemptuous sort, his love of power and an opportunity to persecute being the chief charms of his sojourn. The morning mail had brought him a deposit slip for ten thousand dollars, and a letter from the banker at the county town stating that this amount was at the credit of Randolph Alan for the payment of his debts, which having been thus discharged would close all accounts against him and leave him with his store free from debt. Mr. Alan's benefactor chose to conceal his name but already the accounts had been closed and to-morrow he, Roland Pacaud, would be forced to say good-bye to Pine Flats and Sis Leroux. His attempts to win the heart of his host's daughter had been a failure. Dolph Alan, the insolent villager, had worsted him at every turn and he, the son of a millionaire, must leave the poverty stricken Flats a defeated man, for now he would not marry Sis, even if she could be made to consent.

Sharply turning his horse about he rode back, and Pirrie Leroux was soon possessed of the story which Roland Pacaud felt it his "duty" to confide in him.

To no one was the check for ten thousand dollars a greater surprise than to the white-haired old man and his son, who were by it lifted from beggary to an assured position. While taking the stock tickets from the goods and rearranging the store they talked cheerfully, even hilariously over their prospects, stopping every now and then to wonder what kind friend had done so much for them. Relatives in the Old Country were suggested, but the Alans knew that sufficient time had hardly elapsed for the news to reach the old land, and even if such opportunity had been afforded they could think of no one whose generosity would have been equal to the occasion. Dolph Alan watched with pleasure the alacrity with which his aged father ran forward to wait upon the casual customer and his eyes filled with tears of thankful joy that his father's life, no longer threatened by the shame of bankruptcy, would be closed in the small prosperity which seemed to satisfy him. Thoughts of Sis Leroux and his changed prospects made his own heart lighter, while memory of the loyal heart and shrinking figure which had nestled in his arms the night before made him sing merrily little bars of the old campus songs, songs which were the last memory of his light-hearted days. Almost before they knew it the beams of the setting sun were struggling through the dusty windows and he twice reminded his father that their servant had announced that tea was ready. Alone and sitting on a stool before the door Dolph Alan was recalling with wonder and supreme happiness the events of the day when Roland Pacaud and Pirrie Leroux entered the room. Their coming seemed to him an evil omen and with a sinking heart and a tremor in his voice he asked them, as he rose from his seat, how he could serve them.

Without a word of explanation they seated themselves upon the counter opposite to him and Leroux began:

"Well, young feller, I s'pose you're feelin' pretty good, eh? think you hev yer business all right, eh? Yes, I s'pose so. You young fellers often think everything is all right when everything is all wrong."

Dolph leaning against the counter opposite to them put on a bold front though he knew he was destined to hear some evil news.

"I don't know, Mr. Leroux," said he, cheerfully, "that things can be wrong. After all our debts are paid and we have the business again in our own hands I think we will get along nicely, and I can't see how anyone can make that all wrong even if they tried."

Leroux slipped from the counter and turned the key in the door. Resuming his place, a sinister sneer upon his face, he asked: "Do you know who paid the ten thousand dollars?"

"No," answered Dolph, "and as it has been paid I don't know as I very much care. Even if it had not been paid I would have felt content. It is only for my father's sake that it made me so happy."

"Well, I will tell you who paid that money. It was my daughter Sis, and she forged my name to the check to pay it."

Like a sudden douche of ice-water there came to Dolph's memory the question Sis had asked the night before, if forgery were a very serious thing, and he dropped inert and sickened upon the stool behind him.

"Yes, it was Sis, and I am willing if you will no longer seek to marry her to make no trouble about it; more, young feller, I will not disturb your father in the business which he thinks is his, if you will go away and leave my daughter to marry this gentleman here—Mr. Roland Pacaud. If you don't go, rather than have her marry the son of my enemy I will put her in prison for the rest of her life and will drive you and your father beggars in the street and have it said that you conspired with a weak woman to commit a crime."

Pacaud was sitting on the counter looking somewhat cynically at Leroux as he spoke. Then as his eyes fell upon the cowering figure of poor Dolph, who, overwhelmed by this threatened disgrace and the terrible consequences which

"SIS SIGNED THE CHECK," HE GASPED.

might ensue to his sweetheart, sat speechless, his face buried in his hands, Pacaud was about to speak when Leroux continued:

"Make up your mind, now, young feller. and I will give you the forged check; you can take it and begone. When your father comes out from his supper I will tell him that you have left for his good and will not see him again until my daughter is married to Mr. Pacaud."

"Pardon, Monsieur Leroux! Vous ne me comprenez pas. Je n'ai à ce moment aucune intention de marier votre fille, et je vous dis celà de manière à ce que nous n'ayons pas de querelles malgrès que vous pouvez user cette menàce pour intimider ce jeune idiot."

"What," screamed Leroux, "you don't intend to marry my daughter?"

"Chut! homme violent! Vous ruinez tous vos plans en vous retournant ainsi sur moi."

Trembling with rage the old man sprang from the counter and seized Pacaud by the collar. "You would jilt her before this young cub! You lying scoundrel, I'll have your life."

Seizing a heavy weight from the scales the old lumberman threw back his arm as if to strike his prisoner in the face, but Dolph sprang and caught the upraised hand as Pacaud threw himself backward over the counter. Sis had been the pride of Pirrie Leroux's life, and even while he tormented her and sneered at her accomplishments his busy and unscrupulous brain had been teeming with plans for her social advancement. He despised his sons, who were as villianous as himself without being as clever. Sis he had respected because she was good, and even when her goodness had been a constant reproach to him, and her firmness had reminded him of a stability of character which his sons lacked, she grew in his love and esteem. When a couple of days previously Roland Pacaud had spoken to him of his desire to marry his daughter he felt that his ambitions were about to be realized, and that Sis might yet be the belle of a proud circle, a term which meant to him more than it could mean to those who understand how much a woman must win to gain a proud place even if possessed of beauty

and wealth. His surprise and rage when Pacaud whispered in French that he had no intention of marrying his daughter was uncontrollable, and frothing at the mouth he struggled with young Alan to reach his adversary and beat out his brains with the weight in his hands. At last, sinking upon the stool he leaned in his faintness against the counter, his old disease brought back upon him by his paroxysm of passion. The check he claimed had been forged dropped to the floor and Dolph picking it up offered to restore it to him. "Keep it," gasped the old man, "it is yours. Take me home."

Putting the check in his pocket and hastily unlocking the door he found a neighbor and together they carried poor old Leroux to his house. After they had laid him upon his bed and the pain had momentarily subsided he asked for a priest and the doctor, for whom a swift horseman was quickly dispatched. They came none too soon for the life of the grasping old lumberman was nearing its end and with its closing hours came that repentance which had so frequently marked during his illnesses his conduct towards the Alans. Sis, who in an agony of fear had been weeping and praying in her room since her father, before going up to the store, had accused her of the forgery, was summoned to the bedside of the dying man and there found her lover supporting her father, whose labored breathing and distorted face announced the coming end.

"Sis signed the check," he gasped, "but I told her too." Then after a struggle for breath—"She did not know who it was for!"

The doctor hastily wrote a will, which the old man signed and Father Murphy witnessed, leaving all his property to his only daughter save the farms and store occupied by his sons.

Now Pirrie Leroux's wealth is no longer invested in Pine Flats and the northern lumber woods. Its possessors live where their happiness is not embittered by the envy of neighboring misery, and Alan's store, though perhaps not the story of its owner's failure, has disappeared from "The Place Where Roads Meet."

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD.

On a Summer Shore.

Long years are gone, and yet it seems but scarce an hour ago,
I lay upon a moss-grown rock and watched the ebb and flow
Of wavelets, where cool shades above glassed in cool depths below.

You stood beside me, sweet and fair, a basket on your arm,
Red-heaped with luscious fruit we'd picked down at the old shore-farm.
You stood, and in the shore-wood made a picture glad and warm.

Like heaving pearl, the blue-bay rocked against its limestone wall.
In far-off, reeling dreams of blue the heavens seemed to fall
About the world, and there you stood, unconscious, queen of all.

From far-off fields the low of kine, soft bird-notes, airy streams,
That stole in here, far, broken notes of all the day's hushed dreams
And you, a slender shaft of light in all the world's wide gleams.

We spoke no love, yours was a girl's and mine a boy's faint heart.
You little dreamed, in your hushed mood, you played so glad a part
In all the beauty of the world that seemed Godward to start.

We spoke no love, for I was shy and you were shyer, then.
'Twas but a moment, love's ripe lore lay still outside our ken.
But such sweet moments are full rare in barren years of men.

And often when the heart is worn and life grows wearywise,
I dream again a blue north bay, a gleam of summer skies.
And by my side a young girl stands with heaven in her eyes.

You are a dream, a face, a wraith, you drift across my pain.
I lock you in my sacred past where all love's ghosts remain,
But life holds naught for me so sweet as you can bring again.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

The Idlers.

The sun's red pulses beat
Full prodigal of heat,
Full lavish of its lustre unrepressed,
But we have drifted far
From where his kisses are,
And in this landward-lying shade we let our paddle rest.

The river deep and still,
The maple mantled hill,
The little yellow beach whereon we lie,
The puffs of heated breeze,
All sweetly whisper these
Are days that only come in a Canadian July.

So silently we two
Lounge in our still canoe,
Nor fate nor fortune matters to us now—
So long as we alone
May call this dream our own—
The breeze may die, the sail may droop, we care not when or how.

Aga inst the thwart near by
Inactively you lie,
And all too near my arm your temple bends,
Your indolently crude
Abandoned attitude
Is one of ease and art with which a perfect languor blends.

Your costume loose and light
Leaves unconcealed your might
Of muscle so exquisitely defined,
And falling well aside,
Your vesture opens wide
Above your splendid sun-burnt throat that pulses unconfined.

With easy unreserve,
Across the gunwale's curve
Your arm superb is lying brown and bare.
Your hand just touches mine
With import firm and fine
(I kiss the very wind that blows about your tumbled hair.)

Ah! Dear, I am unwise
In echoing your eyes
Whenever they leave their far-off gaze and turn
To melt and blur my sight,
For every other light
Is servile to your cloud-gray eyes wherein cloud-shadows burn.

But once, the silence breaks,
But once, your ardor wakes
To words that humanize this lotus land,
So perfect and complete
Those eager words and sweet,
So perfect is the single kiss your lips lay on my hand.

Has destiny a bliss,
A counterpart of this
Wild flame your kiss has left upon my palm?
Does heat respond to heat?
Does fire with fervor meet?
Or does a storm tempestuous but image empty calm?

Ah! no, the fading day
Encores our will to stay,
And dies with passion in its afterglow,
With hearts to pay the cost,
For you and I have lost
More than the homeward blowing winds that died an hour ago.

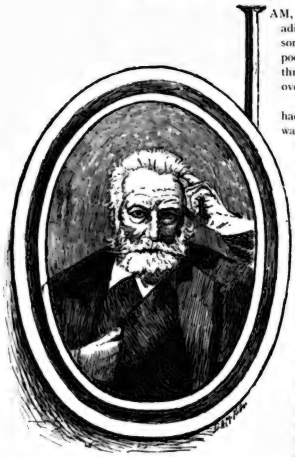
E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Habit Is a Second Nature

Hostess—What is the matter with Mr. Shortcash? He seems to be hunting for something beside his plate.

De Guest—Oh, don't notice him, pray. He is a little absent-minded and thinks he should find a lunch ticket there.

With Victor Hugo.



I AM, perhaps, the only Canadian who has ever personally met the marvellous poet whose genius has thrown such brilliancy over our century.

At the time when I had this honor the world was ringing with his name. He had returned to France as a conqueror after twenty years of exile which had surrounded his brow with the halo of the martyrs and prophets; growing old in the austerity of his work he was cherished by his grand-children, idolized by his Paris, welcomed by France and acknowledged by the whole world.

They said of him that he had *entré tout vivant dans l'immortalité* and they who saw, even from afar off, the marvellous old man whom Chateaubriand named *l'enfant sublime* at the age of twelve, bent their heads in reverence and admiration.

I had been in Paris for some weeks during the summer of 1880, and the constant chorus of the literary celebrities with whom I was thrown in contact was, "Have you seen Victor Hugo?" "You must see Victor Hugo." "Do not miss seeing Victor Hugo."

One day Eugene Manuel the poet, who now demands for a second time his entrée to the Academy, insisted, "You have so good an opportunity that you will never forgive yourself if you pass it by. There are not two Victor Hugos in the world and unfortunately he cannot be with us long now. Besides, every one cannot see him, however much they may wish. I never saw him myself until I was a candidate for the Academy. Your position will open his doors without importunity. Ask for an audience and go any evening after dinner at ten."

Paul Feval charged me with a message for the Master: "Whisper to him from me that he is the Colossus of the century even though he is a great scoundrel." (In France, more than any other country perhaps, all those who do not think with you on certain points are *scoundrels*, neither more nor less.) So, without however promising to deliver the last part of my commission, I decided to ask for the interview.

I accordingly wrote a short note in which I did my best to unite whatever qualities of style I possessed with a seemly brevity, and it was not without a certain nervousness that I traced on the envelope:

à Victor Hugo,
130 Avenue d'Eylau.

On my return from an excursion in Berri, a few days later, I found on my table the following:

"SIR, I am requested by M. Victor Hugo to say that you will be welcome any day which may suit your convenience at 10 o'clock in the evening.

"Receive, etc.,
"RICHARD LESCLIDE."

That same evening my cab deposited me at the door of the poet. The house, which is now a museum, is not particularly imposing. It is not large, but tastefully constructed, and although built close to the street has a spacious garden on one side and at the rear.

I looked at my watch, it was just ten o'clock, and although I bravely pulled the bell-handle the tinkle within found an echo in the depths of my heart. A thousand different feelings swept over me. I was about to meet that extraordinary man whose great conceptions had so often awakened my youthful enthusiasm. I was about to touch that hand which had sent its incomparable work to the four corners of the earth. I was about to see that face crowned with honor and with years upon which genius had set her imperishable seal. I was to see Victor Hugo, to hear his voice, to speak to him. What should I say? My heart beat wildly, and I had an insane desire to run away when the door opened:

"M. Victor Hugo?"

"He is still at table," answered the pretty maid, "but will monsieur be pleased to come in?"

And while the maid disappeared with my card I saw through a half-opened door on my left two ladies in deep mourning who seemed to be in tears.

The maid returned smiling, "Monsieur requests that you will be good ough to go into the drawing-room, he will be with you in a moment."

And raising a heavy curtain she ushered me into the salon. I was alone but could hear the murmur of voices in animated discussion from the dining-room.

The salon of the poet was a long, narrow room, furnished in a manner new to me. Everything was in red; the walls were hung with red satin, the curtains were of the same material, the mantel was draped in red velvet picked out with gold, the chairs were covered in red, and red flowers strewed the white ground of the carpet. Against this brilliant background the crystal chandelier and side lights, and the white and gold of the furniture stood out in strong contrast.

Between the salon and the dining-room was a large recess without doors, and through this appeared the Master.

He moved a little heavily but with his head upright, having on his arm his old friend Madame Drouet, another of those loved ones whom the "old man venerable" was to see pass away before him.

Several guests followed, among whom I remarked another lady, a brunette, probably Madame Dorian, Auguste Vacquerie, Paul Meurice, Eugene Lokroy, whom I knew from their familiar portraits, and last of all a young man whom I supposed to be the secretary, M. Richard Lesclide.

Every one knows the personality of Victor Hugo, his regular, thoughtful features, his grand forehead, crowned by his short, upright hair, white as snow, his gracious mouth breathing a benevolent fellowship, and his short beard as silvery as his hair. In height he was about five feet eight inches, and the years sat lightly on his square, massively-built figure. His portraits are as a rule most faithful, but photography and engravings fail of course to render the coloring I had expected to see a dull, olive complexion, pale, at all events, but I was mistaken. Victor Hugo, who thoroughly enjoyed good cheer, had the ruddy face of healthy humanity, however shocking such a condition may be to the popular impression of the etherial setting necessary for the poetic mind.

He approached me with his hand out-stretched, but just as I was about to reply to his greeting one of the ladies in mourning whom I had seen on coming in, entered hurriedly and threw herself on her knees between us, sobbing bitterly. He bent over her, raised her tenderly and asked what she desired. Her sobs prevented her replying so he led her into the dining-room from whence we heard amid the exclamations of the poor woman the deep and sympathetic voice of the poet: "Calm yourself, calm yourself, my dear madame, we will see to it all."

Above all men in Paris Victor Hugo was the one to whom the unfortunate appealed.

This incident had for a moment interrupted the chatter of the guests, which began again the moment after.

The little dark lady exclaimed, "I cannot properly conceive *Monsieur* Victor Hugo, to me it's absurd."

"And why?" asked some one.

"But does any one say *Monsieur* Voltaire?"

"Ah! that's different."

"Not at all, Victor Hugo is as great as Voltaire."

"That's true, but——"

"Ah! you may say what you like, one should not call Victor Hugo *Monsieur*, it is too Philistine, you put him on a level with every one else."

"But, excuse me, madame——"

"It's useless, I say."

"You admit, however, that Victor Hugo may be an ordinary person to certain people?"

"I am sorry for them."

"As much as you like, but there are two men in the poet, Victor Hugo for the public, but *Monsieur* Victor Hugo for the washerwoman."

"Let us see, monsieur," said the little lady turning to me, "you are an American?"

"Yes, madame, from Canada."

"What do you say at home, Victor Hugo or *Monsieur* Victor Hugo?"

"Really, madame," I began without an idea of what I was to make of it, "I asked for *Monsieur* Victor Hugo in speaking to the maid at the door, but it was for the first time in my life. But you must remember that in America we haven't the fortune to possess the washerwoman of the poet."

"There!"

"Well, that's it certainly."

"Of course, just as I said."

"Ah, no! not at all."

"Excuse me."

"Ah, no! let me see——"

"Allow me, allow me, please——"

"Excuse me."

And so on, and so on, in a perfect flood. Every one talking at the same time. My effort instead of cutting the knot had only tangled it worse than ever. I hardly knew how to take it when the grand figure of the poet reappeared in the passage, framed in the light from the dining-room behind.

"Come," I whispered to myself, "courage!" For the fact is even then I would willingly have turned and fled. To add to my embarassment the great poet came up and said in his kindly voice:

"And you, monsieur, what can I do to serve you?" A blow in the face could hardly have put me more out of countenance.

"Pardon me," I stammered, "I am not asking anything, I only desired to present——"

But here my imposing interlocutor bent his head down and raised his hand to his ear. He had not heard a word! A cold perspiration broke out on my forehead, I would have to repeat my inanities before all these people. However in the midst of my trouble an idea flashed across me, and I drew from my pocket the note written by M. Lesclide.

"Ah!" he said, "you are a fellow poet. Excuse my mistake, that scene has quite upset me."

And then taking me cordially by the hand and with a graceful gesture, including his guests, he said most graciously:

"You are at home here. If my house be not open to every one, you are among those who are ever welcome. I see you are from Canada, our old colony.

"Yes."

"We made a terrible loss there. The folly of Louis XV lost us half America. There are a large number of descendants of the French among you, are there not?"

"More than two millions.

"Indee l? And how long have you lived there?"

"I was born there. I am a descendant of the early settlers. You have done me the honor to write to me personally, once in 1863 from Guernesey and again three years ago, through your colleague in the senate, M. Laurent-Pichat."

"I have it now. I remember, I remember. I occasionally lose the connection of these details. Ah, America! I would have liked to have seen it. There were legendary heroes there. But I have never had the time to travel."

"Your works have traveled for you, my Master. They have won you devoted friends in both hemispheres, friends," I added, gaining confidence, "who would willingly travel could they obtain the honor I now enjoy."

"The fact is, I am almost forced to shut myself up. I have not yet finished my work, and at my age time presses."

"A thousand thanks for having made an exception for me, sir; this interview will certainly be the remembrance of my life."

"You have only to repeat it if it gives you pleasure," said Victor Hugo, kindly.

I had neither the time nor the courage to profit by his invitation. After some minutes' conversation of a more or less personal nature I rose to say farewell to the great poet. He led me to the door of the salon. I still see his white hand, with its strong, tapering fingers, drawing back the portiere of red satin.

A few minutes later I was treading the Champs Elysées my head tingling with a thousand tumultuous thoughts. No other man in the world could have given me a tithe of such impressions. I could then understand the verses of Jean Richepin singing of his first visit to Victor Hugo:

"Il me semble, ce soir, que le boulevard bleu
Bordé de becs de gaz, es tun chemin d'étoiles
Et que celui chez que je vais, c'est le bon Dieu."

LOUIS FRECHETTE.

Indian Summer.

HAT touch hath set the breathing hills afire
With amethyst, to quench them with a tear
Of ecstasy! These common fields appear
The consecrated home of hopes past number!
So many visions, so entranced a slumber,
Such dreams possess the noonday's luminous sphere,
That earth, content with knowing heaven so near,
Hath done with aspiration and desire!

In these unlooked-for hours of Truth's clear reign
Unjarring fitness hath surprised our strife.
This radiance that might seem to cheat the view
With loveliness too perfect to be true,
But shows this vexed and self-delusive life
Ideals whereto our Real must attain!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Chicago Still Ahead.

Mrs. West—I prefer wedding presents to the kind folks usually give at Christmas.

Mrs. East—So do I; but we don't get them as often as the Christmas ones, you know."

Mrs. West—Oh, yes we do out where I live—in Chicago.

No Food Was Allowed to Waste.

Mrs. O'Rourke—Do you kape a pig, Mrs. McGlaggerty?

Mrs. McGlaggerty—Naw. The perlaceman on our bate visits me dahter.

Cathedral Peak.

(THE ROCKIES.)

Eastward, the limitless undulating ocean
Of wind-swept grass and golden, rocking grain
Below the hurrying river—Nature's lotion
Speeding to lave the sunbeat swooning plain,
Leaping from ledge to ledge in white commotion,
Speaking in thunder tones to cliff and fane.

Westward, the "Gate of Grandeur," darkly riven,
Splitting from crest to base the mountain tall,
With writhing vapors by winds undying driven,
Now showing the gaunt rock-bones, now hiding all;
With murmuring mourning cries like souls unshriven
Sobbing the song of the stream from wall to wall.

Beyond, grand phalanxes of mountains standing
Imperial guard o'er realms of mystery,
Where vale on vale's untrodden grace expanding
Await the proving of what is to be;
Where new-born rivers feebly strive demanding
Room for their courses downward to the sea.

Peak after peak in giant bulk uprearing,
Vast buttresses that hold the arching sky,
Foundation-stones of other worlds appearing
That Nature's wearied hand had left to lie,
As though from greater effort she in veering
Confessed the task too arduous to try.

Above the soaring crests of hills eternal,
Of mount on mount in huge disorder piled
And yawning canyons holding shades infernal
Within black fearsome depths where sun ne'er smiled,
Appears one marvel-shape, a thing supernal,
Dominant o'er the chaos of the wild.

A sacred edifice completed, waiting,
From out the living rock superbly formed,
With lonely portal widespread penetrating
To soundless aisles by cloudless sunlight warmed,
Above sheer precipices, grimly fating
Man's baffled craft that fain the height had stormed.

Too perfect for the certain swift abrasion
Of glacial ice and avalanche of snow,
Too holy for the clamorous invasion
Of human atoms halting far below,
It stands forever safe from chance erasion,
Serene and far above earth's troubled flow.

The sun climbs slowly from the dewy grasses
And billowy swell of the far eastern plain,
Storms one by one the shadow-guarded passes
Chasing the night toward the western main,
Lifting the white night-robe in cloudy masses,
Gilding afresh the gleaming matchless fane.

The lower cloud-wreaths o'er its rock-base blowing
Hide all the dizzy crag that holds it there,
Till, like some gorgeous vision from Heaven showing
Hanging by viewless chains in cold thin air,
It seems some fragment of distant glory glowing
Beyond all reach save the spirit touch of a prayer.

The sun going down to his rest in paling glory
Burns like a dying torch on the quiet sea,
And his bright hosts yield their mountain strong-holds hoary,
Like a vanquished army breaking, they turn and flee,
And a flutter of drowsy wings ends the day's brief story
For the shadowy leaguered hosts of night are free.

One by one bird-voices cease their singing
As the silent shadows creep o'er peak and dell,
And the ear insensibly strains for the distant ringing
Of the dim Cathedral's whispering evening bell,
For an angel-hand, perchance, might set it swinging,
Ringing that night had fallen and all was well.

But never a sound is heard save the night-wind moaning
Sighing o'er league on league of cold gray stone,
Never a chord of praise nor a bell's sweet toning
Comes from the silent shape in the clouds alone,
Never a sound on the night save a tree's faint groaning
As a neighbor sleepily sways beyond his own.

Yet the heart will hold that scene forgotten never,
And on the mind is pressed the glorious thought
That Nature's hand may these mountain blocks dissever
In working the plan by God's great wisdom taught,
But God himself is the master-builder ever
And His own hand the mystic Cathedral wrought.

ED. W. SANDYS.

THE LANDING.

TROLLING.

ON THE HUMBER.

And They Set Up a Golden Calf.

A youth to fortune and to freedom born,
With such surroundings as the poor know not,
With gallant friends 'mong gallants who adorn
The charmed circles of the favored lot,
Roamed the bright earth in wisdom's earnest quest—
To know the beauties which the land possessed.

The city's turmoil, its ne'er ceasing strife,
The revels wherein care finds its surcease,
Excitement's whirl which marks decay of life
And mocks at that pure calm mankind calls peace,
Had no delights for him, were far removed
From the enjoyments his pure mind approved.

Therefore he loved the peaceful country land,
As yet to husbandry by man unwon,
Where wild-flowers flecked the grass at every hand
And paid their homage to their god, the sun,
Turning their beauties to it at the dawn
And sinking into sleep when it had gone.

Again he loved the quiet shaded ways
Where murmuring tree and softly plaintive brook
Made their sweet music through the summer days
In strains which of the hymns of God partook.
Long would he tarry 'mid such luring scenes
Where nature from the rude her joys bescreens.

Peace pointed to the hills whose towering heights
Stood inaccessible in snowy shrouds,
Gleaming in changing opalescent lights
Beneath the shades of the ethereal clouds:
Thither he sought the high Olympian plain
Which many assay but which few attain.

Bravely he strove, the world below him lay;
He looked not down, but fixed his eyes aloft,
Unmindful of the roughness of the way,
Of those who fell, or, turning backward, scoffed;
But once he dropped his eyes, his eyes of trust,
And saw a shining object in the dust.

He paused and picked it up, and at its touch
A change swept over his confiding face
And as he held it in his tightening clutch
He wavered in the way with halting pace,
And indecision held him to the ground
For it was gold that in the dust he'd found.

"Is gold so easily got?" he eager cried,
As round he looked for other treasure lost,
"Is this dull metal, for which men have died
Or on the sea of misery been tossed,
So easy grasped?" and from that day he fell
From high resolves, 'mongst grovellers to dwell.

With down-cast gaze he straight retraced his course
And met much company in Wealth's grim road,
Selfish, grasping, with greedy shriekings hoarse
Beneath unsatisfying Fortune's goad.

So goes the world; it fain would fix its eye
Upon the heights where Wisdom has her throne;
But emulation tempts its soul to fly
To depths that Poverty must call her own.

T. A. GREGG.

Down by the Sounding Sea.

Miss Beach—This body of water is called an arm of the ocean, isn't it?
Mr. Reach—Yes. Of what use can arms be to the ocean?
Miss Beach—O, it can get them about the waste of waters I suppose.

The Story of a Skull.

I AM about to tell you a story that I have never told to a human being before, and it is one of the most extraordinary incidents that ever came under my personal observation. You will be filled with wondering thoughts when you hear it, and some of those who read it will be disposed to doubt the authenticity of the facts now for the first time made public. But the parties interested are alive to-day, or rather two of the chief actors in the tragedy are, for tragedy it is, involving the shedding of human blood and a confession which is even more mysterious than the crime itself.

I must preface this strange tale by telling you that twenty years ago two young men were in love with the same young lady in a country village in England, down in Herefordshire. The name of one was Merrifield and the name of the other was Torrens. Torrens was a wild young fellow with little to his credit except what came of having a wealthy father, while Merrifield was a quiet, unassuming, studious young man, whose chief delight was to wander over the fields and commune with nature. Many a time he would leave home in the morning and ramble along by the hedges and over the fields, without either dog or gun, listening to the singing of the birds and plucking the flowers that grew by the wayside, thinking little of the practical things of life and forgetting that such a thing as a dinner table had ever been invented. On one of these rambles he met the pretty daughter of a neighboring squire, with whom he speedily became acquainted, then to whom he became greatly attached, the attachment being mutual. They were a handsome-looking, ruddy-faced couple, and no better match could have been arranged if love could have had its way. But Torrens had for some time been prosecuting his suit in the same quarter. I will not go over this part of the tale. It is the old story over again.

CROWS.

They stream across the fading western sky
  A sable cloud, far o'er the lonely leas;
  Now parting into scattered companies,
Now closing up the broken ranks, still high
And higher yet they mount, while, carelessly,
  Trail slow behind, athwart the moving trees
  A lingering few, 'round whom the evening breeze
Plays with sad whispered murmurs as they fly.

A lonely figure, ghostly in the dim
  And darkening twilight, lingers in the shade
  Of bending willows: "Surely God has laid
His curse on me," he moans, "my strength of limb
  And old heart-courage fail me, and I flee
  Bowed with fell terror at this augury."

SOPHIE M. ALMON.

The young lady, Kate by name, was urged by her parents to marry Torrens and bid farewell to Merrifield, and this she did, though with a heavy heart.

After the wedding, Merrifield went away and it was said that he had gone to America, although nobody knew to what particular part of it, further than that he had friends in Canada. Two years after Merrifield disappeared, Kate died. It was said by some that she had died of a broken heart, and by others that Torrens had used her harshly and ill-treated her, owing to jealousy of Merrifield. It was said, indeed, that he had come across some letters of Merrifield's written after the marriage, but those who knew Kate best declared that the letters were old ones which she had put away among her treasures of a dead but happy past, and that they were simply mementos of a buried love. Be that as it may, Kate did not live long after what her friends admitted to be her unfortunate marriage to Torrens, and many were the expressions of sympathy on her behalf, coupled with regrets that she had not taken Merrifield instead of Torrens.

Torrens came to Canada after his wife's death and by a strange freak of fortune ran across Merrifield at a country summer resort, which you would at once recognize by name if I told you where it was, but which need not be mentioned. Here Merrifield was loitering and heard for the first time that Kate was dead. The news came to him from Torrens' own lips, and he showed little feeling when he told it. Torrens left as abruptly as he had come. He was but a day in the village and it was known that he was possessed of money and valuables. This much the hotel-keeper told the villagers. He left a heavy valise at the hotel, and after saying that he was going to take a look at the beautiful scenery for which the place was noted, he disappeared. Nothing was ever heard of him afterwards—nothing but this, that a young doctor who had come to the town to practice during the season called at the hotel one day about a month afterwards and showed a letter which he said he had received from Torrens, or some friend of Torrens, and claimed the valise. These fragments of the story were all that was known and they were so unimportant that they were speedily forgotten.

Merrifield, who was always known since leaving England to be a moody fellow, was moodier that ever and spent his idle hours wandering over the fields and plucking the flowers and listening to the birds, but with a lifeless, listless air, as of one who had sorrows of his own. From words he had dropped it was suspected that he had been the victim of a love affair, but of this he never spoke directly. But gossips had put this and that together and made up their minds that Merrifield would never marry and that he must have been jilted in his youth. What I have told you of his love affair was not known at the time but I have mentioned it here in order that you may possess the thread of the story. Now listen to what follows.

One day I sat in the office of a doctor twenty years after the time at which the love affair in England had occurred. The doctor was a man of fifty years of age. He was a firm believer in mesmerism, or hypnotism as it is now called. We were discussing hypnotic influence and the doctor was impressing upon me the soundness of the theory. He was as certain, he said, that the will of one man could be made to dominate and control the will of another as he was of his own existence. He had tried it over and over again and he firmly believed that hypnotism would yet play an important part in medical science. During the discussion a middle-aged man came into the surgery, as I supposed to consult the doctor, but he seemed to be interested in what was being said. He did not express dissent from what the doctor said nor yet did he intimate his approval of it. He simply listened, but a queer look in his eyes attracted me and caused me to ask myself the question whether such a one would be a likely subject. After repeating his belief in the theory of hypnotism the doctor suggested by way of a joke, as I thought, more than for the sake of convincing me, that the new comer should subject himself to an experiment. The proposal was laughingly accepted, and the new comer placed himself in the doctor's chair. After holding the subject's hand and looking steadily into his eyes for a time the doctor ordered him to close his eyes. This the subject did.

The doctor looked over at me with a triumphant look on his face, as if to say, "I have him," and to tell the truth I felt myself being rapidly convinced that the man was really hypnotised, or at least that he was under some peculiar influence which left him powerless in the doctor's hands. I remember half suspecting at the time that perhaps the doctor had administered chloroform or some other powerful drug without my knowledge, and yet this could not be, as I saw with my own eyes everything that had transpired. "Is it really mesmerism?" was the question that I asked myself over and over again. The doctor picked a skull off the table and placed it in the man's hand. "This is the skull of the man you killed," he said in a half-jocular way, as if imparting a fact of no special importance.

At this moment a hurried knock came to the door. "A man had spilt molten lead on his foot at the foundry," a voice said, "and could the doctor come at once." The doctor looked at me and said, "Sit still, I will be back before he awakens." With that he was gone and I sat alone with a hypnotised man who held a skull in his hands and had received his cue. I thought he would fall off into a deep sleep, but to my amazement his eyes began to stare about him in a restless, haunted way, and his whole frame shook with nervous excitement. I instinctively felt that something terrible was about to happen. The air of the room became heavy and I felt as if I were held fast to my chair. What could be the meaning of the man's actions? Had the doctor touched a secret spring in his mind and was I about to be made the confidant of a crime? But before I had time to realize what it all meant I heard words uttered in half-terrified tones that made every nerve in my body tingle: "My God, Torrens, is it you?" I could do nought but listen. We two were alone. It was a winter's night, not yet six o'clock but rapidly growing dark, and the sleet was beating against the window panes. "Is it you?" he said again, and then he went on, "you took her from me and I killed you as I would a rat. I hated you from the day you stole her from me, and when I saw you here and heard from your own lips that she was dead I knew that you were the cause, that your harsh treatment had brought her to her grave, and I swore that you would never quit my sight alive. The day I met you all the old feeling came back to me. I recalled the face of the only woman in the world that I had ever loved, and while I almost smiled while you spoke to me of her death, I felt the demons tugging at my heart and urging me on to strangle you. I led you up the hill, around past the grove where the cattle were grazing quietly by the brook side, on the pretence of taking a short cut to the hotel, and with one blow of my fist I struck you down. How I leaped for joy and laughed aloud as I saw you writhing on the ground at my feet, and how strong I felt my arm grow as I snatched a stone from the side of the brook and struck you again and again. Oh it was a happy revenge. Look—here are the very cracks in your skull. I shouted to the dumb cattle to see how at last I had paid you back for the wrong you had done me, and again and again I cried out, 'See, Kate, look at his false brains oozing out, and his lying tongue protruding from his lying lips!' What a sweet revenge! I could have lain down beside you and died for very joy to think that at last the world was rid of the man who had shattered my boyish hopes and wrecked my life. I dragged you to the brook, and along the shallow stream I waded, dragging you by the neck-band, and over to the marsh, where all through the long winter you rotted, and when your body was found no one knew who you were, and you were buried in a pauper's grave."

And as the hypnotised subject shouted rather than spoke these fateful words he sprang to his feet, dashing to the floor the skull he held in his hands, and with a shriek that told of exhausted nature he fell headlong to the floor.

To tell the plain truth about the matter I was frightened and too dumbfounded to be able to do anything but sit and stare for full five minutes. I felt the perspiration standing on my forehead like beads, but realizing that something must be done I snatched a jug of water from the doctor's table and threw it over the prostrate man, who was working his whole frame as if in convulsions. Happily the doctor came in shortly afterwards and administered a soothing draught which soon sent the man to sleep. But not one word did the doctor say, not one question did he ask, although there lay the broken skull on the floor of the surgery. I have always thought this strange. Did he guess all that had occurred? I cannot tell. The man's name I never knew, nor have I ever looked upon his face again. The doctor may have known him, but if he did he kept it to himself, as the subject was never after broached between us. All that I know is that this man confessed to me that he was a murderer. *But did he confess his own crime or the crime of another?*

That question has come back to me a thousand times and in a thousand different forms. How came the skull of the murdered man into the possession of the doctor? Was it really Torrens' skull? Did this strange man recite to me the details of a deed done by the doctor and photographed on his mind by the doctor's will, as the whole scene flashed through the doctor's mind, or did he tell me of a crime committed by himself? That one of these men is a murderer I know, for the body of a man had been found in the very spot indicated by the hypnotised subject, as I discovered by searching the files of the local paper, which lie before me as I write these lines. It is the only point at which the creek enters the marsh, and the skull was battered in and broken in the very way he had described. Did the doctor suspect what his strange patient had told me? And how came it, as I learned from the account of the finding of the body after the ice had thawed away, that the doctor had called at the hotel and carried away the valise of the victim within a month after Torrens had disappeared?

I have met the doctor a hundred times since, wandering about the fields, listening to the singing of the birds, for he is a great lover of nature, and plucking the flowers, for he is a bit of a botanist, but never once has he referred to the strange man upon whom he experimented in his surgery, nor has he ever asked me how came the skull to be in fragments on the floor and the man in convulsions. I have asked myself a hundred times, "Which of these two men is the murderer?" And I have asked myself as many times, "Is either of these men Merrifield?" But to this day to neither question can I find an answer.

ALEX. F. PIRIE.

The Legend of Lover's Leap—Mackinac Island.

TOLD BY THE DRIVER.

ANT a kerridge? An' even six dollars fer two—
Take yer clean round the Island. Tell yer what I'll do—
Take in that there "English"—here, 'long-sider me—
An' call it six dollars—two each—fer youse three—
Done! Climb in yere, giglamps! Look out fer yer bang! [—g'lang!
Yes, Missus—I'm starting—come ponies

Know *leegends* 'bout Injuns—oh, well—quite a few.
I don't set much on 'em, but they'll go down with *you*.
Still, there's one, I must own, that seemed extra good sort,
An' I almos' believe it—I'll tell it—it's *short*.
"When among these yere bushes the wild war whoop rang
There lived a fair princess, an Injun,"—g'lang!

"She was pretty—jes *lovely*—so slim an' so tall—
An' so brown an' so graceful, an' smilin' an *all!*
An' her pa was the chief—a wild Injun, you bet!
Thought his ekal had never wore tail-feathers yet,
Where *his* tomahawk flashed—the 'red flower' always sprang,
He wore scalps of five Mackinaw chieftains!"—g'lang!

"Well, this pretty young princess, she soon got a beau,
Just an ornery redskin—no chieftain—oh, no!
An' them two made it up to go 'asking papa'
Who was dressin' to '*visit*' the tribe Mackinaw
An' thinkin' of scalps, an' of gore, an' such slang,
An' wantin' no such interruptions"—g'lang!

"So, of course, he got fired! but the princess began
Such a teasin' an' frettin', like women-folks can,
An' the chief got rheumatics, an' took sick a-bed,
An' them Mackinaw Injuns let on he was *dead*,
An' had torchlight percessions, an' hooted an' sang
Till the noise came clear over the water"—g'lang!

"Then that ole chief he swore—but he didn't get well
An' the princess's beau of his cussin' heerd tell
An' stepped into his wigwam as bold as you please,
An' says he—'Don't go usin' such language as these
But let me go an' fight in yer place. I'm the man
That can lick all them Mackinaw Injuns'"—g'lang!

"So the ole chief he gev him his best feather hat
An' his sharpest new tomahawk, groanin', 'Take that,
It is thirsty! drink deep of the Mackinaw gore—
An' when *you've* licked 'em clear out o' sight o' the shore,
I'll likely adopt you, head brave of this gang,
An' you'll probably marry the princess'"—g'lang!

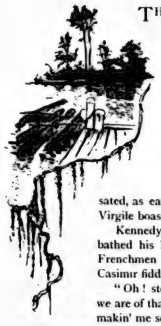
"He went—an' they fit! an' the princess she set
On the pint of a cliff (we ain't come to it yet)
All the hull day she set—an' the ruction she saw—
An' the dust that them Injuns raised round Mackinaw,
Till a queer mournful cry on the evenin' air sang,
As across the still waters a boat came"—g'lang!

"Two braves was a paddlin', an' down at their knees
Laid a body—hair lifted—an' dead as yer please!
An' she knowed it, an' givin' a horrible screech,
She lep ninety feet, to the rough rocky beach,
An' the death-cry again o'er the water it rang
Whooped up by *the Mackinac Injuns*"—g'lang!

"Yes, that's all! an' enough I should say—yere's the spot
Where she jumped. Youse can climb up as easy as not,
There's a ladder an' vines to ketch holt by—won't go?
Nor giglamps? Well—mebbe he'd tumble! an' so
We'll get back to the steamboat—the first bell has rang,
An' yer don't keer to miss her! Come ponies—g'lang!"

GRACE E. DENISON.

Only a Younger Son.



THE raft had floated clear of the sawdust-choked river one long warm day and a half. It had journeyed down by slow degrees from Cap Rosier, a settlement of shanties, log cabins and miners, encountering no adventures but rising and falling with the sparkling brown river to the tune of Casimir's fiddle and the steady pull of the rowers. Among the men, Casimir, Théophile, Patrique and Virgile were Frenchmen. There was one Scotchman, Donald Ross, and one Irishman, Kennedy, who, by-the-way, could boast of no Christian name. But for this defect the French contingent compensated, as each one of them possessed at least four or five, Virgile boasting seven.

Kennedy felt the heat more than the others. He had bathed his head every ten minutes all the afternoon. The Frenchmen were stolid, impervious to either heat or cold. Casimir fiddled without ceasing.

"Oh! stop that now!" exclaimed Kennedy. "It's tired we are of that everlastin' sawin' and buzzin'. Sure it's what's makin' me so hot and thirsty all day."

Casimir, with his politest of shrugs, exchanged the fiddle for a pipe.

"I do be often wonderin'," continued the garrulous Kennedy, "what yez do see, or rather hear, in that vile instrument beyant. Music, now, on shore, in the churches, or in the theayters, I can understand, and it's mighty fond of the same I am myself. I was leader of the orchester myself once."

Having got the attention of the little company, Kennedy was proceeding to enlighten them as to the particular methods he had used in conducting his orchestra—one which, I fear, had only existed in his dreams—when the Scotchman, alert and quietly observant as usual, started to his feet and appeared to be reconnoitring some object on shore which, at least as yet, was invisible to his companions. Ross was scarcely a typical Gael in outward attributes, being stout and of pale complexion. He favored the latent Celt in his composition. But his shrewdness, his caution, his control of self in unexpected moments were admirably Scotch, as we understand the adjective.

In a few seconds the other men noted the cause of his steady shoreward gaze. They perceived a man standing on the very water's edge in front of a grove of cedar trees, flying a small yellow signal from a stick or wand. He wore no coat, and even at that distance it was possible to see that drops of something red bespattered his white shirt. This spangling of gory stars was instantly perceived by the crew of the plunging raft. The Frenchmen still remained immovable. Donald Ross compressed his lips and scratched his head. Kennedy—alone—grew excited and uproarious. He stood up, shouted and gesticulated violently. Théophile and Patrique ceased rowing. The man on shore responded to the Irishman's call, and flinging away his improvised signal—one presumably of distress—unexpectedly and desperately leapt into the river and began swimming for the raft.

At this the Frenchmen rose to their feet, Casimir, their spokesman, wearing an uneasy expression. Ross, taking no heed either of Kennedy's excitation or Casimir's nervousness walked steadily across the heaving floor of logs and watched the swimmer with cool disinterestedness. He directed the rowers to keep the raft steady. "How, in the name of Mary, does he be swimming at all?" queried Kennedy. "With blood on 'em? And—and—so young a chap, too. Look at his shinin' hair, and as for the eyes of 'em, they're as bright a blue as there is in the sky overhead this minnit!"

Ross still volunteered no remark. Casimir—the soul of gentleness—repaired to the *cabane* and emerged with a coarse glass bottle containing whisky and a tin pannikin. By this time the swimmer had neared the raft, leaving a dull red trail on the waters behind him. The excitable Irishman broke into incoherent exclamations of wonder and pity:

"Where is he hurt? How can he be swimmin' like that, and him hurted somewhere, bad—bad—look there, at the water, men! Although, well I moind, onst, in Africa, when I was attached to Sir Gineral Wolseley's staff, I swam the third part of two miles and a half across the Changowonga—it's truth I'm tellin'—and me, *bleedin'*, boys, bleedin', bad, I tell yez, from a lion's bite in the shoulder. Let's call to 'em now, boys. Cheer up there, my lad! . . . The lion had took the whole shoulder with 'em. There was little flesh on it left entirely. When I got to the other side where the Gineral was awaitin' me, 'Kennedy,' sez he, 'I promote yez on the spot.'"

Ross smiled as he watched the stranger's easy covering of the six hundred yards which had separated him from the raft but a few moments since.

"Yon man's no hurt," he said in his careful dialect. "The bluid on his shirt is no' his own. Dinna ye see how light he breathes, how fresh his limbs are? The bluid there is no' his, I tell ye. 'Tis some other man's."

Kennedy started, and even the Frenchmen understood. Silence reigned among them as the stranger finally reached the side of the heaving raft and quickly boarded it. The Irishman's loquacious turn having subsided, Ross took upon himself to question this man, young without doubt, straight and finely made, of more than usual height, and notwithstanding his blood-stained dripping garments and the dubious position he now found himself in, possessed of all the resources of manner and deportment only to be found in persons of gentle extraction.

Indeed, a smile flitted across his face as he deprecatingly pointed to his shirt, now a muddy pink in color, and to his soaked and dripping trousers. His brow, open and direct, invited confidence—although the men perceived that he cast a longing glance at their neat *cabane*. It was Ross, of course, who looked closely at the shores receding past them, for now the river was widening, lest any signs of pursuit should escape his vigilant eye. His movement was detected by the stranger

"I am no fugitive," said the latter, with a particularly rich and winning smile, "although it is true that I am seeking escape from some one who has sought my life, and whom I have punished pretty severely, as you may see. Upon my word—this is a sorry plight. Who is the man in charge of this raft?"

"Speak to Ross, sor," said Kennedy. "He has the best head among us. I'm only a wanderin' child of ould Erin; once on Sir Gineral Garnet Wolseley's staff, and at another time, reporter on the Calcutta *Eagle*, but only a poor outcast now—a shantyman, sor, a shantyman!"

"Ye may tell me what ye please," said Ross, upon whom nice manners ever made little impression. "I ken well ye're an Englishman, to begin with."

"To begin with, I *am* an Englishman. What next?"

"That is for you to tell us," rejoined the Scotchman. At this moment Casimir entreated the young stranger with some whisky in one of the pannikins, which was accepted and taken off at a great rate and in one draught. This immediately won for him the respect, not to say veneration, of the entire crew, although just how bad it was—as whisky—only the stranger himself could have told, the palates of the rest having been sadly vitiated through long acquaintance with the stuff.

"I am an Englishman, then. Very well. You are right there, my friend Ross. For the rest—it is as I have said. You are *men*, you fellows, not women, not chickens, not toilers over city desks, with blood like chalk, and muscles like putty. *You* can understand a blow for a blow. You're not troubled with Salvation Army scruples as to turning the right or left cheek and all that nonsense. *You* can understand—in a word—Self-defence, can't you?" A slight thri passed through the men.

"Who was it?" demanded Kennedy, drily. Much as he admired the physique and deportment of the stranger, he was knock-about cosmopolite enough to beware of such an addition as this to the perfectly moral though rude society of the raft.

"Murder's murder," remarked Donald Ross, casting an approving glance at the Irishman. They were close and tried friends and seldom out with one another for long.

But the suggestion failed to intimidate the young and cheery Englishman. "You'll hear about it soon enough, I dare say. It'll be in all the papers. Never mind. Just carry me down with you to Grenville or Lacloche, let me share your pork and whisky—I'll pay for it—and I give you my word of honor I will cause you no trouble."

Whatever of doubt lay behind Kennedy's dryness and the reserve of the Scot, melted before this honest and sunny declaration. As for Casimir, he understood only enough of the business to follow his superiors, who very quickly intimated their willingness to comply with the Englishman's request.

In a few hours the latter, attired in a rough suit of "duck" and wearing a conical *habitant's* hat was chatting as familiarly with Kennedy as if he had known him and liked him all his life. As for the Irishman, he was simply in most abundant clover. None had ever shown such appreciation of his conversation before. *Raconteur* as this poor shantyman was of anecdotes both true and imaginary, he had for the first time in his life a perfectly appreciative audience. The men prepared and met together around their evening meal and the stranger eat, perhaps more heartily than any one present. Then the long twilight fell and the cool airs of evening swept the raft along more quickly than it had yet sped with the Englishman on board. Only one allusion did the latter make to his movements that day.

"I should not have left my handkerchief behind," he said, lying at full length with his fair handsome face turned towards Kennedy, who sat smoking beside him. The camp-fire lower down the raft burnt briskly; soft yet strong odors of balsam and pine floated to their nostrils; inside the *cabane* two Frenchmen were cleaning and dressing fish for the morrow.

"Your handkerchief?" it was Ross who spoke.

"That yellow thing you saw fastened to a pole. It was the finest salmon-colored silk handkerchief you ever saw. Given me by my sisters when I left home a month or so ago. And it has my name upon it—well—not my name—you know what I mean."

"Your crest, maybe," said Kennedy, loftily. "I had one of them myself once. Ah!" and he heaved a huge sigh.

"In Africa, or India, or where, you queer beggar?" The Englishman sat up and laughed long and loud.

"You've been awfully kind to me and—all that. I haven't much money with me here, although I have enough to pay you fellows for all this. But look here—when I get to some town, the first town I come to I'll buy each of you what he chooses to ask for—I will, and let's begin now."

The men crowded around in various moods of astonishment and gratitude. The Englishman with his pale clear-cut face and his shining yellow hair and his pleasant blue eyes, knelt in the middle of the little assembly and his countenance glowed as he spoke.

Ross accepted the unexpected civility sulkily and awkwardly as became the

average Scot. Kennedy, in ecstasies of appreciation, prepared to petition his new acquaintance to take him along to civilization.

"Sure, I've got qualities that would surprise yez. Though I've been—more shame for me—that long in the backwoods that I don't know a dressing case from a daguerreotype!"

"Would you *like* a dressing case?" said the Englishman, abruptly bringing his fair brows on a level with the sunburnt ones of Kennedy. "I wait for no reply. You shall have one—silver-mounted, the handsomest I can find, a regular stunner. You—Ross—what for you? My preservers, and all that—I can't do too much for you. Come—what's your wish?"

"If I might no' be thought—imprudent—I'd like"—Ross was very apologetic over it—"I'd like a keg of *real* whisky, sir. The sperret a mon tastes up in these northern wilds is vera bad for the stomach. Just a wee small keg, sir."

"And you?" He now addressed the Frenchmen, collectively. Casimir hurriedly interrogated the others.

"Patrique—he will have a new pair of boots—so high—of rubber. And Théophile, sir, he will have the same. And Virgile—a hat and feder for his little girl, Matilde. And for myself, sir, if it not cost too much money—a new fiddle."

"Easily done—all of them! These commissions shall be my first care Now—take your oars again and sing."

The night passed, the first half of it to the crooning song of Théophile and Patrique led by Casimir's fiddle:

V'la bon vent,
V'la joli vent,
V'la bon vent, ma mie appelle

The Englishman and Kennedy were in high spirits till the moon sank about twelve, and then, contented and cheerfully sleepy, the former accepted his share of a *paillasse* in the *cabane*.

By noon next day the raft had neared Lacloche. The Englishman was to leave them there and accordingly donned his own clothes once more, over which he had thrown an old coat lent him by Kennedy.

"Although it goes to me heart to see it even on you, sor. Many's the toime I've sat with me back up aginst Sir Garnet's back, in the cool of an African midnight, waitin' for the black devils, and it wrapped around me. Glory go wid ye, and with the coat, anyhow. You might be afther sendin' it back wid—the rest of the things."

The Englishman promised and with a strong grip of each man's hand, dropped over into a small boat, quickly rowed to shore by Kennedy.

About ten days after, arrived at Lacloche a mysterious chest directed to

Donald Ross, Esq.
— Kennedy.
Casimir Valentin Sigismund Bruno.

The men who had expected nothing to come of the adventure opened it in great amazement. Ross rolled out his keg of "real" whisky with a connoisseur's delight. The frugal Frenchmen got their boots, the "hat and feder" being a marvel of richness and correct taste, though possibly too good for the Côte Calvaire. Casimir hugged his fiddle, sitting down on the chest to try it, and as for Kennedy, he stood open-mouthed and solemn, awed into unusual silence by the vision of an exquisitely-appointed dressing-case such as he had never seen in his chequered life, unless, perhaps, when he was on the "Gineral's" staff in Africa.

A scented and crested letter lay with the gifts, and rolled between the dressing-case and fiddle-box to keep them steady, was Kennedy's old coat. The Irishman caught up the letter and tore it open, reading it aloud.

"Boys,—I'm in prison," Kennedy stopped; then read on stiffly till the end. "You wouldn't think it by the look of this paper, but they let me use my own. I suppose you know all about the affair now? But perhaps you haven't seen the papers. The man I killed was another Englishman who followed me about and robbed me at last of pretty nearly everything I had. Luckily I had some stuff left in town. It's an old story. I came out here to farm and got into bad company instead. After I left your raft, I bought entirely new clothes at Lacloche and tried to live the thing down, but that handkerchief of mine was found and did the business. None of you need be afraid. You won't get into trouble. I've arranged all that. They say I'll have to swing. If I do it doesn't matter, for I am *only a younger son*, you know. Nobody cared very much about me at home, and they used to say—I was not quite right in my head at times. What is Kennedy's opinion of that? Hope you'll get the things all right and like them. The hat was an *awful* bother. The fiddle isn't exactly a Strad, but Casimir won't know the difference. Good-bye, boys! I haven't forgotten the raft, nor the moonlight on the water, nor the jolly talk, nor your kindness, nor anything. Good-bye. They say I mustn't make my letter too long.

"Affectionately yours,

"CHARLES LEONARD BERESFORD-HOPE,
"Of Leamington, England.
"Aetat 22.

"P. S.—I put my age because I thought you would like to know."

. . . . . .

The Frenchmen, dull and stolid, showed no emotion. Ross was true to his colors.

"I hope he'll no' send us in a bill," he observed. "The articles are vera expensive, and we'd not like to have to settle for them."

But Kennedy turned upon him with the flashing eye and trembling mouth of the true Celt.

"God! man," he cried, "have yez no heart at all, at all? The poor lad—none to care very much about him——" He could get no further. Large tears coursed down his hairy cheeks and he laid his head upon his hands and wept.

Thereupon Ross and Casimir Bruno spelled the letter out to themselves. The Scot grew solemn.

"There is nothing poor men like us can do," he said, making mental resolves not to imbibe too freely of the keg that lay at his feet. "He must e'en gang his ain gait."

Kennedy's nature had been deeply stirred. He made no reply.

SERANUS.

Prairie Sonnets.

MAY.

I.

THE sun is up, and bright, as if no woe
Crouched, crimp'd and crush'd, upon this wheeling ball;
The little birds are hurrying to and fro,
In mimic chase, or on each other call,
From hidden spots, suggestive of a nest.
Across the tender blue, white gauzy veils
Move slow, while downy clouds and cloudlets rest;
The pigeon makes his wings a V and sails,
His nimble shadow flying o'er the floor
Of green; the water diamonds back each ray;
And the pert gopher watches at his door,
Like well-fed wight who has no bills to pay;
The falcons as in Sunday leisure soar;
But I am sad who see thy form no more.

II.

The smoke of forests flaming far away,
Where rise the Rockies in full many a peak,
Snow-capped, gray-curtains heaven. As the day
Fades out, the breeze is fresh upon the cheek,
And makes a little cry while hurrying by;
Across the vasty plain, Night seems to creep
Deep-shadowed, crownless of her jewelled sky;
No dewdrops on the thirsty prairie weep;
Far walk I in the gloom to be alone,
And murmuring wake some watch dog's foolish bark;
I step o'er hummucks* or I strike a stone,
While every moment grows the air more dark,
But from the grave up-springs thy form of light
And thy dear eyes make darkness starry-bright.

JUNE.

III.

The scorching day died out in glory wild;
Big boulder clouds high piled up burnt and flamed:
Then came a balmy evening cool and mild,
But in the pale sky troubled clouds remained;
O'er the white back of one dark stretch, the star
Of evening shone serene; the mass opaque
Each moment lit with lightnings, and from far
The thunder rattled and seemed earth to shake.

The breeze grew fresh as fell the night's dark pall;
The earliest stars came out and look'd demure
And bright, like first arrivals at a ball,
While Thunder play'd his dreadful overture;
Brightest of all the vesper star rose high
And told my heart thy beauty did not die.

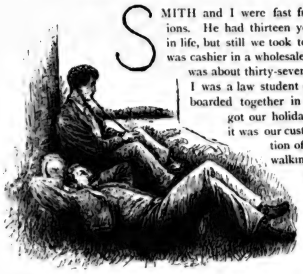
IV.

Another sultry day; another eve
Of balm; the slight breeze fresh, as if its stores
Of soothing were sea-born, and did receive
Their sweet benignance from Pacific shores;
Her star no longer dwarft by misty air,
Nor hid by cloud, shines set in lovely blue,
Nor deep, nor pale, but some undreamt of hue,
Which fills the soul with tears, it is so fair,—
The unmeasured longings of a great despair,
A yearning for what never more I'll see,
Sweet spirit, soft and pure and loving, where
My soul should rest, from all earth's grossness free,
Like yonder star, within yon waveless sea,
Which the fond heart identifies with thee.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

* Protuberances on the prairie in certain places—called "hummucky prairie."

Why Smith Never Married.



SMITH and I were fast friends and companions. He had thirteen years the start of me in life, but still we took to one another. He was cashier in a wholesale stationery firm and was about thirty-seven years of age, while I was a law student of twenty-four. We boarded together in town and when we got our holidays at the same time it was our custom to spend a portion of them together on a walking, fishing or hunting excursion.

Smith was a quiet man and so intensely practical that no one would credit him with a grain of sentiment. In business his practical nature made him a success, and the accumulation of his salary judiciously invested brought him in at this time a comfortable income.

We had accepted the invitation of a common friend to spend a week with him at his summer residence in Muskoka during the fishing season. As this friend was the happy father of a lovely daughter, who had arrived at the fascinating age of twenty, or thereabouts, the invitation was none the less welcome to me. Smith's business nature harmonized very well with our host's habits of thought, and therefore his daughter, Miss Dolly, and I were naturally thrown often together. We managed to agree very well.

One morning Smith and I took a boat and everything necessary for a day's sport, and set off together to a fishing ground some distance from our host's residence. The fishing was bad that morning, however, and as the day grew very warm towards noon, we pulled to shore. Finding a dry and shady bank we landed and lounged in the shade eating our lunch and smoking.

Neither of us was talking much so that I had plenty of time for reflection. For obvious reasons my thoughts ran in the direction of marriage and the expense of keeping a household, with Dolly as the imposing figure in each mental picture which presented itself. I thought of Smith's handsome income and then I thought of Smith, who was lying on his back, with his eyes closed lightly and puffing lazily at a big cigar.

"It's a funny thing, Smith," said I, "that you never married."

"Oh, I don't know." he returned with a flicker of a smile and a sniff o amusement.

"I suppose you've thought of matrimony at some time in your life."

"Y-e-e-s," he drawled. Then after a period of silence, he continued, "Oh yes, I have had my dream. It was quite a while ago."

After another period of quiet which I did not venture to break, he roused himself, sat up and looking at me with a meaning glance, said :

"Perhaps I better tell you about it. It may do you good. You will soon commence to think of something of that kind yourself. There was a twinkle in his eye which told me that he understood my case fairly well, but his face assumed a sadder expression as he looked away over the lake and the wooded hills beyond and added, "I hope, my boy, your experience will be happier than mine was."

"I am, as you know, a rather cautious and somewhat particular mortal and always have been—too much so, perhaps. Well, about ten years ago I began to think it was time I should find a mate. I was not at that time quite so well to do as I am now, perhaps, but I was doing well and I had reasons for believing that several young ladies of my acquaintance regarded me with a goodly share of favor. Some of them I esteemed very highly for their many graces of character and accomplishment. But they all impressed me as being the gaudy creatures of a summer day, well enough to pet and caress, but all butterflies. They didn't seem to have the first idea of how to run a house. They couldn't cook or bake or do anything practical. I noticed how dependant they were on "mother." If any business was to be done mother was called in at once and I didn't like the idea of having my wife's mother such an important figure in my home-life. What I wanted was a nice little woman who could manage our home and be useful as well as ornamental and pretty.

"In the summer of '79 a friend of mine, a doctor in a small town in one of one of the eastern counties—his name need not be known—invited me to spend a few weeks at his place. With a great deal of pleasure I accepted, went out and there met for the first time a young lady whom my friend introduced to me as his daughter Nellie.

"She was about twenty years of age, I should judge, rather short and slight. Her beauty did not impress one at first sight. Her head was well shaped and crowned with hair of a dark, chestnut color, which was very becoming coiled in a loose knot low down on her neck. Her features were not of classic regularity, though delicately modelled. Her eyes were brown and looked out from their long lashes with such a look as makes a man wish it would never be removed. I tell you, my boy, even yet in my musings and my dreams those eyes look at me from out the past and save me from many a base thought and baser action. I'll never again look upon such eyes in the world. In repose her face was too grave in expression to be charming, but when she smiled it melted into a thousand lines of beauty. Her mouth was beautiful. Her lips were full without being in the slightest degree sensual, and no artist in his most inspired moments ever imagined any more exquisitely formed. Parting they revealed pearls of Nature's most perfect and delicate production. She had the fresh clear complexion of a country girl as well as her sprightly step and a voice as clear and mellow as a blackbird's note. You'll forgive me for lingering so long over these details, but I like to speak of them. You can easily understand that she impressed me favorably.

"She seemed to me so delightfully ingenuous and unconventional in her manner. She looked into my eyes with her own honest brown orbs and took my hand so freely that I felt a thrill of pleasure at the prospect of cultivating the acquaintance of so charming a creature. Before I had been long in her company I found that her nature was one of the finest vouchsafed to woman. She had read much for one of her age and talked most intelligently with a pretty gravity on any subject she understood. I listened with a hungry ear to her accents when she talked in this way ; and nothing pleased me more than to be able to clear away the little difficulties which beset her train of thought. She played the piano very well and sang with exquisite feeling those old-fashioned songs that always touch a fellow's heart. I'm not very soft-hearted, but the tears often came to my eyes as I sat in the twilight listening to her singing some of those plaintive airs.

"I noticed with particular delight that her manner was entirely free from those coquettish affectations to which I had, unfortunately, become too well accustomed. Though her actions were charming and kindly they were the spontaneous outpouring of a generous nature unspoiled by artifice. It was plain to me that she was no coquette and I loved her all the more for it.

"And this was not all, old boy. I was not long in discovering that her accomplishments were not all of an ornamental character. Her many little kindly attentions to her father and mother had not escaped my observant eye, and she invariably spoke of her neighbors and companions with kindness. One afternoon as I returned from a tramp up the banks of the river I went to the kitchen door to ask the servant for a cup to get a drink from the pump. Instead of Jennie, the servant, I was surprised to find my charming young hostess with sleeves tucked up on her shapely arms, and her cheeks the color of the roses that grew outside the door, busily engaged, as she told me, making cakes for tea. Her slight confusion at seeing me so unexpectedly was soon overcome by the natural frankness of her manner, and before long she was busily initiating me into the mysteries of this department of the household. You may be sure, my dear Jack, I ate those cakes at tea with a more than ordinary relish, and I can assure you they reflected credit on the fair cook.

NELLIE

"As the days went past I saw without surprise many new evidences of her skill and taste in other things such as the arrangement and decorations of the house and garden. Her mother, with a fond parent's garrulity, was never weary of speaking of them, and I, to tell the truth, did not grow weary of listening The dainty print dresses in which she looked so neat and pretty were made by her own dear hands. Thus day by day I became more enthralled. Her personality fascinated me ; her graces of manner delighted me ; and her worth made her appear to my view one of the most charming companions a man could possess.

"I felt that I had met my fate. The summer days when we walked together down the green village lanes under the maples, rowed upon the pretty and picturesque little river, or drove in the doctor's cart along the hard country roads past the farms, were all too short. The heart I had carried safely through all my susceptible youth, and which had withstood more than one seige, now fell before the unconscious influence of this artless country maid. You will not smile when I tell you that after some of those delightful evenings spent with music and conversation, I often retired to my room with a tumult in my thoughts which utterly forbade sleep and sat by the open window inhaling the fragrance of the myriad flowers wafted up from the garden below, and listening dreamily to the crickets and the shrill treble of the frogs from the river, till the first twitter of awakening birds warned me that it would soon be light. During those vigils of the night heaven only knows what thoughts I had of the fair being who had so suddenly crossed my path and what visions I dreamed of a future and a home shared with her. I grew pretty sentimental, I can tell you. During my solitary hours fishing by the river I recalled snatches of old love songs and

silently repeated them substituting the name of Nellie wherever it would fit, and during those watches of the night I sighed forth, 'Nellie,' a thousand times to the silent stars.

"But my passion raged internally and was not demonstrative. Nellie at least did not seem to be aware of it and behaved toward me just as she had from the first, with the same ingenuous freedom. This manner, however conducive it might be the kindling of the flame, I soon found was decidedly unfavorable to the declaration of it. Whenever I thought of unbosoming myself, her evident innocence of the idea of a proposal of marriage unnerved me, and thus I passed day after day in silent adoration.

"I remember the last afternoon of my happiness. We were sitting on a rustic seat under a maple near the river. I began to speak of going back to the city very soon. She immediately protested, saying, 'Why can you not stay two or three weeks more till the hot weather will be over? We have had such a pleasant time together?' Then looking directly at me with her frank, brown eyes, she said, simply, 'I wish you were my brother?' This might not seem encouraging to any one else, but from it I took much consolation. 'Ah!' I thought, 'she does take a more than ordinary interest in me. The time is not ripe yet for a declaration, but I can wait.'

"That same evening I was sitting on the piazza after tea reading and smoking a quiet cigar. I was screened from observation in front by the flowering vines which had been trained to grow up to the roof. Suddenly I heard a peculiar whistle at the front gate. It was repeated twice and scarcely had it sounded the second time when I heard a swish of skirts, a quick, glad cry of 'Harry' and Nellie ran out of the front door, passed without seeing me and tripped down the path to greet the whistler, a stalwart young chap of about my own age. He took both her outstretched hands, there was a quick glance towards the house which disclosed no observer, and then he drew her to him and kissed her. Something sank within me—I suppose it was my heart. The doctor himself at this moment came to the door and as they walked arm-in-arm up the path, he smilingly said to me: 'They make a fine couple, don't they, Smith? We expect to have a wedding before long.'

"'Mr. Smith, let me introduce my future son-in-law, Mr. Harry Walters. Mr. Smith has been taking care of Nellie for you while you were away,' said the genial doctor when they came up.

"I remember with painful distinctness how I got through that evening. I'll never forget it. After I retired—well there's no use telling—it was tough, but I blamed no one. I had fooled myself. I stayed a day longer but it was torture, and right glad was I to get a good excuse for an immediate return to the city on the day after. When I got back I plunged into work with redoubled energy. The boys wondered at my diligence, but I was silent and they could only guess. I lived through it, however—most of us do survive affairs of that kind—and here I am, the tough, old, practical Smith, that thinks of nothing but work and business. Now you know why I never married. But I am really not too old yet, you know, and I'm not half so particular as I used to be. So, as the chap in the play says, 'There ain't no knowin'.'"

D. A. McKellar.

RURAL JOYS.

Positive Proof.

De Tanque—How is poor Shorty to-day?
Old Soak—Pretty low. I sat up with him last night and he was delirious.
De Tanque—Is that so?
Old Soak—Yes. He was calling for "Water!" "Water!" all the time.

Twilight.

How sweet to me the soft uncertain light,
Whose shadows hide the corners of my room,
It has all the living mystery of night,
Without its fears, its soul-depressing gloom.

I wish in twilight I might ever be,
Out of the searching light of public place,
Where even kindly eyes my faults must see,
And find base motives written in my face.

Would, too, my friends ever in twilight stood,
Their failings hidden by the shadow'd hour,
The light still strong enough to show the good,
The mystery of the unknown their power.

Shed, oh, kind Fates, on all my friends and me
No more fierce disillusionizing ray
To make us Self's grim skeleton to see,
Than the soft illusive light of dying day.

—Don.

A Stinging Rebuke.

ONE summer's day at noon in mid-day heat,
Beneath a broad-extending leafy beech
A listless poet lay. The sunbeams sweet
In playful sport glance in and out, and fleet
The shadows follow, as they gaily play
Their game of hide and seek, and teach
The wind to stay and watch them as it lingers on its way.

The poet's dreams are light. The sound of bees
And lazy insects humming fills his ears;
The murm'ring water and the sighing breeze
Unite in softest harmony. The trees,
The winds, the birds are all in league to-day
Discoursing music. No rude sound he hears.
The world was all forgotten and his pen neglected lay.

A flock of sheep he counted one by one,
He saw them crossing o'er a mountain stream
In slow procession moving on and on,
Until they grew in number so that none
Could count them. Then they took the shapes of men
And women, while the torrent in the dream
Like Lethe's flood encircled them and none were seen again.

"I shall not follow thus the vulgar throng,
And sink forgotten in oblivion's tide;
I shall record heroic deeds in song,
And Fancy's wings shall bear me o'er the long
The dreary path they tread who lack my power,
Who must make this their motto and their guide,
'How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour.'"

He saunters on towards the dreaded brink.
With one wild yell he leaps—awake
His nose he hurries in the brook to sink,
And vows he never more will lightly think
Of those whose lives are like the bee's, which can
Such sharp and speedy retribution take.
The poet musing wanders on, a sadder, wiser man.

T. A. GIBSON

A Slight Consolation.

My lady-love, in teasing mood,
Sat by a window reading
And though she knew that I was near
She still read on unheeding.

She would not let me see her face
Although the street I haunted,
But she let me see her dainty hand
And 'twas her hand I wanted.

The Dear Girls.

Maud—Have you heard that Millie is now engaged to Jack Frothy.

Ethel—No. What on earth induced her to take such a step?

A MUSKOKA DELL.

Maud—Gratitude.

Ethel—What did he ever do that gave her cause to feel grateful to him.

Maud—They were out boating last week and Millie's pug dog fell overboard. Jack gallantly rescued him.

A Happy Thought.

Sunday School Teacher—Now children, Jonah, who was the strengest man that ever lived——

Little Boy (eagerly)—Please wasn't Samson the strongest man?

S. S. Teacher (who knows he will lose his power if he makes a mistake)—No Johnny. Jonah was so strong that even the whale couldn't hold him down.

It was Hard to Understand.

Hoosier—An' that's how you make electric light, is it?

Manager—Yes; that dynamo gathers the electricity, which is nothing but lightning, you know.

Hoosier—Oh, I understan' all right, but it almost beats me how that machine manages to sift the lightning from the thunder.

Tangles.

THE afternoon was hot, and though a half-discouraged little breeze did flutter the dusty maple leaves it did not relieve the sultriness. It was undeniably, uncomfortably warm, and Kittie Grenville, swaying gently in the hammock, voiced her emphatic disapproval of the weather's behavior in several little half-pouting complaints.

Kittie was dainty and girlish, gray-eyed, black-haired and endowed with a rather attractive spirit of sauciness. Her fingers were threading the open meshes of the hammock, her toes were industriously poking an unsightly hole in the lawn, and her big gray eyes rested on her cousin Ted's face. A pleasant face it was too, with its generous mouth and honest eyes. Kittie and Ted were much together during his vacations, and she enjoyed the friendship. Her cousin, however, was beginning to find it delusive in that it was outgrowing a well-regulated cousinship and speedily developing into love.

The inertness of everything about and the perfect stillness of the old garden induced a meditative mood on Kittie's part. She looked so pensively pretty that Ted sprang towards her with a tumultuous throng of tender words. Something in his eyes, an indescribable bright something, told its own story to the girl, and she started to her feet with "I must go in, Ted, I am sure Aunt Fan wants me."

She had gone a few steps but turned when she found that Ted was following her.

"What are you coming for?" she asked, abruptly.

"To see," answered the young man roguishly, "if Aunt Fan doesn't want me too? Come Kittie," he went on, "don't go. It's all right—I'm a fool—and we'll talk about the weather or anything else you like."

"Honor bright?" queried Kittie, saucily.

"Yes, honor bright, come and sit down and——"

"You're wanted at the telephone, Miss Kittie," interrupted the old servant's unmusical voice.

"Excuse me, Ted. I'll be right back," called Kittie, as she sped towards the house.

The message was evidently not a pleasant one, for the girl's happy expression faded away as she listened, and with a cold, "Very well, good-bye," she rang off.

"Real mean," she mused. "Detained by business, indeed! It's another girl—that's what it is."

Kittie's patience was not the best developed trait in her character, and this non-fulfilment of an engagement annoyed her. True she had given up a tennis party to go for a row on the lake with Mr. Murdock, whose unforeseen business had, at this late hour, prevented his coming. But it was not the tennis party she cared about. She liked Stuart Murdock. She had counted the hours until he should come. She was bitterly disappointed, and with headstrong, wilful little Kittie a disappointment was somebody's fault.

She went down into the garden again, and somehow Ted looked handsomer than ever. How good and true and kind he was, she thought; and then she wondered—poor, quick-tempered little girl—if after all he did not love her better than Stuart did.

Ted asked her if she cared to row on the lake and she said, "Yes, I would like to go, Ted," and the young man hastened away, promising to be down "exactly at seven" with the boat.

It was too calm for a breezy row, with wind-freshened faces and flying hair, but the quiet drifting suited Ted Somers very well.

Kittie's lightsomeness of heart had come back again, and she was at variance with the placidity of lake and sky.

She was in a wild, frolicsome mood, and when Ted asked her to sing she flung all her mischievous mimicry into a gay little song and trilled out the love-laden lines as if glad to make use of her exuberance of soul.

Sunset time had gone. A fresh breeze hurried across the lake. The little waves tripped merrily to its weird music and soon the moon unrolled her silver carpet for the wee things to dance upon.

A boat rowed with long steady strokes passed Kittie and Ted. Upon hearing the girl's voice the solitary occupant held up his oars to listen. It was Stuart Murdock. He had found himself free by a chance from his detaining business, and had come to the little town, hurried to the lake and rowed swiftly down, trusting that, though unexpected, he might not be unwelcome, and hoping that fate would keep Kittie home.

Swinging up the garden path from the water's edge he met old Cassie, the servant. She peered out at him in the dusk, thrust a folded note into his hand, waved her arms about in awkward gestures and peremptorily motioned him back to the lake.

Bewildered he turned to go, then recovering faced about to speak with her, but she had gone.

Something must have happened, he thought. Kittie had sent her out. He read the note, it contained only these words: "Do not come again until I send for you," and it was signed K. Grenville.

The match died out. He crumpled up the note, and was soon rowing towards the town. He was angry, puzzled and disappointed. He pulled fiercely at the oars, his passionate energy escaping through them and urging the little skiff with uncommon swiftness. Just then Kittie's voice startled him. He paused and listened. Yes, surely it was she. He remembered the curt little note and felt that her childish petulance had striven to wreck a petty vengeance on him. It was beneath her, he thought, sorrowfully, as he rowed on.

As his boat entered the river-mouth he neared the pier and a young man called out, "Hello, Murdock, when did you come to town?"

"Just to-night," answered Stuart as he drew in and greeted the two ladies who were with Mr. Morris.

"You should be out on the lake," said Stuart, thoughtlessly.

"Can't get a boat," replied Mr. Morris. "They're all out."

The situation was just a little embarrassing for a moment, then Stuart graciously tendered his, offering to assist his friend at the oars.

"All four were soon out, where, drifting about, they crossed the bow of the boat occupied by Kittie and Ted.

The girl recognized Stuart's voice, and the suddenly-conveyed knowledge of his presence stiffened her muscles and chilled her to the heart.

Her voice was steady when she spoke to Ted. Her manner was not discernibly different, but she was unhappy.

A very angry little white face showed itself to Kittie as she shook out her hair that night. Suddenly an idea came. With brush poised in her hand she sped down the hallway and tapped at Cassie's door.

"Did any one call, Cassie?" she asked, anxiously.

"No, Miss Kittie, never a soul," replied the old woman, sleepily, and Kittie grasping the brush handle more tightly stole back to her room, more miserable by reason of the hopes she had entertained.

She wondered if Stuart would call on the morrow. She stiffened herself into a human icicle as she thought of the coldness she would assume; then suddenly changed her attitude for one of inviting graciousness. "He doesn't know I saw him, and he sha'n't know I cared," said the plucky little girl.

Stuart did not enjoy his thoughts of Kittie that night. Sometimes he half resolved to obey the note, but he felt that estrangement would follow, for which she might suffer as well as he, and he loved her.

"Queer things have happened in the letter line," he mused, "and any way she'll be sorry about it to-morrow."

So it happened that Stuart did call on Kittie next afternoon. She, with her father and two friends, was in the garden and Stuart joined them there.

The girl was all smiles as she welcomed him, and then presenting him to a maiden lady, she devoted herself to a blonde-mustached young man, whom, truth to tell, she rather disliked.

Her father joined Stuart and Miss Malcolm, but Kittie was apparently fascinated with Mr. Tom Talbert.

Soon, however, the aunt and nephew took leave, Mr. Grenville was called to the house by a visitor, and Stuart, angered because Kittie was so obviously happy and apparently unmindful of yesterday, rose to go. A man can forgive a woman much, but she must not be happy when things have gone wrong. Pensiveness—a little troubled look—will ensure a smoothing of things, if he be in fault, but she must feel his neglect or his unkindness, else he is ruffled and unforgiving or unrepentant. "Do not go," said Kittie. "You are at the hotel, are you not? Stay and take tea with us. Aunt Fan will be pleased to see you."

Stuart looked steadily at the flushed and teasing face, noted the ring of superfluous politeness in her voice and answered: "Thank you, no. You are very kind, but I will go back. I owe you an apology," he went on, "for coming before you sent for me."

The disdainful emphasis on the last three words startled Kittie. She looked up quickly and said, quietly: "I do not understand you."

"Did you write that?" asked Stuart, thrusting the hastily-scrawled note into her hand.

"Of course I did," she replied. "What of it? Where did you get it?"

Stuart smiled as he marked the perplexed brows, and the questioning eyes and said: "The servant gave it to me last night when I called."

"Oh, dear! She took you for poor Nick Smith, the deaf and dumb man. He has been gardening for me, and I didn't want him again till next week. Father is afraid of his being dishonest, and Cassie can't bear him, but I pity him so that I coaxed father to let him come. But you—oh dear—it's too funny—not a bit complimentary, you know. It must have been dark, and Cassie doesn't see well."

She had been laughing heartily—and the mirth-born tears still trembled on her eyelids. Then her face sobered, as she said gently: "You must have thought dreadful things of me. How could you think I would do that?"

Stuart was happy now. He laughted, too, at the old woman's mistake and resolved not to wear that particular pirate-looking boating hat again.

He explained his presence in the drifting boat. The tangles which had worried them both were patiently picked out.

Then there was a question asked—a low-voiced, world-old question; and the grave, loving answer, by which the destinies of two lives were bound together, was made tremblingly yet joyfully.

"I was so jealous and hurt, my darling," said Stuart, passing his hand over the dark head with its glint of sun-born gold.

"And I," said spirited Kittie, "was angry. I'm so impatient; and I don't want to be. After this when you are detained by business, I will try and be more reasonable."

She looked up at the last words and her tender half-shy eyes met his.

All the brightness of the summer landscape had been pillaged by those eyes of brown and gray; and each looking into the eyes of the other felt the power, the majesty, the divinity of life's greatest blessing—love crowned with happiness.

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

Where Slumber Britain's Dead?

WHERE slumber Britain's dead? Hard by
The ive-clad village fane
Where loud the daw's tumultuous cry
Blends with the chancel's strain;
Where the calm tale of village life
On headstones quaint is read,
Midst scenes removed from mart and strife—
There slumber Britain's dead.

Where slumber Britain's dead? Still bide
Tall shaft and sycamore
Where Alma's crimson'd waters glide
To Euxine's tideless shore.
And Russia's sneer at the Redan
Fades swiftly into dread
Beside the graves of Inkermann
Where slumber Britain's dead.

Where slumber Britain's dead? Still keeps
Gibraltar, unassail'd,
Stern watch where British valor sleeps
And British hearts prevail'd,
Storm-vex'd Atlantic's surging wave
Moans restlessly o'erhead,
And blue Pacific's waters lave
Where slumber Britain's dead.

Where slumber Britain's dead? Their graves
Lie thick on Orient's breast,
And many a western forest waves
O'er their eternal rest.
The fervid noon of Afric's sun
Its rays on them has shed,
And south winds breathe a benison
Where slumber Britain's dead.

Where slumber *not* our British dead,
O White Isle of the sea?
The world has trembled 'neath the tread
Of those who sprang from thee.
Wherever man has found his lot
There lies some lowly bed,
And Glory gilds the hallow'd spot
Where slumber Britain's dead.

H. K. COCKIN.

For Love.

O you, dear friend, there's naught to tell;
You knew my love—you knew my heart—
You saw the darkened brows—ah, well!
No power could keep our lives apart.
I know the worldly-wise will frown
And chide for all I've thrown away,
But tell the gossips of the town
The sun shone on our wedding day.

Their smiling lips will speak of me
As one whose folly merits scorn;
Perchance they'll sneer with laughter free
And mock my love as lowly born;
But naught care I for idle words
Nor all that idle tongues can say,
For in the sunshine happy birds
Were singing on our wedding day.

He knows 'tis of our love I write
And smiling fondly seeks my side,
And on his face there rests a light
That bids my heart be satisfied.
This happy life that has begun
I know can never pass away,
For from a smiling sky the sun
Shone brightly on our wedding day.

P. MCARTHUR.

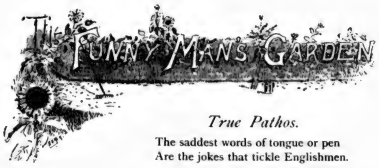
He Knew What He Was Talking About.

First Boot Black—Business is dull here. Say we move off somewhere. How would yer like teh try Chicago?

Second Ditto—Chicago ain't any use fer us. We'd starve dere.

First Boot Black—Aw, shucks! All that talk about Chicago people havin' big feet is nonsense.

Second Ditto—I know it is, but that ain't what I'm kicking about. Dey don't blacken boots dere. Dey jest puts lard on 'em.



True Pathos.

The saddest words of tongue or pen
Are the jokes that tickle Englishmen.

In the Museum.

Mrs. Cumso—The ancient Egyptians must have been terrible drunkards.

Mr. Cumso—What makes you think so?

Mrs. Cumso—The mummies have such an odor of strong spices hanging about them.

He Had to Give It Up.

Bigbee—Ponson used to be a great fisherman. He used to make some marvellous catches.

Rigbee—Yes, but he has given it up now.

Bigbee—Is that so?

Rigbee—Yes, he has joined the church.

His Point of View.

Rossin—I didn't think that actress was so tall. Never saw her off the stage before.

Walker—They never do look tall—when you see them from the gods.

The Rapid Messenger Boy.

Messenger Boy—I say, cully, when are yeh goin' teh git a move on again?

Cart Driver (who has unhitched his horse)—Not until to-morrow.

Messenger Boy—But didn't yeh say yeh wuz goin' teh go by that house down there where I've been sent?

Cart Driver—So I am, in the morning.

Messenger Boy (relieved)—Well, waken me when you're ready to start.

A Tennis Player.

She cannot play a skilful game
But Cupid round her hovers,
And though she ne'er gets "forty love"
She gets full forty lovers.

Dreadfully Low.

Cholly—Do you know, Dudely was positively dressed decolleté at the party the other night?

Chappie—No. Deah me. How could that be possible?

Cholly—His collah was only one inch and a half high.

A Slight Variation.

Jack—Judging from the amount of attention you have been paying Dolly Uppertehn since you were introduced to her this afternoon you must have come to the conclusion that I was right when I said she was a charming girl.

Harry—You were quite right, my dear boy. In fact I may say like Cæsar, "*Veni, vidi, vici.*"

Jack—What? Surely, not already!

Harry—Yes. I came, I saw, I concurred.

Everything Has Its Use.

Chappy—A fellah can't weah rings on his thumbs. I wondeh why nature gave us thumbs.

Cholly—To hold up our cuffs, of course.

There Are Others Like Him.

Sophomore—By the way, what is Jack Bighead who graduated this summer doing?

Junior—He is taking a post-graduate course.

Sophomore—In what department?

Junior—In sigh-ence.

A Summer Engagement.

They met; they saw; he bowed; she smiled;
And thirty minutes later
Their loving vows in Heaven were filed
And he had asked her *pater*.

Our Engravings.

Canada is not only the country *par excellence* of winter sport ; it also has its summer phases of which camping is perhaps the most unique and delightful. It is in fact a national habit to spend part of the year under canvas. The numerous and far-reaching water stretches, with which we have been favored by nature, open a way to those lakes of little islands of the blessed, where, in the light of tranquil skies, considerations of rent, taxes, and the amenities of social life may be easily forgotton, and "no ghastly dun disturbs our midnight rest" under the stars. The summer camp is a school which trains a man to adapt himself to circumstances and as the habit is acquired, elaborate preparation and complete outfits are gradually discarded. In fact, having got rid of all incumbrances, the camper's equipment is reduced to gun and fishing tackle, an axe, a bread-box, two kettles, one fitting into the other, a frying-pan, and a rag sufficiently large to hang on a ridge pole. This condition of happy vagabondage is therefore not exclusively the privilege of the rich.

The camp represented in our sketches was a little village of thirteen tents on one of the islands in Stoney Lake, Peterborough County. There were no reeve, council, policemen or pathmasters there, but the campers were happily governed by a common understanding, and as their pathway was mainly on the deep, they had no use for the latter functionary. Although the camper retains his identity and idiosyncracies, his occupation is as completely gone as Othello's. In this whole community there was only one man of any definite calling—he was the cook. There were indeed many aspirants to the very ancient trade of fisherman more or less successful, according to their experience and capacity for patient work, or gift of imagination.

The sketch of The Landing represents the return of some of these with an afternoon's catch. They are salting the gills of the largest fish to send by steamer to-morrow to Peterborough, thence to their metropolitan friends. The Dining Tent is usually the property of a family or club, and although regarded as superfluous impedimenta, is almost a necessity where ladies are in the party. The main structure of the dining tent is the table, which is securely fixed in the ground and may be used year after year, the boards forming the top only being removed and set on edge under some handy bushes.

Listening to the Silence is a pensive sport suited to the hour of shadows, It consists of the taking of a fresh arrival in camp out into the lake after sundown. The absolute stillness deprives one of a disposition to talk, and a city girl will shortly find it oppressive and ghostly enough to welcome a return to camp. Trolling, in waters where there are no salmon or trout, is the manner of fishing which gives the most exercise and excitement, as it is appicable to the largest kind of fish (for the muskalonge ignores the stiil fisher) and is consequently the choice sport of the gentlemen.

The Camp Fire answers the purpose of the ten o'clock bell when we are supposed to be all in camp. The diversions are as various as taste or temperament unrestrained by conventional forms may be. The vocalist, the banjoist. the anecdotist, the whist player and the quiet reader of romances, the sport whose gun is never shining enough and that patient disciple of Joseph Cook, who falls out of his canoe every evening just in front of the landing and requires a little drop of "hot" to keep the cold out, they are all there with full powers of enjoyment.

Leaving the Lake only produces work and excitement enough to deprive it of some of its sadness, albeit the young lady with the mandolin and her everlasting Isle of Beauty, Fare thee Well, reminds one that considerable sentimentality has got mixed with the feeling of the occasion.

The Ferry is one of those old Canadian institutions swung on a rope passing over pulleys still in operation on the Trent river. There are a series for foot passengers as well as vehicles, both of which are represented in the sketch.

On the Humber represents one of the many delightful nooks which constantly surprise the visitor to the pretty little river which flows into Lake Ontario just west of the city.

Mr. Reid's pictures, The Story and Mortgaging the Homestead, require little explanation. They tell their own tale. The former beautifully illustrates a phase of happy and careless childhood, while the latter is pathetic with its story of the trials and sorrows attendant upon a maturer age.

Toronto Saturday Night

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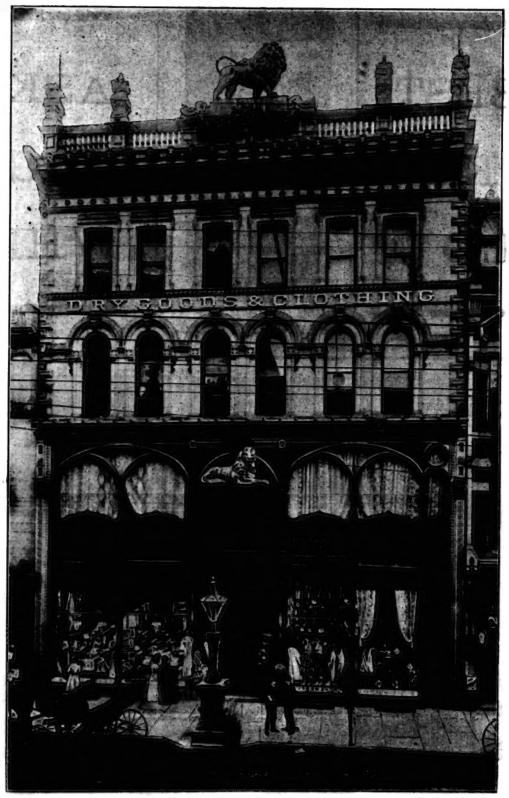
The above firm-name marks one of the oldest and most extensive dry goods and clothing houses in Canada. The establishment was founded as far back as the year 1837 by the late Robert Walker. Mr. Robert Walker retired from active business in 1880, and for twenty years the late R. Irving Walker was senior partner. Mr. Herbert R. Walker is now the firm's European buyer, and attends to the arduous task of selecting in the markets of the old world the immense consignments of goods which such an extensive business requires.

Since its inception every move on the part of Messrs. R. Walker & Sons has been in the direction of extension and enlargement. The present building, The Golden Lion, of which an engraving is here given, was erected in 1867. Though built so long ago it is still thoroughly modern in every respect, and its plate glass front covering the height of two stories is one of the largest and most imposing in Toronto. The increase in the business has been steady. The premises were extended back to Colborne street in 1880, and a still further enlargement was made in 1889. Yet, notwithstanding these extended additions the great premises occupied hardly furnish all the necessary accomodation. An idea of the size of the establishment can be gathered from the fact that four hundred gas burners are used in illuminating the building. This system of lighting, however, will soon be discarded for one more in keeping with modern improvement, as Messrs. Walker intend to replace it entirely with the electric light, the electricity for which will be generated by their own dynamos, the system being entirely under their control. This innovation will be but characteristic of this firm which has always kept the front rank in the march of improvement.



But no description can adequately convey the idea of the magnitude and perfect appointments of such a house as this so well as a visit to the establishment From the King street entrance back to Colborne street are extended rows of tables, counters and shelves heaped up with all manner of fabrics, from the finest and most delicate productions of the looms of Europe and America to the more vigorous and longer wearing stuffs which the exigencies of the toiling world demands. Here are silks and velvets from Lyons and Marseilles, woolens from Leeds, laces from Nottingham, prints from Manchester, and hundreds of other lines of goods from as many different parts of the world. The great varieties of quality and coloring are somewhat dazzling to the inexperienced eye. A busy day at Walker's is a sight worth seeing. By these long counters and tables stand an army of courteous and deft-fingered attendants to attend upon the other army of gaily and fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen with which Walker's is always crowded. Yet, notwithstanding the crowd one cannot but be impressed with the quiet, orderly and methodical manner in which business is carried on. Though a hundred customers are being served at once so perfec are the appointments that all confusion is avoided and no sound is heard beyond the murmur of voices and the whirring balls which have superseded the disturbing and noise-creating cash-boy. Three immense elevators are employed in carrying visitors from the ground floor up to any of the three floors above it, each of which is as interesting to view and as full of bustling activity as the floor below.

The eastern half of the ground floor is devoted to general dry goods, dress goods and silks, of which no better assorted stock can be found in Canada. The western half is given over to men's furnishings, ready made clothing and custom tailoring. In these lines an extensive business is done, turning out an immense amount of manufac tured goods. The custom tailoring department is a large one and is kept perperfectly equipped with everything necessary to make it first-class. The cutters are equal to the best in London or New York and the excellent work turned out is always a guarantee of their skill.

The second floor is entirely given up to mantles, millinery and costume manufacturing. Here also is to be found a specially select class of goods of the very latest and most fashionable makes, with a large staff of skilful employes to fashion them into the most stylish costumes.

In the second, third and fourth flats of the Col borne street warehouse the visitor is shown an immense stock of elegant carpets, curtains and housefurnishings while the basement and top floors are used for reserved stocks and the wholesale departments.

It will thus be seen that the lines covered by this firm include clothing, with special attention given to custom work, general dry goods, millinery, mantles and carpets. They import direct from the best markets of the world. In their lines of production Messrs. R. Walker & Sons are at great advantage because of their extensive importing facilities which enable them to lay goods upon the counter at the least possible advance on their cost at the manufactory. In the selection of goods the greatest discrimination is used, assisted by the knowledge which comes from an extensive experience. On this account their customers can rely on being favored with the best qualities of goods at very moderate prices. During the long period of its existence extending over half a century this firm has maintained a high standard of excellence. They have always striven to give patrons the very best value for their money. The management of such an extensive establishment calls for energy, promptness and accuracy and these qualities Messrs. R. Walker & Son are known to exhibit in all their business.

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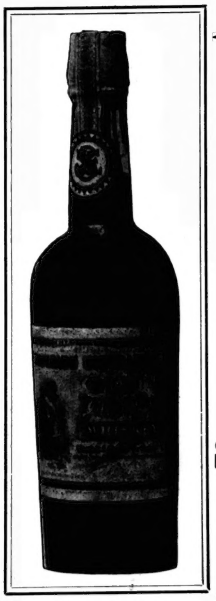

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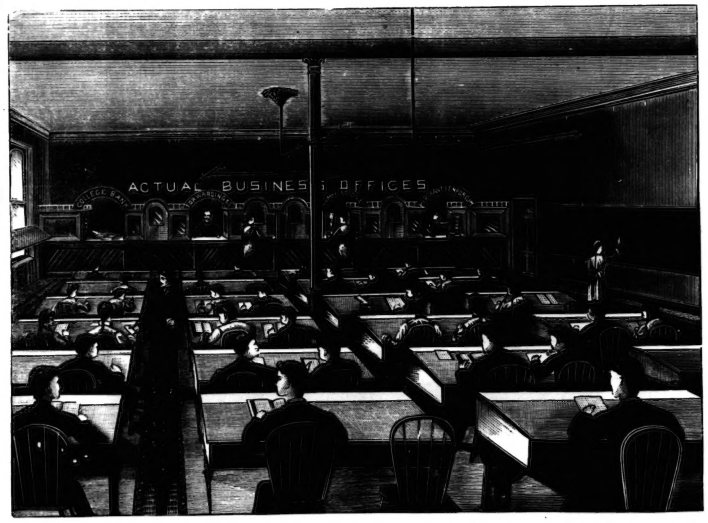

The above cut represents the actual business department of the greatest Commercial School in this province—the British American Business College. It is now thirty-one years since its establishment, and during that time, during the management of its President, Mr. Edward Trout, and Secretary, Mr. Connor O'Dea, it has attained the highest standard of excellence as an institution where young men and women may thoroughly learn both the principles and practice of commerce and so lay a sure foundation for business careers. Its faculty is an able one; the premises are commodious, comprising six large rooms in the finest business block in the city, and its course of study is complete in every one of its departments of Bookkeeping and the Science of Accounts, Penmanship, Shorthand, Typewriting, Arithmetic, Commercial Forms and Business Laws. This well-known Business College has made its reputation by the character and proficiency of its many graduates, and consequently has a reputation to risk in what it offers and provides. Those contemplating a commercial course can do no better than to send for its announcement.

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